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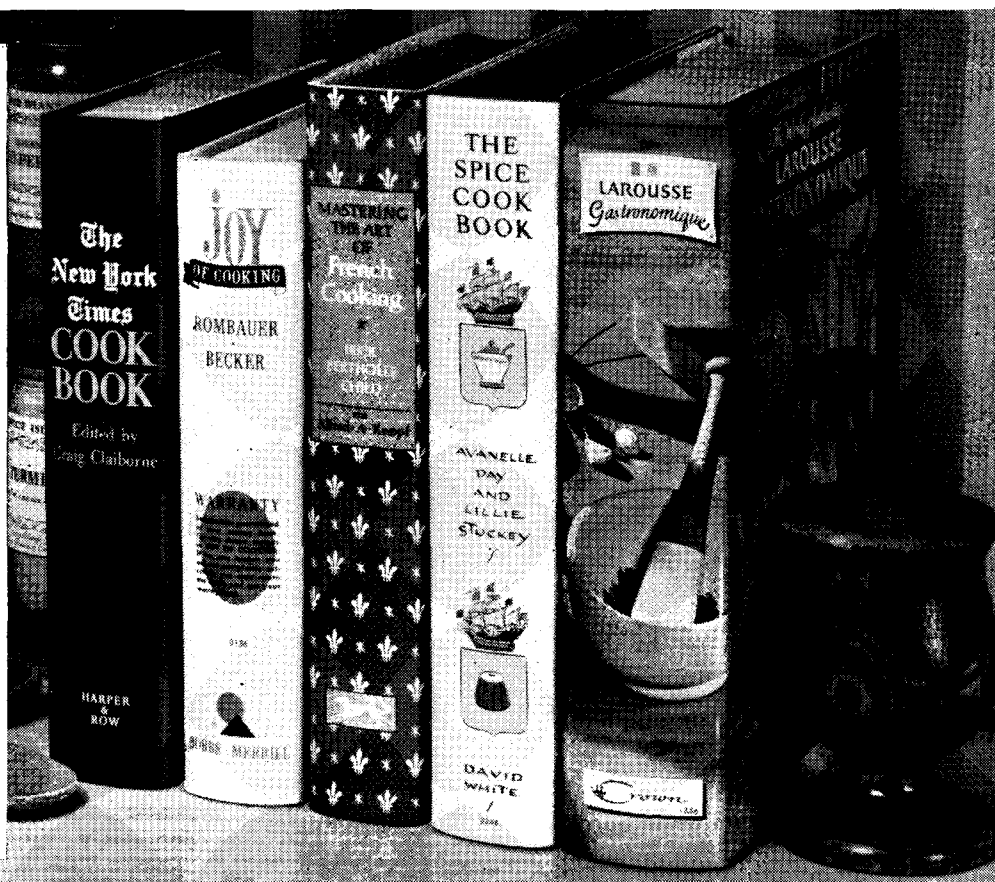
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reports

Washington



There is an eerie feeling to Washington these days. It is a town without a center of gravity. While everyone would agree that there is an "urban crisis" and the country is in a nasty mood and growing nastier, one has a pit-of-the-stomach feeling that it all flies apart from there. Not that there is nobody working on the problem: the capital is virtually sinking under the weight of task forces and study commissions. There are quiet little "brainstorming" dinners in Georgetown; people are earnestly putting people in touch with people who seem to have an idea; memoranda are passed about; new pressure groups are formed; and a worried Congress marches off in a hundred directions. The White House from time to time emits worthy plans to touch up the problem, amidst more hoopla than they deserve.

But the most important man in this town, the President, has been in one of his odd withdrawals. It is never easy for the government to

make important new departures without the catalyst of the presidency, and Lyndon Johnson's style of governing has made it impossible. Therefore, efforts for significant change are doomed to failure without him, or to success only after they have been taken over by him and shaped to his will.

The home front

It is a very important fact in all of this that the President and his aides honestly do not believe that the White House has withdrawn. They state, with conviction, that he is fighting in Congress for the largest urban program ever, and that even with great effort, and at great political expense, he will have trouble winning it. They flip out a little blue card listing the President's requests for "city programs" for the next fiscal year, which, by stretching definitions a bit, come to \$6.8 billion. They point to letters to congressional leaders, statements at bill signings, and press conference utterances as evidence of the President's efforts. Their argument is that *given the current political context* Johnson is doing all, perhaps more than, he can.

The key, then, is how the White House views the current political context, and the room for maneuver within it. This provides the best clue as to what can be expected from even the unpredictable Johnson Administration in the near- and long-term. It sheds light on how other efforts to mobilize new action, or even change the national mood, are affected. It also raises a very fundamental question of what Presidents get paid for.

There is little doubt that the President would like mightily to be the one who set the nation's most critical domestic problem on the

path to recovery; but the realities, for him and his aides, are the war, the economy, and the information they receive from Capitol Hill. Particularly, in this case, the latter. President Johnson's associates believe that neither he nor John Kennedy was elected President for his liberalism. The President believes that the country has been swinging inexorably to the right since 1964, when Barry Goldwater — *Barry Goldwater* — was supported by almost 40 percent of the electorate. He is astute enough to know that Negroes aren't very popular these days.

The President is having a very peculiar credibility problem with the Southern moderate and Northern machine Democrats in Congress who used to put his programs across. These men believe not only that the President's own programs are too identified with helping Negroes, but that he is surreptitiously helping congressional liberals push through even larger ones. This way, they reason, he has put himself in a position to avoid taking the blame, or seize the credit, depending on how things work out. That this is what he is doing would be astonishing news to the liberals. But the Southerners and Northern representatives of largely ethnic, anti-Negro constituencies have persuaded themselves that it is true. The White House, anyway, believes that they believe it, and therefore a set of valuable congressional allies must be listened to.

A penny is a penny

In great part, however, when the White House thinks of Congress, it conjures up the likes of George Mahon. To some, Mahon may be just another uninteresting congressman from the Texas panhandle who

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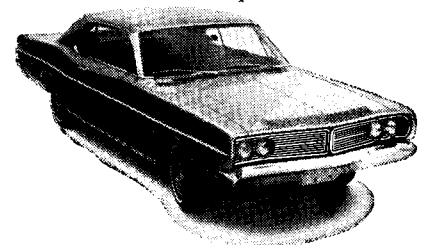
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Washington

clings to the notions that a penny is a penny is a penny and a debt is bad; but he also happens to be the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, and in the White House view he looms very large indeed; he is power incarnate, and symbolic of the national mood besides. George Mahon can lop off federal programs with a single stroke. If he thinks that there is too much domestic spending, or the debt has grown too large, he just might. Therefore George Mahon must be listened to.

The White House has received a good deal of free advice lately on how to handle the urban crisis. Among the more frequent suggestions is that *if* Congress is balking the President's best efforts to deal with the problem, *if*, worse still, Congress is truly representing the national mood, then the national mood must be changed, and that is what Presidents are for. To this the White House replies that in effect this is asking the President to grandstand. Congress will not respond, expectations will be aroused, and a disturbed people will have been handed empty rhetoric. Moreover, they argue, any bow by the President in the direction of still more spending for the cities might well destroy the dangerously delicate balance that has been constructed between the priorities of the George Mahons and the Jerry Cavanaghs of this world.

There is another way of viewing the President's situation. Many observers here, in and out of the Administration, accept the White House rationale as one honestly arrived at, but troubling nonetheless. It is an acceptance of, a series of retreats into, other people's contexts. It is the essence of "congressional politics" as perfected by Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and renamed "consensus politics" after he became President; it too easily becomes *de minimis* politics.

Not only does this present the uncomfortable spectacle of the President of the United States painting himself into a corner, but it is argued that there is an ample amount of other territory to choose from. All manner of respectable commissions and task forces, for example, have recommended some sort of guaran-



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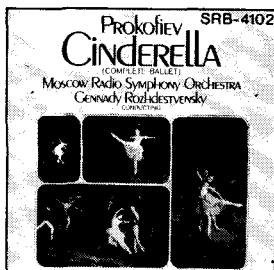
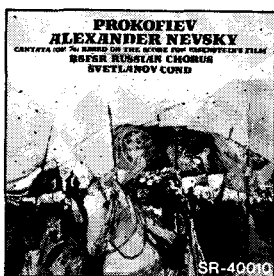
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Washington

teed job program; the Republican governors' policy committee recently called for a large increase in public spending for the cities; a Harris poll taken after the Newark and Detroit riots showed, for what it is worth, 69 percent of both Negroes and whites subscribing to large-scale federal work projects to give jobs to all of the unemployed.

Even more important, say the President's critics here, it is the responsibility of Presidents to construct new political contexts if necessary. This requires risking the loss of allies, even defeat. It involves open give-and-take, and probably less opportunity to spring brand-new programs on an astounded public. It involves making speeches which might serve no other purposes than to lift the tone of public discussion and to float new ideas into the public consciousness — grandstanding, if you will.

If the President cannot, or will not, effect a new climate, this leaves the question of who else can, or might? And what does this do to those who are trying? Congressional liberals are dispirited and floundering. "He won't even help those of us who are trying to do his work," complains one Senate Democrat who is pushing a difficult segment of the President's program. Others have elected to ignore, even exploit, the boundaries the President has set for himself, but their programs are unlikely to get through Congress without White House support. House liberals who would like to push on are in even more difficult straits; there are proportionately fewer of them; they do not have most senators' luxury of riding out the public mood next year; they are trapped between colleagues who are reflecting the mean mood of the country and leadership which is too old, too sick, or too loyal to the White House to help them.

Urban coalition

Outside of the federal government, just about the only place to look, at this point, is to the fledgling Urban Coalition. The efforts to construct a new coalition actually began late last year when a group of concerned men looked closely at the results of the congressional elections, at the wreckage of what was

once an important liberal-labor-Negro-church alliance, and at the hapless position of big-city mayors. Following the current fashion and impeccable logic, they concluded that if large advances were to be made, business had to be aboard.

The rush into the arms of business that has been taking place here with increasing momentum and the Urban Coalition are all of a piece. It raises tantalizing possibilities. Tax-credit plans or "Comsat-type" solutions — which aren't solutions at all, but vague concepts of business-government partnerships with business well protected and profiting — have now been proposed for just about every problem but abortion. The idea of getting notable businessmen committed to social progress has been tried before. The report from the White House Conference on Civil Rights last year bore the names of several impressive corporate executives; when the President elected to toss the report into the wastebasket, they were not heard to utter a peep.

Nonetheless, if the bureaucracy is unwieldy, the President is unwilling, and federal money is unavailable, logic dictates turning to business. It leads the White House to rejoice that the insurance industry will now make more money available in the slums. It leads Robert Kennedy to try to entice businessmen into his project to redevelop the Negro ghetto of Brooklyn, and to propose a federal tax credit to get businesses to do this across the nation. (While Kennedy's appears to be a useful proposal, the politics of the urban crisis, and of the Kennedy-Johnson feud, have drawn upon Kennedy's plan heavy Administration sniper fire.)

Several important businessmen, aware that civic chaos is not in their interest, joined the Urban Coalition. The Detroit riot hardened the coalition's glue and sped its timetable, for Detroit was home base for the nation's greatest industry, a progressive union, and a model mayor. Getting George Meany and Walter Reuther, not to mention Bayard Rustin and Henry Ford, around the table hammering out a program for national action was no minor achievement, and the program which emerged is impressive in those terms. It calls for private and public efforts to retrain and provide meaningful jobs for the unemployed, it pledges a re-evaluation of testing procedures and reori-



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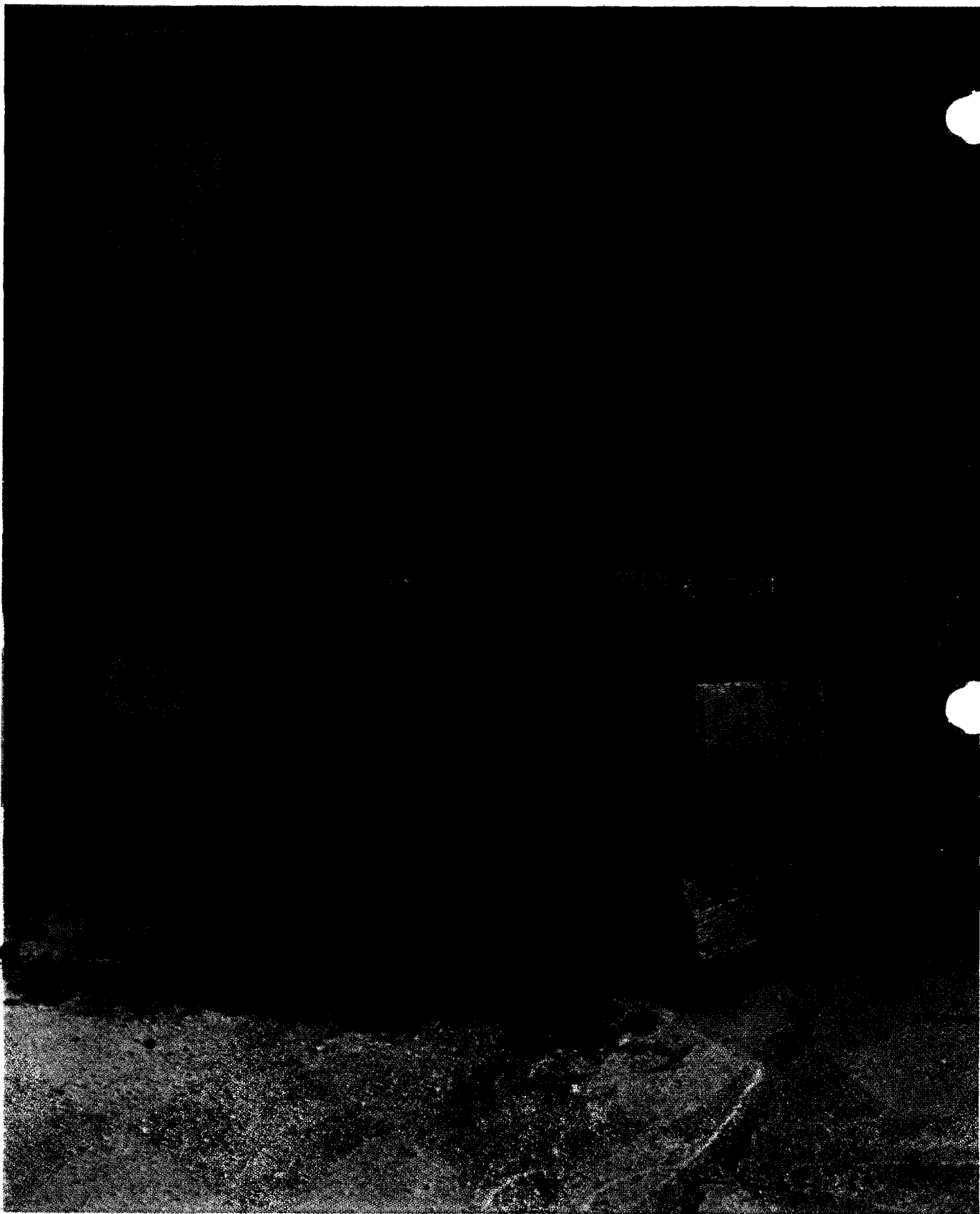
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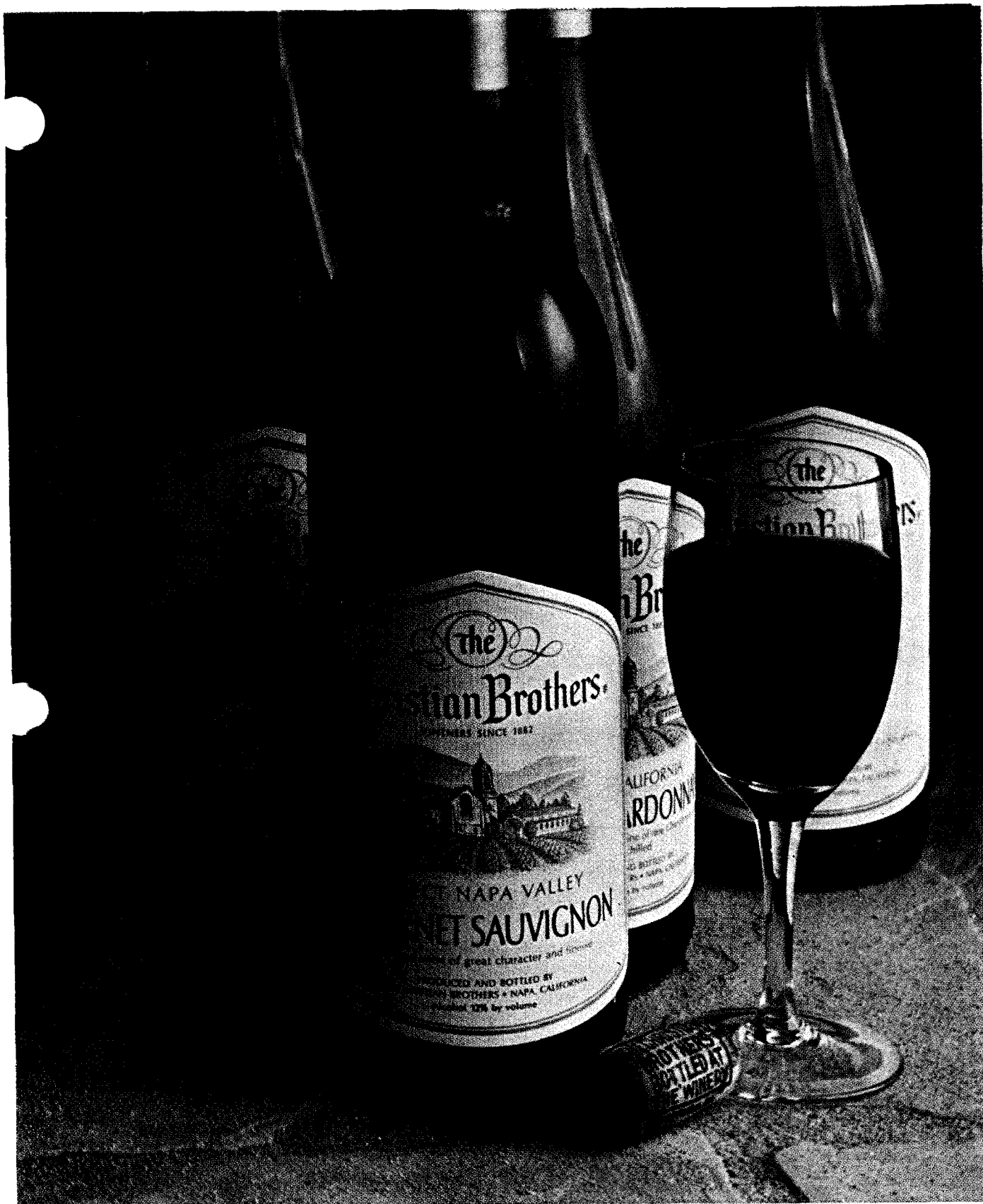
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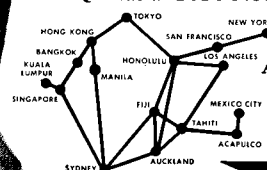
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Washington

ented investment on the part of business, it calls upon the nation "to take bold and immediate action" to provide decent homes and education for all.

Nice rhetoric

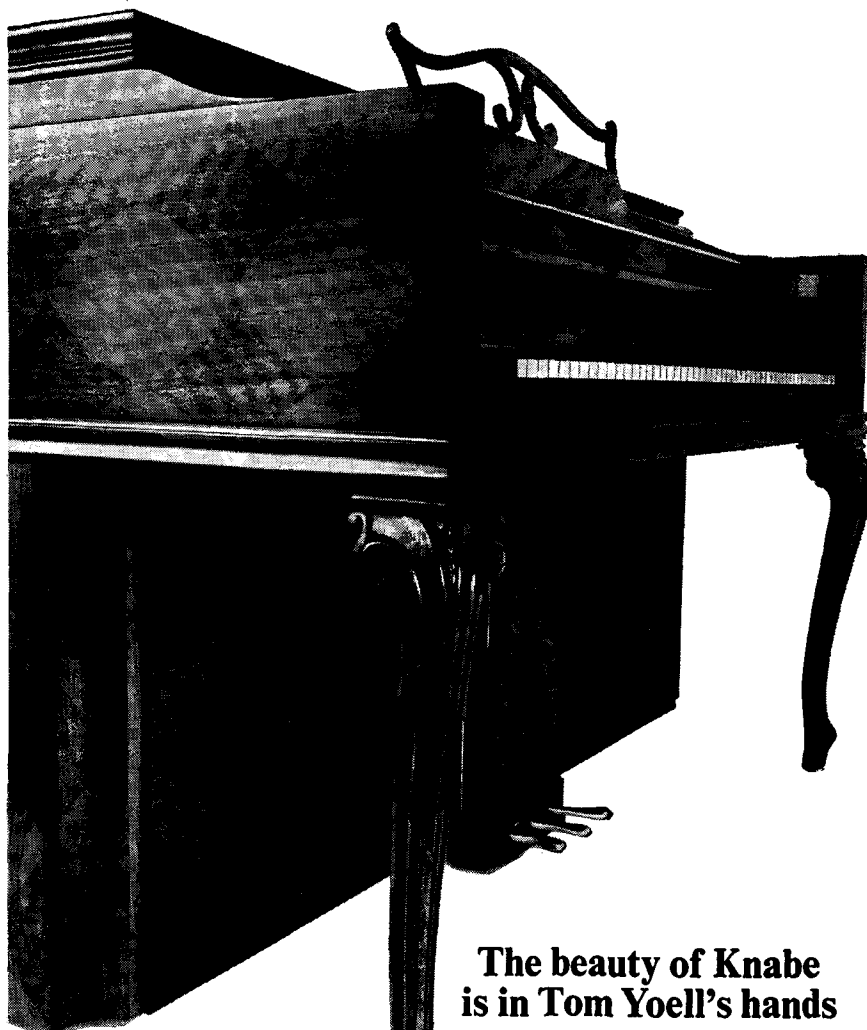
Disturbed at the negative reaction to the riots on the part of Congress, and the retreat by the White House, the coalition decided upon an "Emergency Convocation" in Washington in August, to rally public and political opinion. The trouble was that having worked out a program and called a meeting, they hadn't much to do. The powers-that-be arrayed on the platform did not pledge that they, personally, or their companies, were going to do anything specifically different from what they had been doing all along. There was some very nice rhetoric about "crisis" and "calamity" and "sense of urgency" and "the survival of our cities," but there were also some lines that fed the skeptics. George Meany told how the AFL-CIO had been there all along; Henry Ford reminded everyone of the sanctity of the profit motive (Meany got so mad at that that the AFL-CIO later refused to pay its share of the coalition budget).

When coalition leaders, including David Rockefeller and Henry Ford, went up to Capitol Hill for lunch with congressional leaders, the Republicans were so dazzled by this display of power that they didn't bother to show up. The coalition leaders said there had to be an expanded urban program, and the Democratic congressional leaders said they had troubles enough.

Contrary to some published reports, the White House did not try to kill the coalition. If anything, the coalition cautiously avoided a White House embrace. Since then, the coalition's glue has been thinning a bit. Some of the business members declined to go along with coalition backing of Senator Joseph S. Clark's (Democrat, Pennsylvania) bill to provide public service employment, on the interesting grounds that they did not intend to lend their names to potential losers.

A fink operation"

The only other place in town to seek a possible catalyst for change is in the President's Commission on



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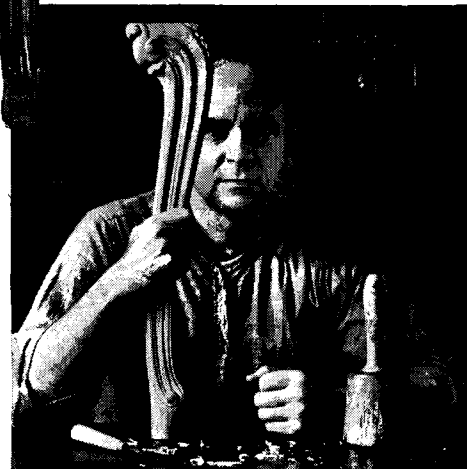
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And he's a stickler for details.

Civil Disorders. Even to entertain the idea that the commission might change the national climate requires an energetic suspension of disbelief. The first problem is its origins. It was hastily assembled during the week of the Detroit riots by the White House, for lack, it appeared, of anything else to do. The second problem is its members. The chairman, Governor Otto Kerner of Illinois, is a weak, amiable, loyal Democrat. Its Negro members are no closer to the ghetto than Roy Wilkins and Republican Senator Edward Brooke (Massachusetts). The word has gone out among the militant Negroes that the commission is a fink operation, working hand-in-glove with the police and the FBI, and is not to be cooperated with. Despite its celebrated tours through the ghettos, the commission and the problem have had little contact. (Lest the extent of the alienation of the militants, and not just the utter nihilists, be underestimated, excellent witnesses report that there is a widespread belief — in terms of the number of communities where it is held — that genocide of the blacks is around the corner. It is held that the random shooting by the police in Newark and Detroit was just a foretaste. It is believed that the internment camps for the Nisei are being refurbished for a roundup of Negro militants. If this seems implausible, it is argued that so did the idea that Japanese-Americans would be herded into concentration camps.)

The third problem with the commission is its mission: to present a report, timed to be issued safely after next year's legislative program has been drawn up, in the confusion of the presidential campaigns, upon a public that has already been saturation-bombed with earnest reports. More important, there is a very serious question whether blue-ribbon commission reports, in themselves, ever really change the national climate. Nevertheless, these commissions have a way of taking on a life of their own, and the members of getting religion, and those close to the commission's work insist that it should not be written off. There is now talk of a series of reports, to spread out the educational effects. In all such efforts, the staff is of major importance. David Ginsburg, the director, is a Washington lawyer of brilliance, compassion, and progressiveness, and he

has, with difficulty, gathered an enlightened staff. But David Ginsburg is also the insider's insider; for years he has been quietly doing highly delicate political chores for the White House. No one here is betting, therefore, that the commission's product will differ radically from one that the President wants.

That brings us back to Lyndon Johnson. Next year's budget is already being drawn up, and the word is out in the government agencies that funds for domestic programs will be as scarce, or scarcer, than they are this year. Barring, therefore, an unexpected silence of the guns, there is little reason to think that next year's public mood, the political context as viewed by Lyndon Johnson, and the coherence with which the urban crisis is met will be very different from what they are now. — Elizabeth Brenner Drew

Hong Kong



Expecting the worst, the visitor returning to Hong Kong would marvel at its quiet, confident calm. There are no blackened hulks of buildings, no hateful stares such as mark the burned-out ghettos of a half dozen American cities. Indeed, the jewel of Britain's colonial empire seems to sparkle with all its luster. Ferries plow across a sapphire harbor crowded with ocean-going freighters, square-sailed junks, and deadly-looking U.S. warships just in from battering North Vietnam with their cannon and planes.

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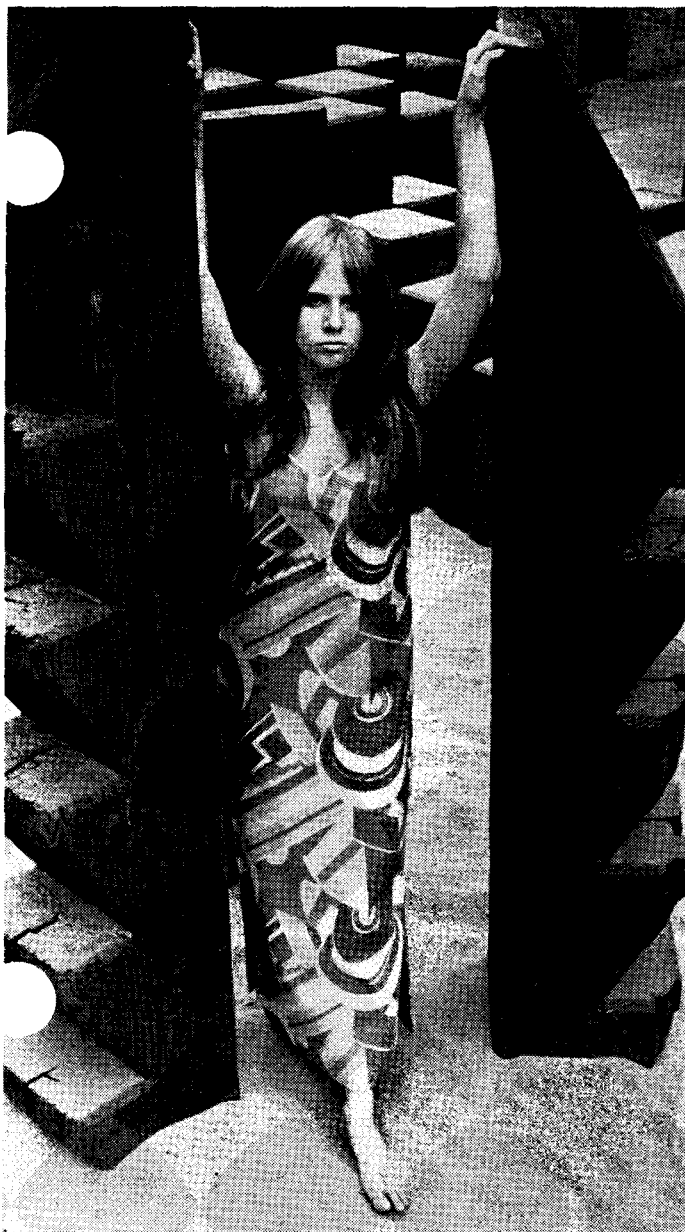
mini-cheongsams, still pester fuzzy-cheeked sailors to buy them "one more" tea (masquerading as whiskey). Suits can still be made in twenty-four hours, and shops with showcases bulging with gold, jade cameras, and watches still offer the luxuries of the world at a fraction or the cost paid elsewhere. The Hong Kong of myth, legend, and travel poster lives on.

Siege

Only slowly does the realization seep in that Hong Kong is a city besieged by local Communist guerrillas. Ubiquitous gray Land Rovers filled with steel-helmeted riot police armed with tear gas and carbines constantly prowling the streets. Instead of their usual wares of Tientsin rugs and carved ivory, the colony's Communist Chinese stores now plaster their windows with pictures of British police brutality, with crepe-draped portraits of slain Communist agitators, and with Maoist slogans urging the city's four million Chinese to "paint Hong Kong red from the earth to the sky."

China itself has made no overt move toward the colony — in fact, on at least a dozen occasions Chinese Army troops have actually held back mobs of mainland Chinese hopping up on Maoist brew. But months of agitation, which has slowly escalated from labor strikes to militant demonstrations to violent riots and armed terrorist attacks, have clearly signaled the beginning of a Maoist "people's war" against the British in their own colony.

The British fight with more than 12,000 police and 10,000 soldiers to preserve both the political status quo and extraordinary economic prosperity through a campaign of maintaining law and order. Sortieing out from their liberated areas — Communist storefronts, union halls, and newspaper offices, fortified with food and water and iron grills on the doors — the Communists retaliate with propaganda, rumors, terror, labor strikes, and economic reprisals directed both against the British and against the great mass of non-Communist Chinese. Their hope is not so much to defeat the British in the streets or to force Hong Kong's Chinese through fear alone to join their side (although the dream of both), but to convince both committed and uncommitted that the British no longer have the



Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid \$1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

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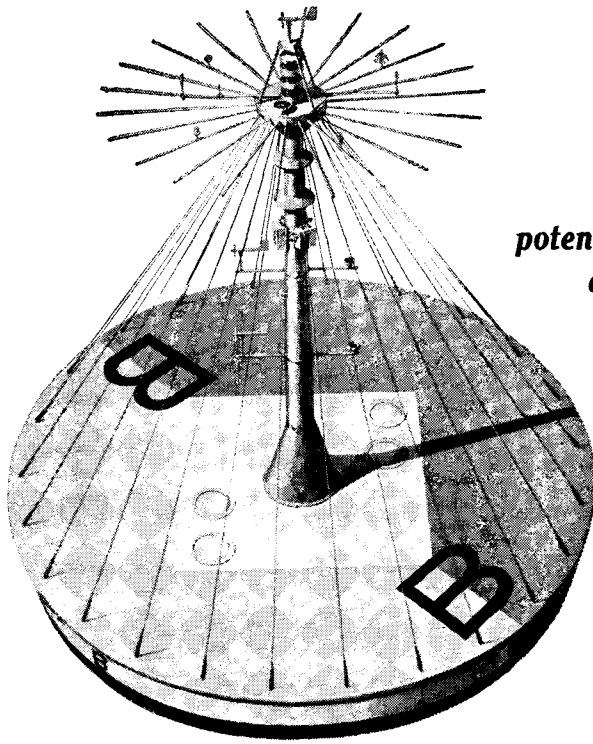
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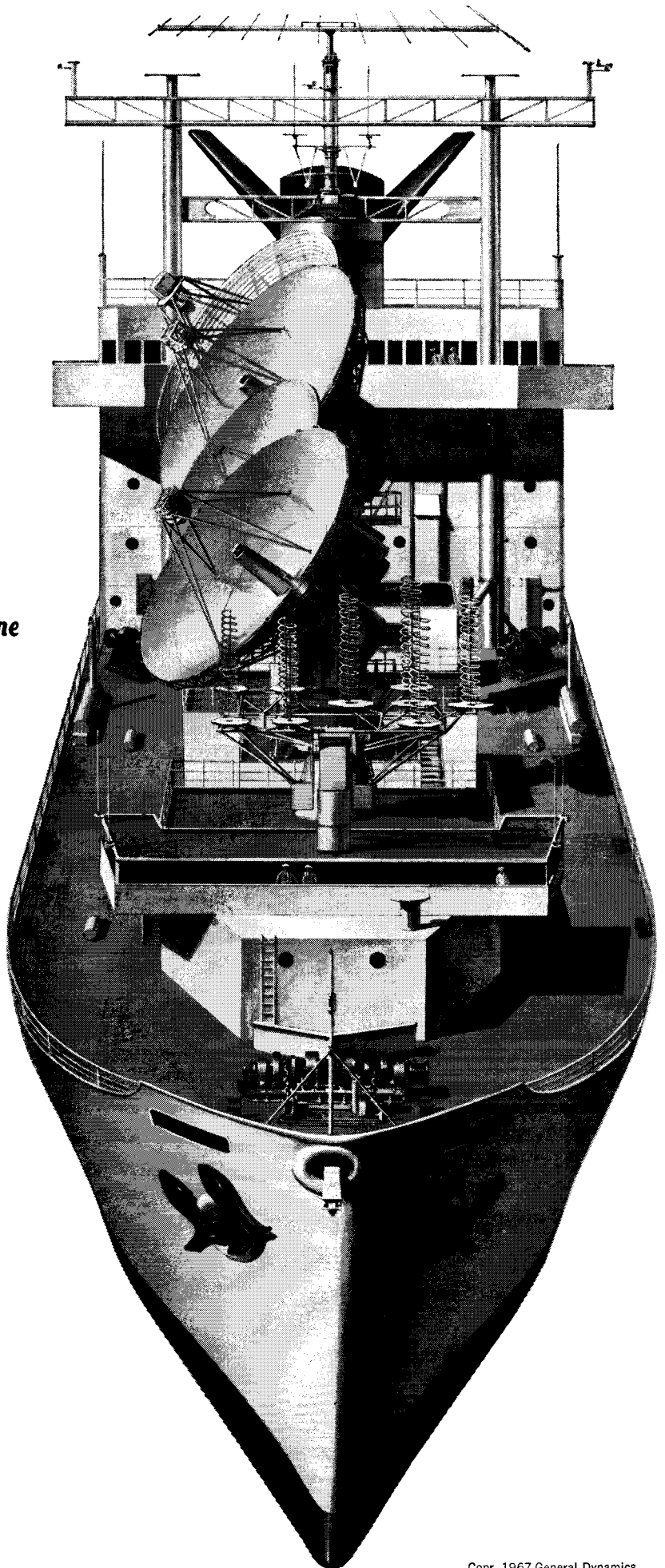
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Hong Kong

stamina to hold on. A Labor government which only recently announced its intention of liquidating the entire British presence east of Suez by 1975 would probably not think twice about the disposal of Hong Kong should the colony cease to be economically self-sufficient.

Communist laissez-faire

When Hong Kong's riots first erupted in May, the reaction of the colony's residents was much the same as that of Detroit's or Newark's citizens: "How could it happen here?" For despite the looming shadow of China, Hong Kong had always coexisted peacefully with its neighbor. China's tacit friendship was based not on love, but money. Far from creating trouble in the colony, China used its laissez-faire spirit to grub for money like any common capitalist. Although Hong Kong's Communists did operate through an intricate web which included various labor unions, newspapers, schools, and farm organizations, their main goal has always been to use the colony to earn hard foreign currency for China.

To accomplish this capitalistic mission, the Communists over a period of eighteen years built up a vast network of more than 300 businesses and banks in the colony. They operated travel agencies offering tours to China, retail and wholesale grocery stores selling China's foodstuffs, department and jewelry stores peddling China's manufactures and gems, and wholesale trading companies hawking China's products to the world's buyers. Each year these hustling Communist capitalist enterprises poured more than \$500 million into the Communists' most important economic organization in the colony, the Bank of China. Together with some \$85 million in remittances collected from overseas Chinese, the bank each year transmitted to Peking more than half of China's foreign exchange.

It was this immense annual profit for China which provided Hong Kong residents with sufficient confidence in the dragon next door to give birth to the colony's staggering post-war prosperity. "China will not lay a finger on Hong Kong," it used to be said, "as long as Hong

Kong is useful to China." Why, then, did Hong Kong's Communists take to the streets this spring, killing the goose that laid their golden eggs and ending, probably for a time, the peaceful and profitable alliance between Hong Kong's Communist and capitalist citizens?

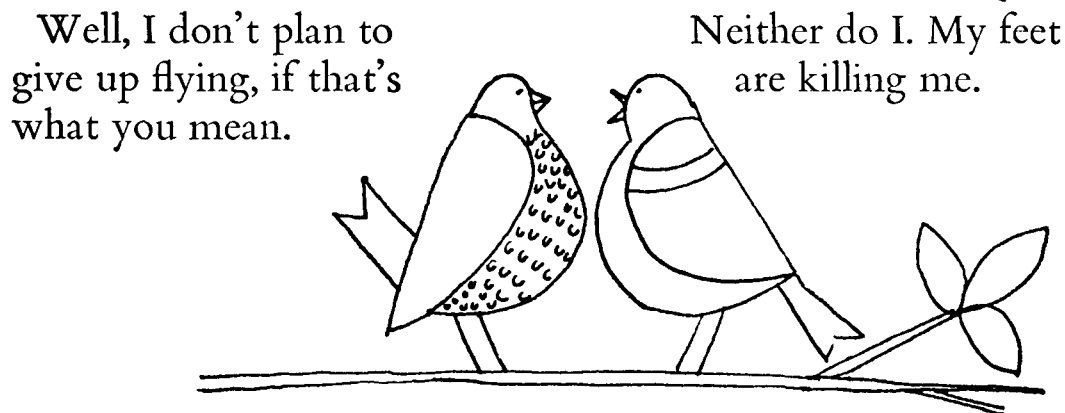
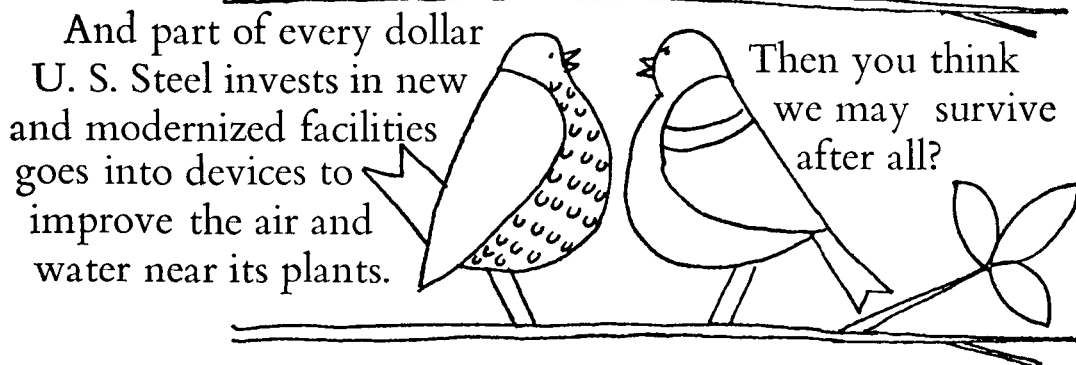
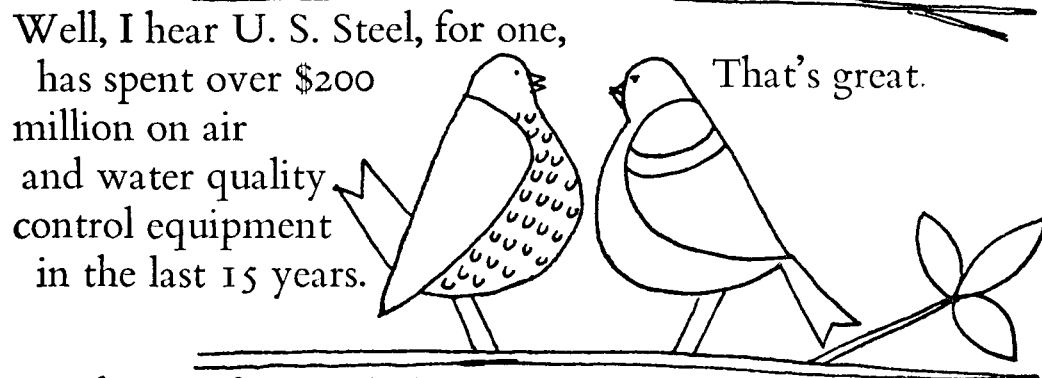
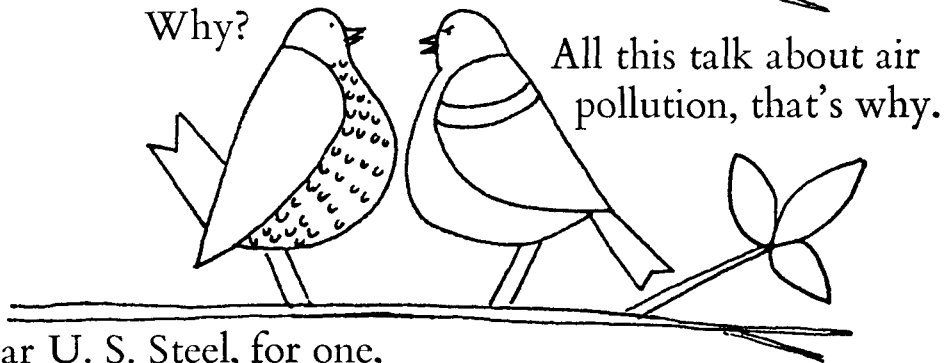
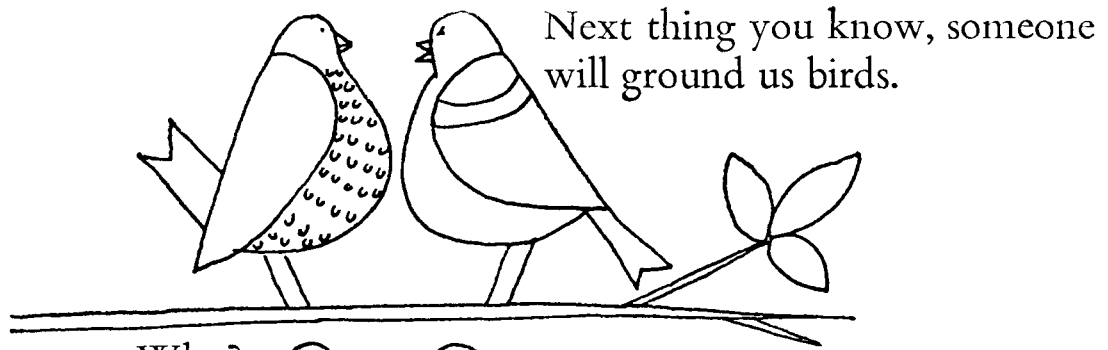
The answer lies with Hong Kong's two neighbors, China and Macao.

In China, Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution had unleashed thousands of Red Guards to purge those opposed to his leadership. Looking and listening over the border through the eyes and ears of Radio Peking, Hong Kong's nine Communist newspapers, and the tales of returning comrades, Hong Kong's Communist leaders grew increasingly fearful. They realized that had they been living in China, they would have been quickly branded as "revisionists," publicly humiliated, and purged. All rubbed hands with the capitalists each day; for all, profit was the key concern. Most important, all were named to their Hong Kong posts by the disgraced Tao Chu and the "revisionist" president of China, Liu Shao-chi.

Thus, this spring, as the reverberations from the Cultural Revolution grew ever louder, the colony's Communist leaders frantically searched for a way to proclaim themselves true Maoists, to prove their revolutionary purity, and to forestall their own purge and possible recall to China.

In Macao, they had their answer. Many China-watchers in Hong Kong had long confidently proclaimed that one of the main effects of the Cultural Revolution was to take China's mind off any foreign adventures. But the blatant Chinese Communist chauvinism which the Cultural Revolution exposed, coupled with the desire of overseas pro-Peking Communists to proclaim their ardor for Mao, doomed the countries on China's rim to an eventual spillover of the Cultural Revolution. Thus, in December, 1965, when Portuguese authorities refused to allow a group of Macanese Communists to build a school, hordes of young teen-agers fitted themselves out with red armbands and red books and poured onto the streets.

In a series of bloody clashes, abetted by the bungling of Portugal colonial police, Macao's Red Guards won a string of unexpected and un hoped-for victories which abrogated



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Hong Kong

Portugal's authority in the colony in all but the most routine of official matters.

Looking to Macao and eager to prove their Maoist orthodoxy, the leader of the Party's infrastructure in the colony wondered whether they could "pull a Macao" in Hong Kong. Their chance to try came in early May when two labor unions with justified grievances called strikes against a plastic flowers factory and a cement plant and the workers marched off their jobs. Members of both unions — one Communist and one non-Communist — waved Mao's books and recited his quotations as they picketed. Although the colony's Communists moved very slowly in exploiting the revolutionary possibilities of these strikes, in one case taking five days to notice the Maoist workers, they finally picked up the workers' rallying cry and hurried their cadres, unionists, and striking employees into the street against the superbly trained British riot police. "People's war," with its riots, labor strikes, psychological warfare, terror, and assassination, had come to Hong Kong.

But, strangely enough, it proved to be a "people's war" without people, and this alone has kept the British from having another Aden on their hands. For the most remarkable fact about the Communist effort has been its complete failure to spark a responsive chord in Hong Kong's Chinese. Unlike Burma, Cambodia, and Nepal, where Maoism has burst the bounds of the Chinese Embassy, Hong Kong is a Chinese city; it is a colony, and it is contiguous to China. It should be ripe for revolution.

Yet, throughout the entire summer, the Communists have found few compatriots at the barricades. At the most, they have turned out about 5000 supporters, and as more and more of these have deserted the ranks, the Communists have been forced to pay bums, teddy boys, and sacked striking workers in order to put rioters into the streets.

Peking's caution

Much of the reason for the Communist failure to win mass support lies with the apparent reluctance of Communist China to come to the aid of Hong Kong's Maoists. If

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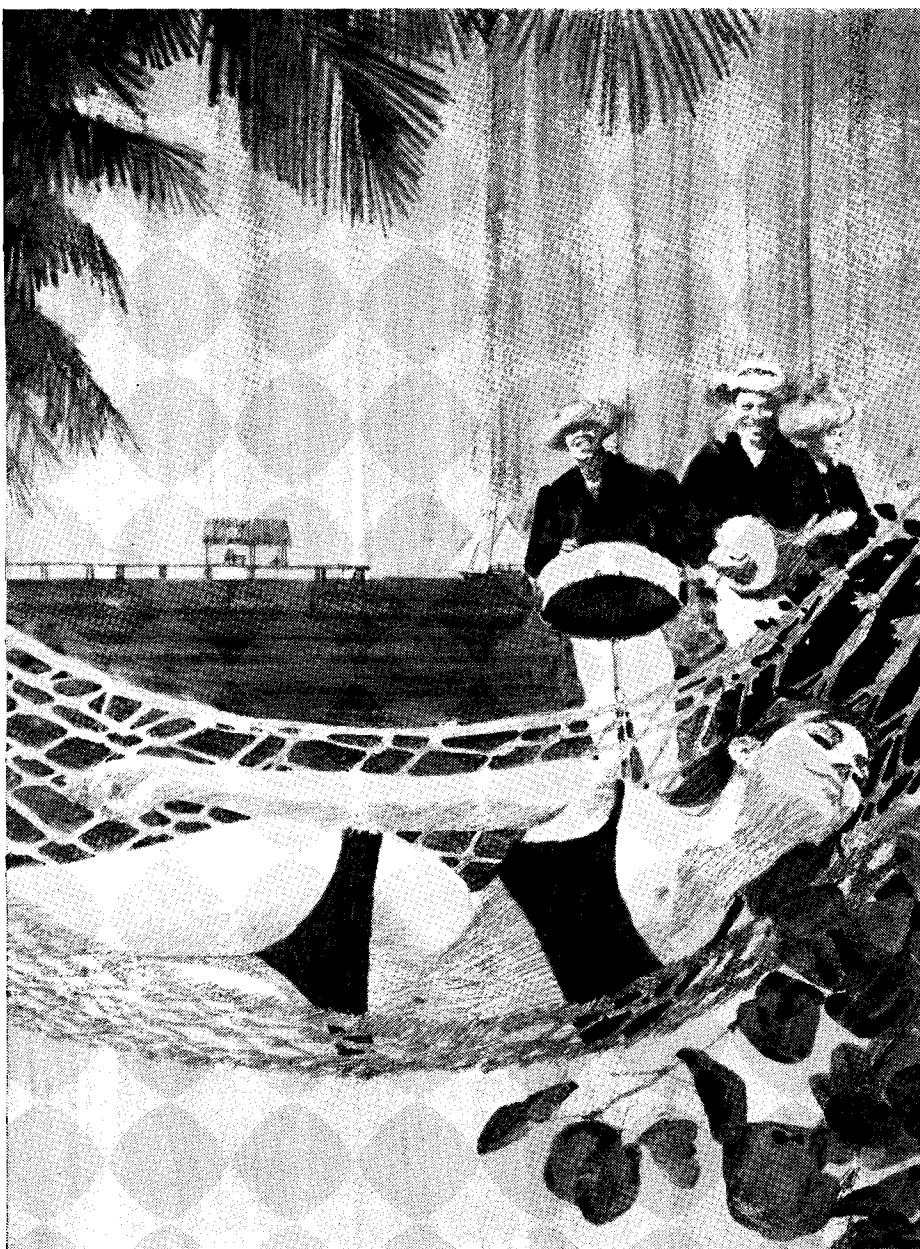
Hong Kong

Hong Kong's opportunistic Chinese thought the People's Liberation Army would invade the colony tomorrow, they would be on the streets with Mao's books today. However, Peking has shown little relish for getting more directly involved in the fray than with its now depleted \$10 million grant for bankrolling strikes, and the endless babble of propaganda from Radio Peking. The only cheap little victory it can claim after months of huffing and puffing is the burning of the British legation in Peking after the Hong Kong government refused to release a handful of Communist newspaper reporters jailed for leading Communist mobs in the colony's streets.

No one knows exactly why China is playing the paper tiger. Certainly the current hysteria China is fomenting has erased any thought that it might call off a confrontation in order to maintain its economic interests in the colony. Some Hong Kong China-watchers believe Peking has not intervened directly because it fears a secret joint security agreement between Great Britain and the United States for the defense of Hong Kong. Others believe that the administrative and political resources of the PLA have been stretched so thin by the demands of the Cultural Revolution that it simply lacks either the energy or the desire to take the city.

A more likely reason for China's failure to take an active part in the Hong Kong disturbances, however, can be found in the pure Maoist theology generated by the Cultural Revolution. To a Maoist, a revolutionary Communist can find true salvation only by liberating himself from the yoke of imperialism by the application and rote learning of Mao's thoughts. As one of Hong Kong's newspapers put it, "We should depend upon ourselves to liberate ourselves." Hong Kong can thus come into Mao's grace only by liberating itself from within. To Peking, the task of local Communists was not to sit back and call for help from across the border, but to be Marxist missionaries for Mao, carrying the gospel to Hong Kong's leathen Chinese materialists.

Almost as remarkable as the Communists' failure to wage "people's war" has been the improvised bril-

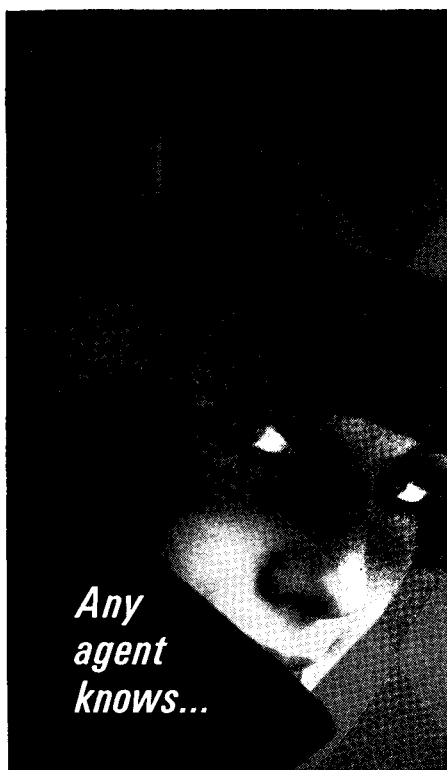


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Hong Kong

liance of the normally lethargic British colonial government. Some observers attribute it simply to British unflappability and others to the reasonable responses of a bureaucracy; whatever, a government made up of the remnants of a defunct British colonial service has faultlessly countered every Communist strike, rumor, and riot. In doing so, as much by propaganda as by police work, the British have coolly driven a deep wedge between the hard-core Maoists and the supporters they so desperately need, Hong Kong's Chinese.

Stiff upper lip

The Communists had hoped to mobilize this potential mass of support by turning a Maoist confrontation against the British into a Chinese confrontation against the British. To deny the Communists a bloody incident upon which to rally the people, the government has consistently used a minimum of police force and used it only after it has succeeded in obtaining an LBJ-style consensus of "all the people." The play of each new action has contained three acts, not two. Instead of the Communists acting and the government reacting, the government has allowed the Communists to act, waited patiently for the public to demand action, and only then moved against the Maoists with the applause of the community ringing in their ears.

Even during the worst of the rioting, in late July, the police initially employed only wooden projectile guns and tear gas to oppose rampaging mobs waving iron bars and heaving Molotov cocktails. The government waited patiently for two days until citizens, from street hawker to taipan, were demanding police action. With public opinion solidified behind them, the police finally acted. Slapping a curfew on the city for two successive nights, they opened fire with carbines and shotguns and began a series of raids on Communist union halls and stores which are still continuing.

The government's campaign to discredit the Maoists has been rendered easier by the fact that, except for the nine Communist newspapers (three of which the government has closed down), it controls most of the

public media either directly or indirectly. It operates one radio station and supplies the news for the other. Although none of the thirty non-Communist newspapers are owned by the government, most published belong to the establishment and rarely rock the boat. Few have reported anything but the government line, and during the worst days of rioting, some did not even bother to send reporters out on the streets; they simply ripped the news off the Government Information Service's ticker in their offices. With such a pabulum press, the Hong Kong resident ends up reading only what the government wants him to read.

For the moment, British propaganda and police work have carried the day, but the battle remains far from over. Small-scale riots still break out intermittently; terrorist attacks against public buildings and government employees grow in intensity; within the last weeks more than 1500 bombs have been planted. Although most have been duds, some have exploded, and civilian casualties from bombings have become a new fact of life in Hong Kong.

Business bust

To a certain extent the Communist agitation has already taken its toll. Business investment in the colony has nearly stopped. Major industrial firms have decided to build new factories elsewhere, usually in Taiwan or South Korea. The flow of dollars, which used to run \$3 million a day, from overseas Chinese through Hong Kong's free money market has ebbed to a trickle. The colony's tourist business, which usually is its second largest money-maker after textiles, has dropped off considerably as frightened travelers stay away. Hong Kong's luxury hotels have sealed off entire floors for lack of guests, and one banker predicts "more bankruptcies in the tourist shops in the next six months than in all of Hong Kong's previous history." Businessmen sadly tell each other over their pink gins that "the skyline is still the same," alluding to the unpleasant fact that Hong Kong's perpetual building boom has come to an unplanned stop.

Even if the Communists were to call off their struggle tomorrow, seems unlikely that business confidence in Hong Kong would ever return to its pre-May abundance.

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Hong Kong

As one businessman put it, "It's like having a wife you thought was faithful and then finding that she cheated. She claims it will never happen again, but you can never trust her as completely as before."

For the riots have forced those who live in the colony to face the unpleasant reality that although the anomaly of Hong Kong may have a number of lives, it will not live forever.

Underscoring this new awareness of the city's precariousness have been the privately reiterated statements of colonial officials in Hong Kong that Britain will leave as soon as it becomes convinced that Hong Kong's Chinese no longer desire British rule. As one said, "Once they indicate [presumably through prolonged, massive, and widespread rioting] they want us out, we will leave. We have no imperial, colonial, strategic, or commercial reason for remaining even if Hong Kong were defensible."

It has not been, however, the realization that Britain might leave before its lease on most of the colony expires in 1997, but the circumstances of how the British will depart that has most disturbed Hong Kong's Chinese, especially the middle class. Until now, most of these people have contemplated only two alternatives: British rule, or Chinese rule following a People's Liberation Army march across the border. Upon these two alternatives they have laid plans either to run for it or to stay. Now in the wake of Macao and the colony's current troubles has come the unsettling revelation that a third alternative exists: a twilight status where there would be a sphere of British control and a sphere of Communist Chinese control with a vast no-man's-land in the area of law and order, where the capriciousness of Red Guard mob rule might decide the issues in the streets.

Even those Chinese who might have welcomed an outright Chinese take-over are not prepared to live in such a continual purgatory. Those who can are trying to get out. Visa applications at the Nationalist Chinese, Canadian, and other consulates whose countries encourage Chinese immigration have shot up 330 per cent.



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The consulates have long since run out of printed forms and have had to mimeograph additional applications. Although the percentage of Chinese leaving is minute, those who are leaving are the very people — doctors, dentists, architects, and scientists — whose departure most hurts the colony.

For the great masses of Chinese, however, born in Hong Kong and without passport or profession, emigration from Hong Kong is not a possibility. They must stay.

— *Maynard Parker*

Peru's Inca Renaissance



The 14,000-foot-high plain of the Andes, where the Inca civilization flourished five centuries ago, is as barren a land as the world possesses. With its packs of llamas running across the puna, pursued by the rain, it is to most eyes abandoned and strange.

The last twenty generations have been stilled by the shock of the Spanish Conquest. The Quechua-speaking Indians stand like ancient brown statues in the spotty sunlight, their cheeks swollen by the wads of narcotic coca leaves, which relieve the pains of cold and hunger and history.

But today, the descendants of the Incas, both the pure-blood Indians and the mixed-blood cholos, are awakening politically, socially, and psychologically, and with such renewed cultural energy that the phenomenon is called by some an Inca renaissance.

In fact, Peruvian politicians of a

new and modern-minded breed began looking around five years ago for effective ways to develop Peru, and they were astonished to discover that many of the Inca ways of life were intact — the community work groups, for instance, and the reciprocal aid groups. They are now adjusting development programs to these old social and political structures instead of trying to destroy them as before.

The Spaniards were predators, but they were also fussily legalistic. So in the National Archives in Lima these days, Indian leaders come in to leaf through the brittle 400-year-old deeds which show the passing of land from the Incas to the Spaniards. Through agrarian reform, the Indians are now reclaiming their ancient lands.

The major Indian language, Quechua, has been said by anthropologists to have died out twenty years ago. Actually it is spoken by more people than ever. It has become stylish to learn Quechua — more Peruvian university students study it than any other language. Three years ago the national culture magazine of Peru, always very Spanish, published its first poem in Quechua.

All over the altiplano ("high plain") of Peru, new Indian political organizations are springing up to challenge the old aristocracy, which has always controlled political life from Lima. These new Indian peasant leagues and peasant parties are taking over mayoral posts and local councils in several key areas. In the Bolivian altiplano, the Indians took over so completely in the 1952 revolution that Bolivia could best be called an Indian state.

Perhaps most important, the Indians have gained enough adventurous security to leave the altiplano, where they have always lived, and to which they have become physiologically adapted. Now they are spilling over into the coasts of Peru and into the eastern jungle regions in Bolivia. These cholos, or citified, deracinated Indians, are transforming cities like Lima. Anthropologists and politicians say they will transform a large part of Latin America in the future.

"The people did it"

The awakening of the Incas actually began in the thirties through APRA, Peru's labor party, the

model for subsequent democratic left parties in Latin America. But the Apristas offered merely a symbolic reappréciation of the Incas. The major part of the credit for opening opportunities for Indian goes to Fernando Belaúnde Terry, the elegant aristocratic architect who was elected President of Peru in 1963.

Belaúnde likes to tell the story — he tells it incessantly — of how in his campaign he traveled to every corner of the country, and how surprised he was to discover roads, schools, and community buildings in even the most primitive little villages. When he asked where they came from, Belaúnde relates, he was told "*El pueblo lo hizo*" — "The people did it."

He was discovering rather belatedly what anthropologists in the Andes have known for years — that the Indian villages, far from being hopelessly somnolent or unstructured, are dramatically alive, and that through their community work groups, they have managed to build what they needed. Self-generating and spontaneous, this work failed to catch the eye of the authorities because those authorities despised everything Indian.

After he took office, Belaúnde resolved to encourage the minka (one family group helping another), and the mita (public service offered to the entire community), and to build his community plans around them. So he promulgated the law of Cooperación Popular, calling it "the cornerstone of my platform" and noting, "From the very beginning I have always proclaimed that this law is fundamentally based in our deep historical traditions and that a vigorous Peru can and will be built upon it."

This was revolutionary in a most profound sense for a country like Peru. It was socially and psychologically revolutionary because it signified a new public respect toward the formerly despised Indian ways. It was politically revolutionary because it gave representation to the Indian communities.

Cooperación Popular

Cooperación Popular sent students into the mountains in a Peruvian style Peace Corps. For the first time young middle-class Peruvians, who used to shun manual labor, came into the most remote parts of



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Peru's Inca Renaissance

the country and into intimate contact with the Indians. The way the law worked, the Indian communities would go to the local Cooperación Popular offices with projects (some brought impractical proposals like swimming pools or plazas), and with the officials in Lima, they would decide what projects got government aid. In 1964-1965, the government estimated the value of national capital produced through this communal work at \$60 million. The results included 2600 kilometers of new roads, 3700 community buildings, and 250 irrigation works.

The budget allocated to Cooperación Popular was cut down this year by opposition political parties who feared Belaúnde was developing his own political cadres through it. As a result the number of college students working in the program has gone down from 700 in 1964 to about 200 in 1967, even though there are several thousand who have volunteered to go.

Another of Belaúnde's measures to bring the Inca community into the mainstream of the nation — and thus really to create for the first time a united Peru — was the revival of municipal elections in 1963, after forty-two years. There are about 12 million people in Peru today, with an estimated half of them classified as cholos (largely a cultural and not a racial term), another 35 percent as pure Indians, and 15 percent as Creoles or as being primarily of Spanish descent. But only 2,200,000 vote. Illiterates have been barred from voting, and in effect, it has been the small 15 percent — Creoles and Spanish descendants — which has always controlled Peru from Lima. Consequently, the wealth of the country poured in from the countryside and stayed in the capital; one recent year saw \$15 million expended on government services in Lima and \$20 million going to all the rest of the country. The municipal elections are redressing the balance.

Land invasions

Another emanation of the awakening in the Andes is the new insistent demand for land. There are some 5000 "*comunidades indigenas*" (native — that is, Indian — communities)

which still hold land in common, but about a third of the Indians still work as virtual peons on the big haciendas.

Until recently you could see Indians hitched up as oxen plowing badly worked fields in front of the magnificent and productive terraces which their Inca forefathers created. They care for the *hacendado's* ("landholder's") alpaca packs, which roam all night, and they have to pay with one from their own pack if they lose one. To keep them in a passive state, the Indians often are paid not in money but in the narcotic coca (cocaine) leaf.

The dramatic land invasions by which the Indians, organized by Trotskyites and peasant dissidents of every type and usually led by cholos, walked in and took the land they claimed was theirs "from Inca times" reached a height in 1964 and 1965, when the valleys of the Andes around the ancient Inca capital of Cuzco were ablaze with haciendas burning and people marching. In one period of six months, official estimates were that 150,000 persons had invaded 500 plantations throughout Peru and occupied more than 2 million acres of land.

Today the violence and the land invasions have temporarily subsided. Belaúnde put through his agrarian reform, and the Indians are downtown in the archives trying to straighten out their old deeds. But observers say it won't go on this way very long — it is going too slowly.

Another aspect of the real and symbolic reawakening of the Inca empire is in the reconstruction of roads on the old Inca scale. President Belaúnde says of his project now under way to build a long marginal highway all along the eastern slopes of the Andes, connecting the West Coast from Colombia to Paraguay: "The marginal forest highway represents the first large-scale regional planning in South America since the Incas molded their empire."

Thin air, rich culture

The altiplano, that high plain which balances at 14,000 feet like a slate between the two spectacular black ridges of the Andes, has formed and influenced the life of the Incas more than anything else. Its thin stern air has even affected the bodies of the Indians, giving them larger lungs to bear the strain and more

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Peru's Inca Renaissance

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The Incas (the term originally was used only to refer to the emperor and his family, who were descended from the sun, but is now used for the entire nation) created one of the most judicious empires of all time, dividing land among the people with absolute equality. Granaries kept food for drought periods along the extraordinary highways the Incas built from the borders of Colombia to the north of Chile; runner-messengers formed a communications system connecting the kingdom.

Extending their hegemony largely by reason, persuasion, and example, the Incas brought into their world

the tribes of Ecuador and Bolivia.

It was in no sense a Western empire; its dominating characteristics were absolute discipline, perfect obedience, and total, hierarchical organization. The empire, which was called Tahuantisuyo, was divided into four quarters, each governed by the equivalent of a viceroy and further divided into provinces ruled by Inca administrators. The major social unit was the ayllu, the traditional Indian family group, whose chief was responsible for all the acts of his clansmen. The Indians were further organized into groups of ten, each headed by a decurion; and these groups organized into groups of fifty "souls," then one hundred, then five hundred, and finally a thousand, because, the Inca is supposed to have said, "the care of one thousand persons is quite sufficient to occupy one man alone."

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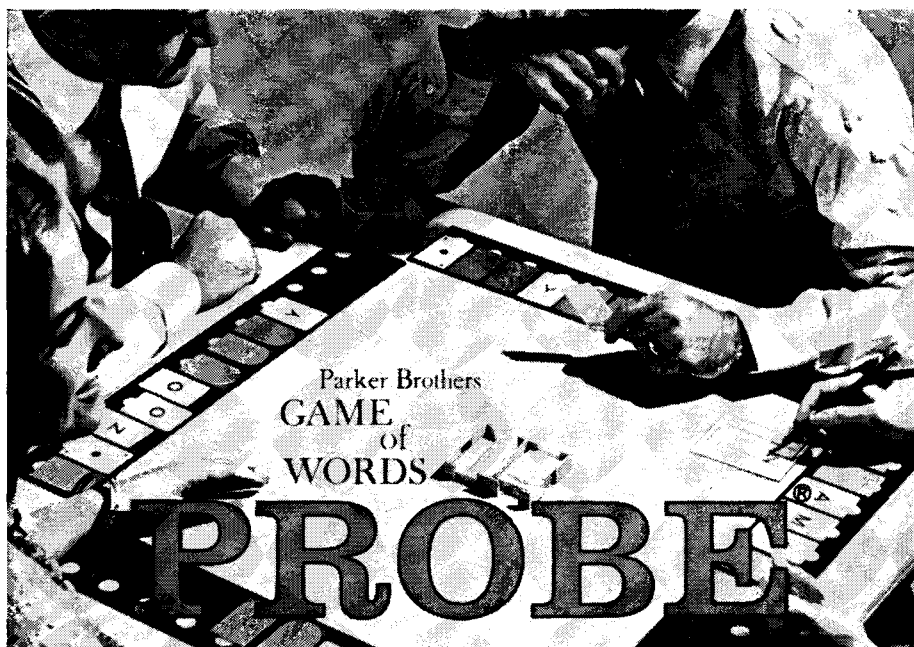
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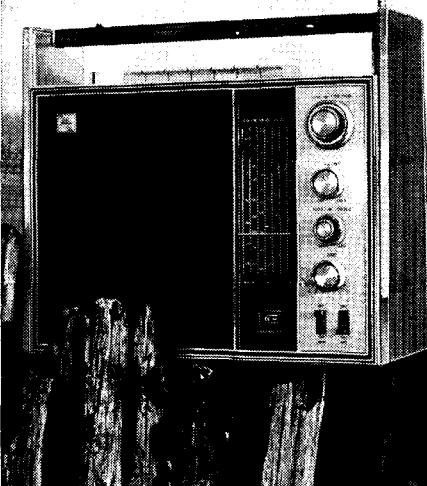
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Peru's Inca Renaissance

from the state or church lands meant an entire ayllu might be wiped out. Yet, typically too, nobles were punished more harshly than peasants, and the decurion was compelled to report any juridical misdemeanor in his group of ten within an hour or he himself was doubly punished — for not doing his duty and for keeping silent.

In the end, it was the perfect obedience of the Indians to the emperor and his equitable realm that was the empire's downfall. Francisco Pizarro came up the Andes on foot with 180 men and 27 horses and defeated a great empire of 5 million persons with the single act of capturing the Inca Atahualpa. Once the Inca was captured, the empire was captured, for all power was centered in his person.

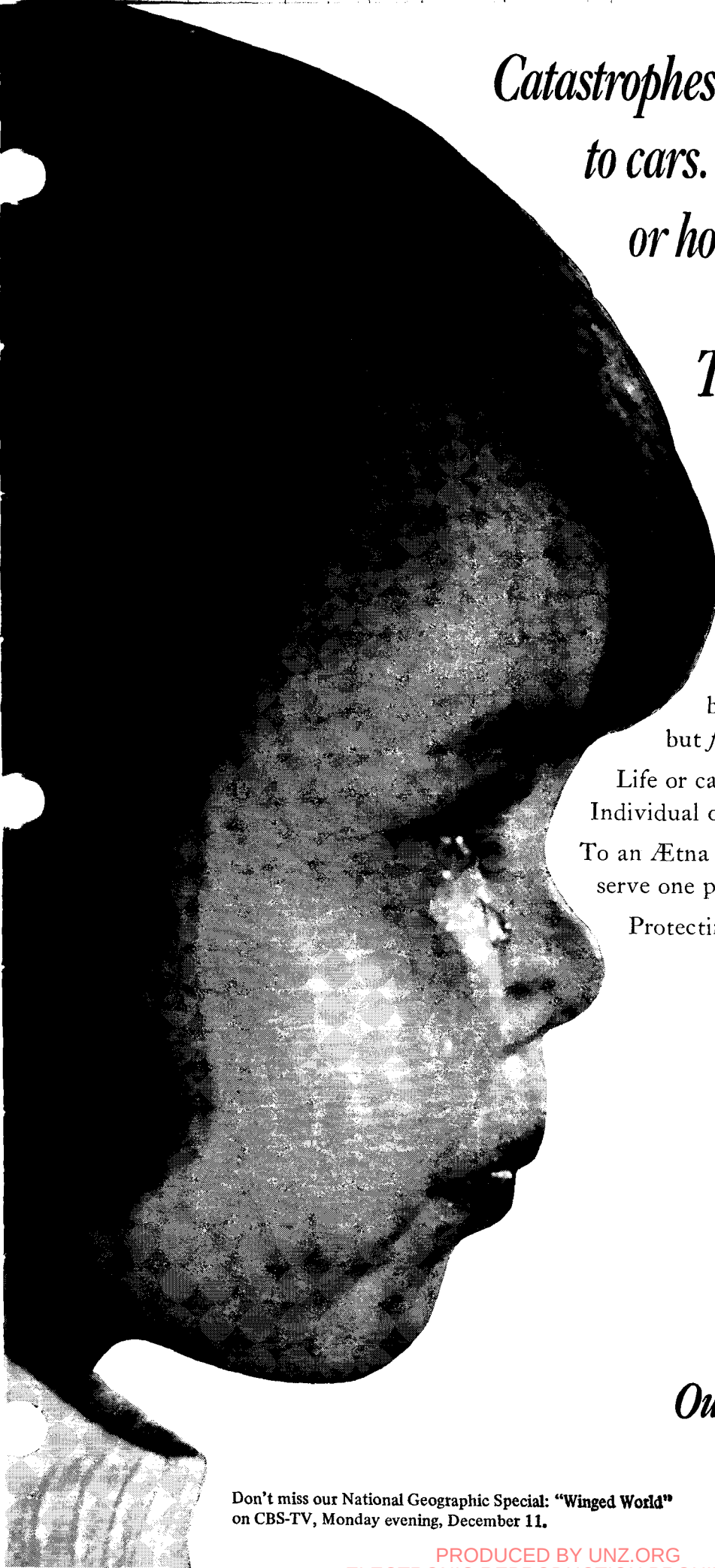
The exquisite Inca gold art works (there was gold corn "growing" in the Inca's palace in Cuzco) were melted down into bars and shipped to Spain. The Indians themselves were taken from their obedient collectivism and tied to the haciendas, to be bought and sold with the land and the animals.

Some fled into the eastern recesses of the Andes, to the hot damp high jungle on the eastern slopes, where they built escape cities such as Machu Picchu. Indian rebellions such as the one under Tupac Amaru in 1780 were cruelly put down. Future leaders were bought off by the Spaniards with certificates of "whiteness" which allowed them to enter, if peripherally, Creole society. In the last 200 years the Quechua-speaking empire fell into silent deathly passivity.

Charm and despair

In the face of the dynamism of the Spaniards, all of the Indians of the Americas were peculiarly vulnerable to destruction, having all the same obsession with destiny and unavoidable catastrophe. But looking at the old Inca poetry and songs, historians have noted that the Incas, unlike the blood-worshiping Aztecs, were always singing of peace and orderly collectivism.

There is also a distinct melancholy which led from the happiness of their own empire to the hopeless nightmares of the time of the Spanish Conquest. A modern historian,



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Peru's Inca Renaissance

José de la Riva Aguero, has written about the Quechuas:

"Theirs is a tender, gentle, doleful poetry of naïve charm and pastoral softness, suddenly darkened by fits of the most tragic despair. More reserved and bound by tradition than any other people, this race possesses the gift of tears and the cult of memory. Guardians of mysterious tombs and forever mourning among these cyclopean ruins, their favorite diversion and bitter consolation are to sing about the woes of their history and the poignant grief that lies in their hearts."

The sadness and mourning for what was, and the feelings of despair and hopelessness in the face of history, are major elements in the psyche of the Indians today. Anthropologists note how much they sing of lost mothers who have abandoned them. Psychologists who did Rorschach tests of Quechuas found they continually saw men with no hands and feet.

Given these feelings, it is all the more surprising that the Indians today are breaking away, opening their lives to new forms, and asserting themselves in the world outside the altiplano, a world riven with disequilibrium. The form change takes, culturally and psychologically, is largely that from Indianness to becoming a citified or Westernized cholo. And the cholo is a totally new and different kind of person.

Barriada life

Anyone who knew Lima twenty years ago, anyone who was familiar with Pizarro's aristocratic City of Kings would be astonished to see it now. Though still dotted with the grand plazas and churches and palaces of another age, there are today around the city jerry-built shack-towns that have sprung up overnight, every night, during the last fifteen years. They house half a million Limeños, or about one fourth to one third of the population. These are the barriadas of the cholos.

At dusk on the narrow downtown street of Lima now, the cholos roast chicken livers on sticks over little black coal stoves and sell them for a few centavos. Along the throbbing Jiron de la Union, Lima's busiest street, these entrepreneurs hawk rope bags, plastic covers, toys that make

the noise of wild birds, cheap leather pocketbooks, magazines, and a thousand knickknacks that roll, squeal, and turn somersaults. In the barriadas they are equally competitive and imaginative: a common sight a home generator from which a cholo rents electricity to his neighbors.

"Twenty years ago this was a Spanish city," noted Dr. José Matos, head of the department of anthropology at Lima's San Marcos University. "No more. Today it has an Indian flavor. The whole atmosphere has changed."

It started, he went on, after World War II; by 1962 every one of seven presidential candidates was going out to the villages, for the first time in history, talking about change, about the new Peru, and about such formerly untouchable subjects as land reform. Meanwhile, a great coming and going had started between the mountains and the coast.

At first they moved into the cities, into the *callejones*, or big apartment slums. Later they organized themselves and began moving out to the government land in the deserts around the cities. They depended upon each other and worked together effectively in a country where mutual distrust has always been the rule.

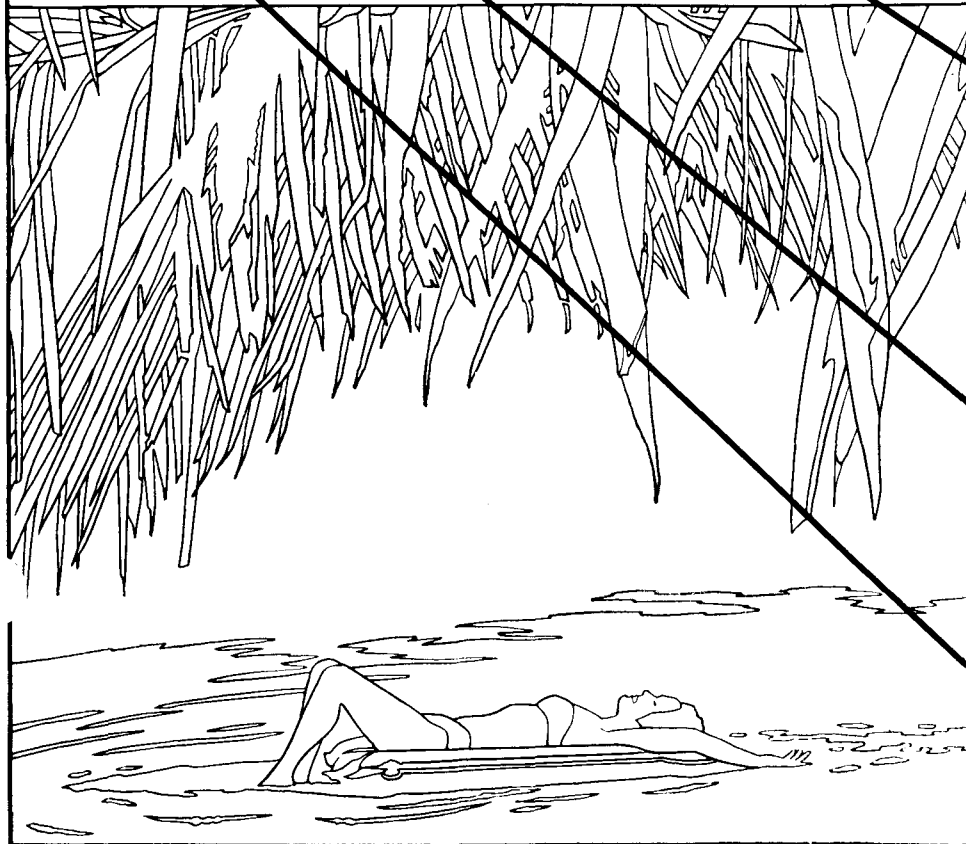
Squatters' rights

At night there would be only the empty sand, looking astonishingly like the Sahara. In the morning, there would be an entire city of several hundred mat houses, usually with a Peruvian flag flying, all standing bravely against society. There were many killings by police, but in the end Lima capitulated to its cholos. In 1961 the barriada law was passed giving squatters legal title to the land. Now the barriadas are there to stay. The woven mat houses are giving way to permanent cement houses which the cholos have built themselves.

The cholos are inveterate joiners. In Lima alone they have 670 registered provincial aid clubs, usually with offices that remind one of the German Hod Carriers or the Polish Alliance. They tend to be skeptical and critical of society, and there is the sense about them that they, or at least their children, are not going to put up with the status quo. They are surprisingly democratically oriented. This stems in part from the old communities, where every voice

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is heard. Long before the last municipal elections they were electing their own *barriada* mayors — spontaneously and without outside help or hindrance. They also have learned, apparently spontaneously, how to picket and protest. On almost any day you can see a *barriada* delegation walking downtown to the newspapers, with huge banners that stretch across whole streets asking for water or sanitation in the *barriadas*. This generation is largely interested in their homes and in establishing themselves on the coast; the next generation, experts say, will be the revolutionary one.

—*Georgie Anne Geyer*

The California Textbook Fight

The public educational system has long been an object of political attack by California's well-financed right wing. The ultraconservative political catechism holds that the schools are controlled by liberals who are coddling the New Left, suppressing old-fashioned patriotism, and indoctrinating helpless children for subversion. The dismissal of University of California president Clark Kerr, bitterly criticized by the right for his "soft" approach to campus unrest, was the stormiest recent episode in the history of relations between California's right-wingers and beleaguered educators.

The focus of much recent pressure has been a new eighth-grade American history textbook, *Land of the Free*, which has been adopted for statewide use by California's board of education. Stylishly bound, illustrated in color, and replete with the fillips that are now fashionable in textbook production, this hefty volume has been the subject of newspaper editorials and public meetings, consideration by local school boards, and a massive letter-writing campaign.

Land of the Free

The authors of *Land of the Free* are John Hope Franklin, professor of history at the University of Chicago and a leading social historian; John W. Caughey, University of California (Los Angeles) historian and a leading figure in California's civil liberties organizations; and Ernest

May, a diplomatic historian at Harvard. To understand how these men and their book were swept into the storm center of California politics, one must take account of some peculiarities of textbook-adoption procedures and their recent history in the state.

In the first place, libertarian and civil rights groups have been no less active than the right in drawing public attention to textbooks and their contents. In 1949 the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith sponsored a now famous survey of current textbooks as they treated the role of minority groups in American life. Similarly, CORE and other civil rights groups have voiced sustained criticism of textbooks that give little or merely patronizing attention to minorities. And in California, it was under pressure from CORE that the state legislature acted in 1964, demanding by law that American history and civics texts adopted by the public schools give appropriate attention to minority problems and rights.

Second, the state board of education has thrown its weight behind the effort to get new textbooks written or old ones revised. Shortly after the legislature acted in 1964, the board — which maintains a curriculum commission to review textbooks submitted to it by publishers, and which has power to require statewide adoption of specific books in the public schools — issued a set of guidelines for textbook evaluation. The guidelines called for books that are "factually accurate" and that "develop a positive appreciation of and loyalty to our basic American ideals and institutions, including equal rights and opportunities for all people." The board declared further that texts should be "written objectively and in good taste by authors who are competent and loyal to American ideals and principles" — language that leaves considerable room for interpretation.

The third element in the California situation consisted of an unusual series of moves by the state board of education, moves made specifically in response to *Land of the Free*. The authors clearly wrote *Land of the Free* with an eye on the California market: the volume gives far more emphasis to social history (including themes of immigration, cultural pluralism, and treatment of minorities) than do conventional

texts; but more important, when the publishers submitted *Land of the Free* to the state board for review and possible adoption, they submitted a preliminary version, holding the door open for revisions if the board required changes as the condition of adoption. (The authors vested distribution rights in California in Franklin Publications; the firm of Benziger Brothers is handling distribution in other states.) The board at first followed customary procedures, assigning the book to the curriculum commission for review, revision suggestions, and ultimately a recommendation to the board itself for adoption or rejection.

In May, 1966, the curriculum commission reported in favor of adoption — but contingent upon extensive revisions, or what one member called a major editing job to correct inaccuracies and modify some basic interpretations and emphases. At this juncture, the board decided to appoint a special panel of experts to review the text once again and set out specific requirements for revision — and in the process, the board made a sensational public issue of *Land of the Free*. Appointed to the panel were three residents of the state, all professional historians: Allan Nevins, professor emeritus at Columbia University and now a research associate in the Huntington Library at San Marino; Glenn Dumke, chancellor of the California state college system; and Charles G. Sellers, professor of history at Berkeley.

"The great majority"

By this time, the book was well on its way toward becoming a *cause célèbre*. On May 13, just as the board was appointing the special panel, a conservative professor of educational administration at the University of Southern California was quoted in the state's newspapers as condemning *Land of the Free* as "slanted in the direction of civil rights . . . the United Nations . . . [and] militant groups," and as unfriendly to "the great majority." Key committee members of the California state legislature attacked the book in press interviews, and the state's superintendent of public instruction, Max Rafferty (a potential candidate to unseat liberal Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel in 1968), declared that *Land of the Free* would require "a major salvage

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California Textbook Fight

effort" before it could be made fit for consumption in California's classrooms. The book was put on display in public libraries for citizens' inspection, and both right-wing and liberal groups, apparently alerted by friends of each side on the state board of education, urged Californians to peruse the book and make their views known to the board.

On July 25, mail on *Land of the Free* had become so voluminous that Mr. Rafferty's office issued a 218-page mimeographed publication reproducing letters received on the question of its adoption. Adverse criticism came mainly from individuals, many of whose letters were remarkably alike in language as well as in their objections to the book's supposed pro-UN bias, to derogatory statements allegedly made about famous Americans (Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, Dwight Eisenhower), to neglect of the nation's military heritage, and to favorable treatment of W. E. B. DuBois and other radicals.

Mr. Rafferty himself complained of the book's contention that in the Sacco-Vanzetti case the judge and jury "were prejudiced against them on account of their being foreign-born radicals"; he denied that the United States was an imperialist power in 1900, "as chanted by Communist propaganda"; and he objected to inclusion of casualty figures from the A-bomb attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki but omission of U.S. casualties suffered at Pearl Harbor. Rafferty found that "the most objectionable material in the book," however, was on a subject that strikes close to conservative sentiment in California — the loyalty and security programs of the McCarthy era. Of the notions that congressional committees "went hunting for Communists" (Rafferty: "It's about time"), or that uncertainty remains as to whether McCarthy drove a single bona fide Communist out of government service, Rafferty asserted: "This is poor editorial opinion with little resemblance to historical fact."

Other comments, generally favorable, came from organized professional groups and liberal organi-

zations. The president of the California Council for the Social Studies, representing 2000 social studies teachers, said that *Land of the Free* would be "one of the first major adoptions in the history of California to bring to the classrooms of this State a full measure of truth about our promises and problems as Americans." The director of a Los Angeles neighborhood association declared that adoption of the book would be "of significant help" in fostering interracial community relations in her area. And the director of the Anti-Defamation League's Los Angeles office hailed the volume as one of the few textbooks available that would satisfy his own organization's and the American Council on Education's guidelines for fair treatment of minorities in history and civics textbooks.

Pressure from the right

But meanwhile the *Land of the Free* controversy was broadening into a witch-hunt. During the spring there appeared a 24-page pamphlet on *Land of the Free*, bearing the imprint of the "Land of the Free Committee," based in Pasadena. Its message was clear enough: the book "destroys pride in America's past, develops a guilt complex, mocks American justice, indoctrinates toward communism, is hostile to religious concepts, overemphasizes Negro participation in American history, projects negative thought models, criticizes business and free enterprise, plays politics, foments class hatred, slants and distorts facts, [and] promotes propaganda and poppycock." Shortly afterward a filmstrip began to circulate for use in community and local school-board meetings; an accompanying recording carried the same message (in large part, in the same language) as the Pasadena committee's pamphlet.

Newspapers around the state began to follow the controversy closely, as local school officials and private citizens provided them with apparently endless copy on the subject. Much of the controversy came to a focus on the book's co-author John Caughey. He had been a leading opponent of loyalty oaths for university professors in the University of California system, and he was the signer of clemency petitions for alleged Communists indicted by con-

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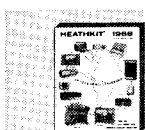
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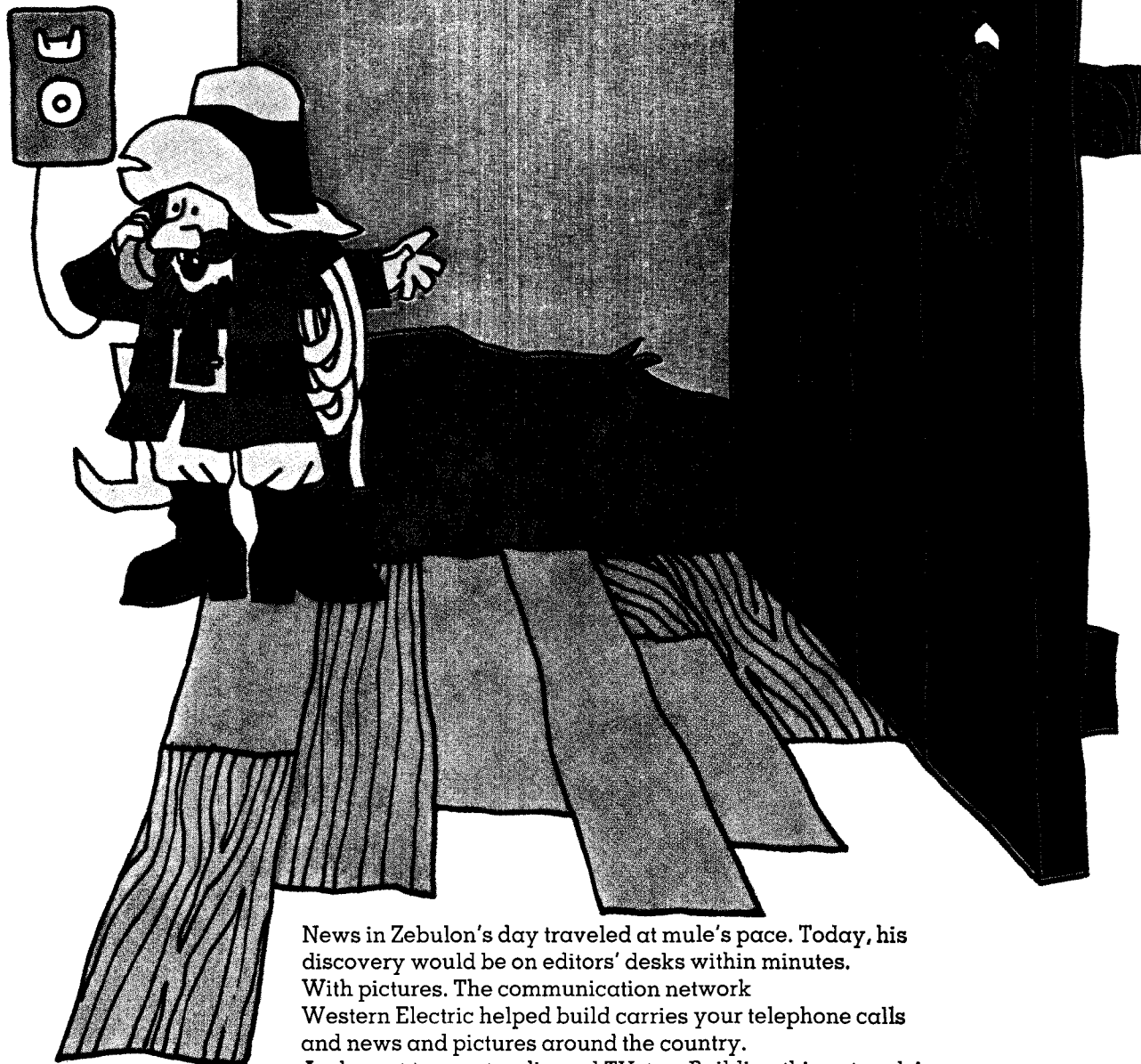
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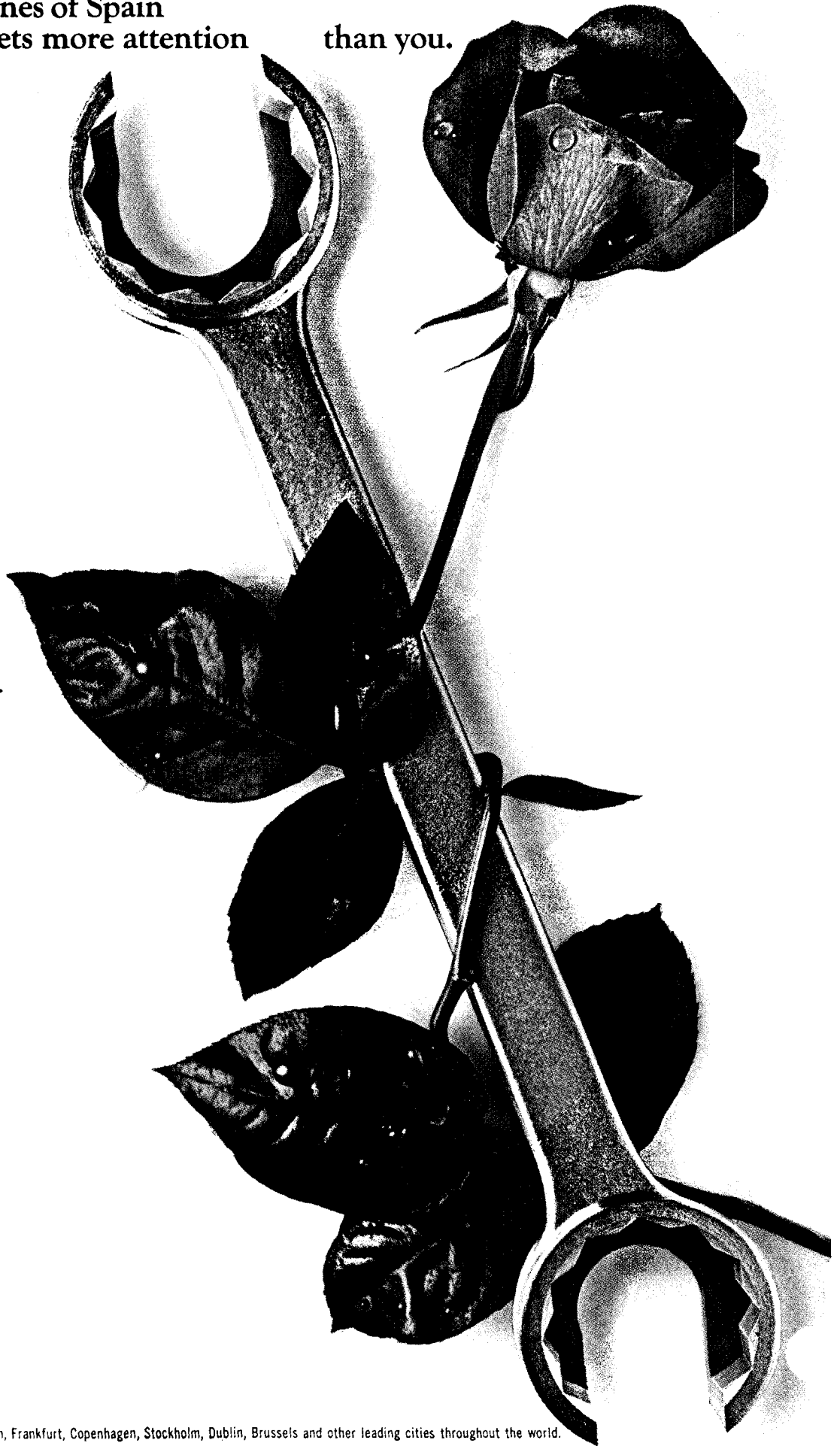
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California Textbook Fight

gressional committees. The Pasadena pamphlet and the filmstrip recording juxtaposed comments on Caughey with quotations from Lenin on textbooks as a propaganda tool, and left it to the concerned citizen to draw his own conclusions.

Another Southern California sheet, "FACTS in Education" (F-Fundamental Issues; A-Americanism; C-Constitutional Government; T-Truth; S-Spiritual Values), similarly traded in calculated *ad hominem* references and outright smears. It carefully identified co-author John Hope Franklin as "Negro professor, University of Chicago," spoke of Caughey's efforts to obtain clemency for "two identified Communists," and objected to favorable mention in the book for Martin Luther King, whose "record of 60 Communist front organizations, attested to by Karl Prussion—former counterspy for the FBI—was printed in the Congressional Record."

In the heavy-handed style of hate literature, it also attacked the curriculum commission's special panel. Professor Nevins was the sheet's chief concern because he once attacked "extreme nationalism" in the classroom. And in an elaborate misreading of an article once published by Nevins, "FACTS in Education" claimed that "consistent with the philosophy of UNESCO," Nevins "seems to advocate . . . the intermarriage of Negroes and whites."

It was thus in a politically tense atmosphere that the Sellers-Nevins-Dumke panel issued its report on the preliminary version of *Land of the Free*. The panel praised the "generally high quality" of the book, warning that no text could please every political faction or take the form of a compendium of undigested fact. But the report also sided with some of the critics who called for changes in specific passages and a more balanced presentation of the most controversial issues.

As a result, the authors of *Land of the Free* made a few major changes and a host of minor alterations in their book. The text was resubmitted for review by the curriculum commission, declared acceptable by the Sellers-Nevins-Dumke panel, and finally adopted officially for mandatory use in California's eighth-grade classrooms this fall.

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■ ***"The Gadfly on the Rump of Education"*** is the way California Superintendent of Public Instruction Max Rafferty describes himself. Now the controversial enemy of "progressive education," tentative darling of the right, and somewhat terrible-tempered bane of the left is wondering if he should try to become U.S. senator from Reaganland. **Mark Harris** follows his superb report on the hippies (the September *Atlantic*) with a sharply focused profile of Mr. Rafferty and views about schools that pertain as much to Maine as to California.

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Nat Hentoff wonders about books for teen-agers.

California Textbook Fight

And so, perhaps, the *Land of the Free* controversy is over. Mr. Rafferty has expressed his satisfaction with the changes made by the authors; and he has informed recalcitrant local school boards opposed to the adoption that failure to use the book would be cause for prosecution under the state's educational code. And yet perhaps the fight is not over. For on the one hand, several state assemblymen have declared themselves in favor of a proviso in appropriations bills that would bar use of state funds to purchase the book. No less important, there sits in Sacramento today a governor whose most spectacular policy moves in his first months include cutting down Clark Kerr, assaulting the state university and trimming its budget, virtually closing down the state's consumer-counsel office, curtailing welfare activities, and (by dint of item-veto powers) forcing cuts on the state's mental health program. If *Land of the Free* captures Ronald Reagan's interest (assuming it has not already), all bets may be off. And on the other hand, the ultraconservative campaign against the book goes on: the Pasadena filmstrip continues to be shown and debated, without reference to changes made in the book since it was first submitted. And some local school boards apparently are keeping up their pressure for reconsideration of the decision to adopt.

A paper victory?

Whether or not the *Land of the Free* episode is over, its history to date suggests a number of important lessons. In the first place, the right has demonstrated once again that it commands both ample funds and sufficient public relations expertise to conduct a highly effective campaign against textbooks that offend conservative concepts of patriotism. Nor has the right been lax in perceiving new opportunities to exploit mass media: many of California's local radio stations devote hour after hour of air time to programs that consist of telephone conversations with any and all listeners who wish to call and talk, and there has been a lack of talk — mostly uninformed about *Land of the Free*. In short, the CORE, B'nai B'rith, and civil rights groups have pioneered the recent

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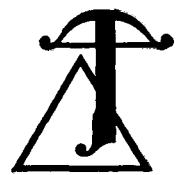
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California Textbook Fight

public reappraisal of textbook content, the ultraconservatives have proved themselves no less effective in this arena.

No one would question that it is a legitimate right of Americans to express their views on school curriculum and textbooks. But the resolution of controversies in this field may too easily be dictated by the balance of political power in a state or community, instead of by reasoned and expertly informed discussion. Moreover, a war atmosphere does not contribute to reasoned dialogue.

The *Land of the Free* episode suggests that the professional associations of academicians (composed mainly of college professors who seldom experience personally the impact of textbook-adoption pressures) should take the initiative to assure expert and informed discussion of textbooks in the public schools. The American Historical Association and most other associations of the social sciences already have textbook committees or other special groups

studying the teaching of their subjects in the elementary and high schools. But it now seems imperative that they take a more aggressive role in evaluating procedures of state and local school boards in the selection of texts for school use.

Finally, what is the proper role of the publishers of textbooks and the authors who write them? In California, which now makes up about a tenth of the American schoolbook market, the state board of education not only purchases textbooks outright from publishers in finished (manufactured) form, but for reasons of economy, it will often purchase rights to the printer's plates and then manufacture its own finished books. In the process, minor changes often are necessary to conform to the state printer's manual. In the case of *Land of the Free*, the procedures established to permit routine changes of this kind became the vehicle for a full-scale review of the book's content.

My own judgment as a historian is that the changes incorporated by the authors of *Land of the Free* in response to the Sellers-Nevins-Dumke panel's critique were constructive

and compromised the book in no major respects. (Indeed, the authors forcefully and eloquently resisted pressure for certain deletions that clearly would have meant outright censorship.) However, a panel of professional historians reviewing the text prior to its initial submission to the California authorities no doubt would have suggested changes not much different from those recommended by the Sellers-Nevins-Dumke panel.

Review or censorship?

In short, publishers and textbook authors might help head off threats to academic freedom by submitting to school adoption boards only textbooks in *final form*. The job of scholarly review and revisions should be done by panels of privately engaged experts prior to publication and submission to adoption authorities. This is less like censorship than the present phenomenon of state officials pressuring textbook authors with the rule that adoption of a text is contingent on specific additions, deletions, and alterations. "This anti-American slant must be removed." "Omit this and all other such false

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jobs that tear our country down.” “All of this material must be deleted.” Such were Mr. Rafferty’s comments, for instance, on passages that he found offensive in *Land of the Free*. Even more ominous, as an indicator of how adoption decisions are being made, is this suggestion from one of the curriculum commission members: “Outcome of the Scopes trial not mentioned, but perhaps it is better not to mention it than to stir up another hornet’s nest.” (Translation: obviously, historical objectivity requires full discussion of the Scopes trial issues and decision, but full discussion would mobilize the Anti-Evolution Lobby.)

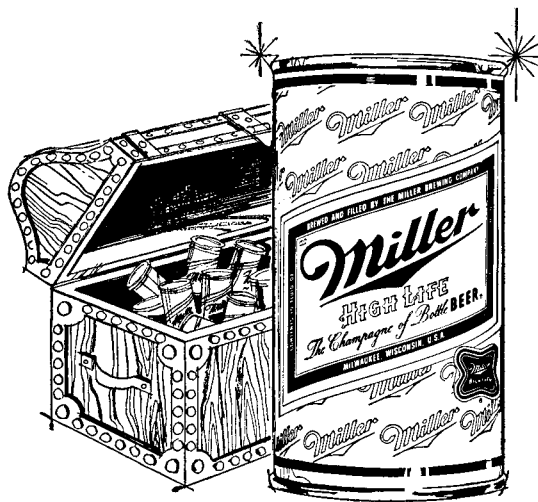
Market pressure

There is a certain irony, to be sure, in resting one’s hopes on pre-publication reviewing and revision. Every academic historian knows of instances in which the publishers themselves exerted pressure on authors to delete material on the Sacco-Vanzetti case because of the “Massachusetts market,” or to alter passages on Negro history because of the “Southern market.” Authors must be willing to stand on what they have written and what they believe, not only against overt pressures from school authorities, but from time to time against timid and sales-oriented publishers as well.

Publishers, in their turn, must be willing to unite against market-oriented internal review procedures designed to maximize sales at all costs; and to take a stand against special-interest pressure from outside for changes in textbook content. Whether American publishing firms — or the industrial giants that are now absorbing the nation’s leading publishers through merger and purchase — are willing to make that kind of stand is a speculative question indeed. — *Harry N. Scheiber*

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth Brenner Drew writes regularly for the ATLANTIC from Washington. Maynard Parker is a Hong-Kong-based correspondent for NEWSWEEK. Georgie Ann Geyer, a foreign correspondent for the Chicago DAILY NEWS, is at work on a book about Latin America. Harry J. Scheiber, an associate professor of history at Dartmouth, spent last year at Stanford.



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letters

SIR: "Death at an Early Age" was revealing and shocking. As a retired schoolteacher let me say that abuses of and indignities to children are not confined to public schools in ghetto areas in metropolitan cities.

VIRGINIA PERRY WILSON
Napa, Calif.

SIR: As an American I am embarrassed to admit that the conditions written about in Jonathan Kozol's "Death at an Early Age" could have taken place in almost any city in this country.

GILDA F. HERNDON
Washington, D. C.

Mark Harris on the hippies

SIR: It is a cruel mockery of the poor "to play games of poverty," as Mark Harris ("The Flowering of the Hippies," September *Atlantic*) aptly puts it. But the hippie movement is primarily a reaction to the decadence and materialism of American society. In destroying the bourgeoisie, therefore, the hippies are perhaps more than literally destroying themselves. Being, or acting, poor is a highly symbolic sacrificial gesture.

It is tragic that the movement is too weak to withstand inevitable strangulation by middle-class culture. Already, respectable, sophisticated America is using words from the hippie lexicon, and the fashion industry is following the new trend. Goods from Asian and African countries are imported by profit-minded businessmen and sold as "psychedelic" ornaments.

HARRY SHAMOON
Great Neck, N. Y.

SIR: I'm thinking of organizing a mother's march against Benjamin Spock, with a simple request that he set up housekeeping in the Haight-Ashbury. He is probably more responsible than any other individual for the happy irresponsibility of these youngsters, so he should be privileged to enjoy the fruits of his labors.

We middle-aged middle-class mothers, avoiding the pitfalls of rigid training methods of an earlier date, under the guidance of Dr. Spock brought up our children to "feel good inside." That was just about the only criterion used in handling any temper tantrum or misbehavior of any kind.

Under the tutelage of Dr. Spock,

we gently guided the child to an understanding of the error of his ways, always with a concern that the child have no hidden resentments and go to bed "feeling good inside." So now all these kids have no other criterion for judging situations than whether or not they feel good inside.

PATRICIA EMERSON WANNING, M.D.
Saugerties, N. Y.

SIR: The Mark Harris commentary reflects balance and compassion. His observations about police attitudes and practices are most proper and pertinent. The San Francisco Police Department has come to see further than restrictive laws, clubs and bullets, arrest, punishment, and criminal stigmatization as answers to the frustrating problems of non-violent nonconformist behavior. The San Francisco Police Department has come to learn that to harass our youth, peace demonstrators, and our minority groups is to mass-produce "cop-haters."

A. C. GERMANN
*Professor of Criminology
California State College at Long Beach*

SIR: Mark Harris' "The Flowering of the Hippies" is the best article on the subject that I have read anywhere. Thank you for printing it.

ROSS CLARK
Ithaca, N. Y.

Advice and consent

SIR: I would like to comment on Elizabeth Brenner Drew's report on the Civil Rights Commission (August *Atlantic*).

The sermon of Civil Rights Commissioner Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh on equality of opportunity in this country as opposed to the lack of it in other countries was quite beside the point. The Miss Delagos of this country must compete first with the youth of the United States, not with the youth of other nations. Further, it requires stretching the imagination to believe that minority groups in this country have the same opportunities in life that the fair-haired children of suburbia have.

I also find it hard to believe that it is possible for everyone to achieve an education "for himself" in the sense that Dr. John Hannah uses the term. The fact is, those who have achieved an education in

Death at an early age

SIR: I very much appreciated Jonathan Kozol's article, "Death at an Early Age," in the September *Atlantic*. My first chance to hear him came at a meeting in Weston, Massachusetts, to determine whether to bus up to ten Negro children from Roxbury to Weston for their kindergarten education.

"No," he said at one point, "busing ten children to Weston is not going to help solve the Roxbury Negroes' problem. But to those ten children their lives are very important."

Jonathan Kozol strikes me as neither alarmed nor complacent—simply a surprised and, somehow, very sane human being.

CHARLES LOTTE
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: A teacher for more than thirty years, I cannot imagine a situation such as described by Jonathan Kozol.

RUTH FOSTER
Yuma, Ariz.

SIR: Your article "Death at an Early Age" may call to the public's attention a shameful educational truth. Too often lower-class children are the victims of a value clash which exists between their parents and their socially upward aspiring educators.

While the schools should be doing something to help these children feel successful and worthwhile, their efforts seem to be more toward reinforcing the confused or hostile feelings which were kindled in the home environments. We hear no verbal cries from the ignorant victims of this spiritual massacre. Is this perhaps why we simply allow it to go on . . . and on?

MARILYN TULLYS
Alliance, Ohio

(Listen to this page)

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the United States have done so in a society that has systematically denied most of the Miss Delagos the same opportunity. A significant portion of the competition in education, as well as in other areas, is eliminated from the very beginning.

The commissioners' demands for "facts" must be particularly frustrating in the light of repeated requests for "patience" by various authorities when minority groups make demands on society. This intense desire to "get on with it" seems to illustrate the commissioners' inability to understand the situation they have set out to correct. One of the things that minority groups are asking for is the chance to develop the articulate manner that the commissioners are demanding.

The witnesses before the commission are aware that their ancestors were not allowed to participate as fully as they could have in the building of this country. Now they're asking for some control over their destiny. For the commissioners to pontificate to them about opportunities that do not exist and founding fathers who enslaved their forebears is to increase the rage that must burn within the hearts of the witnesses. It is better to have this emotion displayed before the Civil Rights Commission than in the streets of our cities.

MAURICE W. WALTER
La Mesa, Calif.

SIR: In "A Matter of Life and Death" (August *Atlantic*), Dr. Roy L. Walford states that it is illegal for the coroner in Los Angeles to retain even a minute fragment of tissue from an autopsied body, and is enjoined to return to the body all bits of tissue, even including microscopic slide preparations.

This was true in the past. In 1961 the coroner, Dr. Theodore Curphey, was indicted by the County Grand Jury for retaining tissue for microscopic examination. The Medical Examiner Committee of the Los Angeles County Medical Association had the law amended so that the coroner might retain such tissues as, in his opinion, are necessary or advisable to the inquiry or for the verification of his findings. In 1965 the law was further changed to authorize the coroner to retain such tissues as, in his opinion, may be

necessary for scientific investigation. As far as we know, however, California is the only state in which the coroner is given such a specific right by law.

LEWIS T. BULLOCK, M.D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: I was interested in reading John Barth's "The Literature of Exhaustion" (August *Atlantic*), which contains an attack on The Something Else Press, not only because he's one of my favorite writers and because loving what the press publishes as I do I don't feel in the slightest bit exhausted, but because I'm the president of The Something Else Press, and it was I who put Mr. Barth on our mailing list.

I wish all attacks on what we publish were written with Mr. Barth's intelligence. I also wish we had a work by J. L. Borges, whom he praises in his article, as an alternative to what we publish. Most of all I wish he had criticized our books, any of them, rather than our catalogue.

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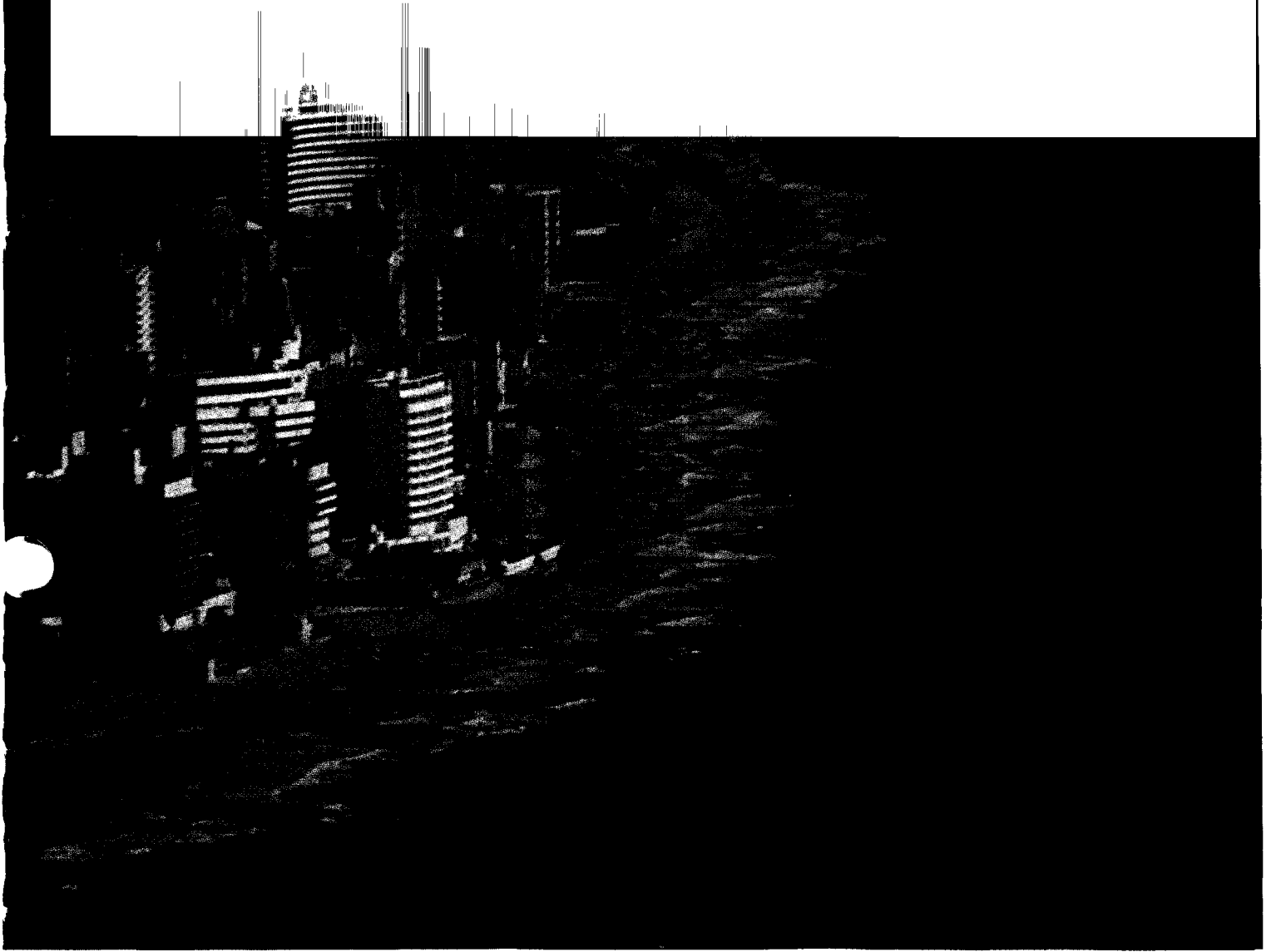


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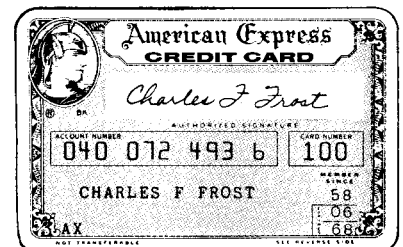
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THE NATIONAL DATA CENTER AND PERSONAL PRIVACY

BY ARTHUR R. MILLER

The computer age is not to be slayed, as anyone knows who has been billed for another citizen's charge account or has wondered what has happened to his paid-up magazine subscription. The computer science is already so advanced that experts envisage a huge National Data Center to speed and simplify the collection of pertinent information about Americans. Properly run, it could be a boon. But any person who has seen an FBI file or been party to a U.S. government "security check" has reason to know how the abuse or misuse of dossiers of unevaluated information can threaten an individual's rights. A professor of law at the University of Michigan here discusses the precautions necessary to protect citizens from "governmental snooping and bureaucratic spinelessness or perfidy." Professor Miller has testified on the subject before the Senate Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure. On page 58, Bob and Ray show what can happen if the safeguards fail.

THE modern computer is more than a sophisticated indexing or adding machine, or a miniaturized library; it is the keystone for a new communications medium whose capacities and implications we are only beginning to realize. In the foreseeable future, computer systems will be tied together by television, satellites, and lasers, and we will move large quantities of information over vast distances in imperceptible units of time.

The benefits to be derived from the new technology are many. In one medical center, doctors are already using computers to monitor heart patients in an attempt to isolate the changes in body chemistry that precede a heart attack. The search is for an "early warning system" so that treatment is not delayed until after the heart attack has struck. Elsewhere, plans are being made to establish a data bank in which vast amounts of medical information will be accessible through remote terminals to doctors thousands of miles away. A doctor will then be able to determine the antidote for various poisons or get the latest literature on a disease by dialing a telephone or typing an inquiry on a computer console.

A committee of the Bureau of the Budget has proposed that the federal government set up a National Data Center to compile statistical information on various facets of our society. Certainly the computer can help us simplify record-keeping by assigning everyone a "birth" number that will identify him for tax returns, banking, education, social security, the draft, and other purposes. This number could also serve as a telephone number, which, when used on modern communication mechanisms, would make it possible to reach its holder directly no matter where he might be.

But such a Data Center poses a grave threat to individual freedom and privacy. With its insatiable appetite for information, its inability to forget anything that has been put into it, a central computer might become the heart of a government surveillance system that would lay bare our finances, our associations, or our mental and physical health to government inquisitors or even to casual observers. Computer technology is moving so rapidly that a sharp line between statistical and intelligence systems is bound to be obliterated. Even the most innocuous of centers could provide the "foot in the

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door” for the development of an individualized computer-based federal snooping system.

Since a National Data Center would be augmented by numerous subsystems or satellites operated by state and local governments or by private organizations, comprehensive national regulation of computer communications, whether of federal or nonfederal origin, ultimately will become imperative.

Moreover, deliberations should not be conducted in terms of computer capability as it exists today. New computer hardware is constantly being spawned, machine storage capacity and speed are increasing geometrically, and costs are declining. Thus at present we cannot imagine what the dimensions, the sophistication, or the snooping ability of the National Data Center will turn out to be ten or twenty years from now. Nor can we predict what new techniques will be developed to pierce any safeguards that Congress may set up in order to protect people against those who manipulate or falsify information they extract from or put into the center.

Of course, it would be foolish to prohibit the use of data-processing technology to carry out important governmental operations simply because it might be abused. However, it is necessary to fashion an adequate legal structure to protect the public against misuse of information handling.

IN THE past, privacy has been relatively easy to protect for a number of reasons. Large quantities of information about individuals have not been available. Generally decentralized, uncollected, and uncollated, the available information has been relatively superficial, access to it has been difficult to secure, and most people are unable to interpret it. During the hearings held recently by two of the congressional subcommittees investigating invasions of privacy, however, revelations concerning the widespread use of modern electronic and optical snooping devices shocked us.

In testimony before the House Subcommittee on Invasion of Privacy, Edgar S. Dunn, Jr., a research analyst for Resources for the Future, Incorporated, pointed out that information in the center would not be intelligible to the snooper as are the contents of a manila folder. Computerized data require a machine, a code book, a set of instructions, and a technician in order to be comprehended. Presumably Mr. Dunn’s thesis is that if it is difficult or expensive to gain access to and interpret the data in the center, there is little likelihood of anyone’s trying to pry; if the snooper’s cost for unearthing a unit of dirt increases sufficiently, it will become too expensive for him to try to violate the center’s integrity.

Mr. Dunn’s logic fails to take into account other factors. First, if all the information gathered about an individual is in one place, the payoff for snooping is sharply enhanced. Thus, although the cost or difficulty of gaining access may be great, the amount of dirt available once access is gained is also great. Second, there is every reason to believe that the art of electronic surveillance will continue to become more efficient and economical. Third, governmental snooping is rarely deterred by cost.

Mr. Dunn also ignores a number of special dangers posed by a computerized National Data Center. Ever since the federal government’s entry into the taxation and social welfare spheres, increasing quantities of information have been recorded. Moreover, as recording processes have become mechanized and less cumbersome, there also has been centralization and collation of information. In something akin to Parkinson’s Law, the increase in information-handling capacity has created a tendency toward more extensive manipulation and analysis of recorded data, which, in turn, has required the collection of more and more data. The creation of the Data Center with electronic storage and retrieval capacity will accelerate this pattern.

Any increase in the amount of recorded information is certain to increase the risk of errors in reporting and recording and indexing. Information distortion also will be caused by machine malfunctioning. Moreover, people working with the data in Washington or at a distance through remote terminals can misuse the information. As information accumulates, the contents of an individual’s computerized dossier will appear more and more impressive and will impart a heightened sense of reliability to the user, which, coupled with the myth of computer infallibility, will make it less likely that the user will try to verify the recorded data. This will be true despite the “softness” or “imprecision” of much of the data. Our success or failure in life ultimately may turn on what other people decide to put into our files and on the programmer’s ability, or inability, to evaluate, process, and interrelate information. The great bulk of the information likely to find its way into the center will be gathered and processed by relatively unskilled and unimaginative people who lack discrimination and sensitivity. Furthermore, a computerized file has a certain indelible quality — adversities cannot be overcome simply by the passage of time.

There are further dangers. The very existence of a National Data Center may encourage certain federal officials to engage in questionable surveillance tactics. For example, optical scanners — devices with the capacity to read a variety of type fonts

or handwriting at fantastic rates of speed — could be used to monitor our mail. By linking scanners with a computer system, the information drawn in by the scanner would be converted into machine-readable form and transferred into the subject's file in the National Data Center.

Then, with sophisticated programming, the dossiers of all of the surveillance subject's correspondents could be produced at the touch of a button, and an appropriate entry — perhaps “associates with known criminals” — could be added to all of them. As a result, someone who simply exchanges Christmas cards with a person whose mail is being monitored might find himself under surveillance or might be turned down when he applies for a job with the government or requests a government grant or applies for some other governmental benefit. An untested, impersonal, and erroneous computer entry such as “associates with known criminals” has marked him, and he is helpless to rectify the situation. Indeed, it is likely that he would not even be aware that the entry existed.

These tactics, as well as the possibility of coupling wiretapping and computer processing, undoubtedly will be extremely attractive to overzealous law-enforcement officers. Similarly, the ability to transfer into the National Data Center quantities of information maintained in nonfederal files — credit ratings, educational information from schools and universities, local and state tax information, and medical records — will enable governmental snoopers to obtain data that they have no authority to secure on their own.

The compilation of information by unskilled personnel also creates serious problems of accuracy. It is not simply a matter of the truth or falsity of what is recorded. Information can be entirely accurate and sufficient in one context and wholly incomplete and misleading in another. For example, the bare statement of an individual's marital status has entirely different connotations to the selective service, a credit bureau, the Internal Revenue Service, and the social security administration. Consider a computer entry of “divorced” and the different embellishment that would be necessary in each of those contexts to portray an accurate picture of an individual's situation.

The question of context is most graphically illustrated by the unexplained and incomplete arrest record. It is unlikely that a citizen whose file contains an entry “arrested, 6/1/42; convicted felony, 1/6/43; three years, federal penitentiary” would be given federal employment or be accorded the governmental courtesies accorded other citizens. Yet the subject may simply have been a conscientious objector. And what about the entry “arrested, disorderly conduct; sentenced six months Gotham City jail.” Without further explanation, who

would know that the person involved was a civil rights demonstrator whose conviction was reversed on appeal?

Finally, the risks to privacy created by a National Data Center lie not only in the misuse of the system by those who desire to injure others or who can obtain some personal advantage by doing so. There also is a legitimate concern that government employees in routine clerical positions will have the capacity to inflict damage through negligence, sloppiness, thoughtlessness, or sheer stupidity, by unintentionally rendering a record inaccurate, or losing it, or disseminating its contents to people not authorized to see it.

TO ENSURE freedom from governmental intrusion, Congress must legislate reasonably precise standards regarding the information that can be recorded in the National Data Center. Certain types of information should not be recorded even if it is technically feasible to do so and a legitimate administrative objective exists. For example, it has long been “feasible,” and from some vantage points “desirable,” to require citizens to carry and display passports when traveling in this country, or to require universal fingerprinting. But we have not done so because these encroachments on our liberties are deemed inconsistent with the philosophical fiber of our society. Likewise, highly personal information, especially medical and psychiatric information, should not be permitted in the center unless human life depends upon recording it.

Legislation sharply limiting the information which federal agencies and officials can extract from private citizens is absolutely essential. To reinforce these limitations, the statute creating the Data Center should prohibit recording any information collected without specific congressional authorization. Until the quality of the center's operations and the nature of its impact on individual privacy can be better perceived, the center's activities should be restricted to the preservation of factual data.

The necessary procedural and technical safeguards seem to fall into two categories: those needed to guarantee the accuracy and integrity of the stored information, and those needed to control its dissemination.

To ensure the accuracy of the center's files, an individual should have an opportunity to correct errors in information concerning him. Perhaps a print-out of his computer file should be sent to him once a year. Admittedly, this process would be expensive; some agencies will argue that the value of certain information will be lost if it is known that the government has it; and there might be squabbles between citizens and the Data Center

concerning the accuracy of the file that would entail costly administrative proceedings. Nonetheless, the right of a citizen to be protected against governmental dissemination of misinformation is so important that we must be willing to pay some price to preserve it. Instead of an annual mailing, citizens could be given access to their files on request, perhaps through a network of remote computer terminals situated in government buildings throughout the country. What is necessary is a procedure for periodically determining when data are outmoded or should be removed from the file.

Turning to the question of access, the center's computer hardware and software must be designed to limit access to the information. A medical history given to a government doctor in connection with an application for veteran's benefits should not be available to federal employees not legitimately involved in processing the application. One solution may be to store information according to its sensitivity or its accessibility, or both. Then, governmental officials can be assigned access keys that will let them reach only those portions of the center's files that are relevant to their particular governmental function.

Everyone directing an inquiry to the center or seeking to deposit information in it should be required to identify himself. Finger- or voice-prints ultimately may be the best form of identification. As snooping techniques become more sophisticated, systems may even be needed to counter the possibility of forgery or duplication; perhaps an answer-back system or a combination of finger- and voice-prints will be necessary. In addition, the center should be equipped with protector files to record the identity of inquirers, and these files should be audited to unearth misuse of the system. It probably will also be necessary to audit the programs controlling the manipulation of the files and access to the system to make sure that no one has inserted a secret "door" or a password permitting entry to the data by unauthorized personnel. It is frightening to realize that at present there apparently is no foolproof way to prevent occasional "monitor intrusion" in large data-processing systems. Additional protection against these risks can be achieved by exercising great care in selecting programming personnel.

In the future, sophisticated connections between the center and federal offices throughout the country and between the federal center and numerous state, local, and private centers probably will exist. As a result, information will move into and out of the center over substantial distances by telephone lines or microwave relays. The center's "network" character will require information to be protected against wiretapping and other forms of electronic eavesdropping. Transmission in the clear undoubt-

edly will have to be proscribed, and data in machine-readable form will have to be scrambled or further encoded so that they can be rendered intelligible only by a decoding process built into the system's authorized terminals. Although it may not be worth the effort or expense to develop completely breakproof codes, sufficient scrambling or coding to make it expensive for an eavesdropper to intercept the center's transmission will be necessary. If information in the center is arranged according to sensitivity or accessibility, the most efficient procedure may be to use codes of different degrees of complexity.

AT A minimum, congressional action is necessary to establish the appropriate balance between the needs of the national government in accumulating, processing, and disseminating information and the right of individual privacy. This legislation must be reinforced by statutory civil remedies and penal sanctions.

Testimony before Congress concerning the intrusive activities of the Post Office, the Internal Revenue Service, and the Immigration and Naturalization Service gives us cause to balk at delegating authority over the Data Center to any of the agencies that have a stake in the content of data collected by the government. Some federal personnel are already involved in mail-cover operations, electronic bugging, wiretapping, and other invasions of privacy, and undoubtedly they would try to crack the security of any Data Center that maintains information on an individual basis. Thus it would be folly to leave the center in the hands of any agency whose employees are known to engage in antiprivacy activities. Similarly, the center must be kept away from government officials who are likely to become so entranced with operating sophisticated machinery and manipulating large masses of data that they will not respect an individual's right to privacy.

The conclusion seems inescapable: control over the center must be lodged outside existing channels. A new, completely independent agency, bureau, or office should be established — perhaps as an adjunct to the Census Bureau or the National Archives — to formulate policy under whatever legislative guidelines are enacted to ensure the privacy of all citizens. The organization would operate the center, regulate the nature of the information that can be recorded and stored, ensure its accuracy, and protect the center against breaches of security.

The new agency's ability to avoid becoming a captive of the governmental units using the center would be crucial. Perhaps with proper staffing and well-delineated lines of authority to Congress or

the President, the center could achieve the degree of independence needed to protect individuals against governmental or private misuse of information in the center. At the other end of the spectrum, the center cannot become an island unto itself, populated by technocrats whose conduct is shielded by the alleged omniscience of the machines they manage and who are neither responsive nor responsible to anyone.

The proposed agency should be established *before* the center is planned. To date, there has been virtually no meaningful exchange among scientists, technicians, legal experts, and government people on the implications of the center. The center also might consider supporting some of the planned nonfederal computer networks, such as the Inter-university Communications Council's (EDUCOM) plan to link the major universities together, using them as models or operating laboratories to test procedures and hardware for the federal center.

To satisfy those who argue for the early establishment of a purely statistical Data Center, it might be possible for the proposed agency to set up a modest center in which information which does not invade privacy could be made available to government officials, educators, and private researchers. Other federal agencies might establish satellite centers that would contain information too sensitive to be recorded in the statistical center during that institution's formative period, although the data in satellites ultimately might be transferred to the national center.

THE threat to individual privacy posed by the computer comes from the private sector as well as the proposed federal Data Center. Each year state and local governments, educational institutions, trade associations, and industrial firms establish data centers that collect and store quantities of information about individuals. Because the high cost of computer installation forces many organizations to operate on a time-share basis, the nonfederal centers pose a special danger to privacy. Without effective screening and built-in security devices, one participant, accidentally or deliberately, may invade and extract or alter the computer files of another participant. Moreover, because many time-share systems operate over large geographic areas, their transmissions will be vulnerable to tapping or malicious destruction unless they are scrambled or encoded. Right now, a mailing list containing 150 to 170 million names, accompanied by addresses and financial data, is being compiled. The list is so structured that it yields sublists of people in various vocational and avocational categories. Where the necessary in-

formation to produce this monster came from and how one gets *off* the list are mysteries.

Currently there are more than two thousand independent credit bureaus in the United States, many of whose files are being computerized. Eventually, these bureaus will make a network of their computers, creating a ready source of detailed information about an individual's finances. The accuracy of these records will become increasingly crucial; an honest dispute between a consumer and a retailer over a bill may produce an unexplained and unexpungeable "no pay" evaluation in the computer and result in considerable damage to the buyer's credit rating.

In testimony before the House subcommittee, the director of the New York State Identification and Intelligence System described a data bank containing files on "known" criminals that ultimately will contain millions of entries. He expressed a willingness to exchange information with police officials in other states as soon as the state systems could be meshed. If this system is tied into the National Data Center or New York's Bureau of Motor Vehicles or welfare agencies, it would permit someone to direct an inquiry to the computer file of "known" criminals, find an entry under the name of his subject, and rely on that entry to the subject's detriment without attempting to verify its accuracy.

Congress should consider the need for legislation setting standards to be met by nonfederal computer organizations in providing information about private persons and restraining federal officers from access to certain types of information from nonfederal data centers. Nonfederal systems should be required to install some protective devices and procedures. This is not to suggest that Congress should necessarily impose the same controls on nonfederal systems that it may choose to impose on the federal center. But a protector file to record the source of inquiries and modest encoding would probably prevent wide-scale abuse, although security needs vary from system to system. Since security may be facilitated by installing protective devices in the computer hardware itself, the possible need for regulation of certain aspects of computer manufacturing also should be taken into account.

The possibility of regulating transmission between federal and nonfederal centers and the interaction among nonfederal centers also should be considered. The specter of a federal agency, such as the Veterans' Administration, reaching into a citizen's medical file in a data center operated by a network of hospitals to augment the federal center's file is a disturbing one. Regulating the security of the transmissions and imposing sanctions for non-compliance and eavesdropping would preserve individual privacy against governmental snooping and bureaucratic spinelessness or perfidy.



THE DAY THE COMPUTER

Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding

A PRESIDENTIAL commission has recommended approval of plans for establishing a computerized data center where all personal information on individual Americans compiled by some twenty scattered agencies would be assembled in one place and made available to the federal government as a whole.

Backers of the proposal contend that it would lead to greater efficiency, and insist that the cradle-to-grave dossiers on the nation's citizens would be used only in a generalized way to help deal with broad issues. Opponents argue that the ready availability of so much confidential data at the push of a computer button could pose a dangerous threat to the privacy of the individual by enabling the federal bureaucracy to become a monstrous, snooping Big Brother.

Obviously, the plan elicits reactions that are emotional, and cooler heads are needed to envision the aura of quiet, uneventful routine certain to pervade the Central Data Bank once it becomes accepted as just another minor government agency.

Fade in:

Interior — Basement GHQ of the Central Data Bank — Night. (At stage right, 950 sophisticated third-generation computers may be seen stretching off into the distance. At stage left, the CDB graveyard-shift charge d'affaires, Nimrod Gippard, is seated behind a desk. He is thirty-five-ish and attired in socks that don't match. At the open, Gippard is efficiently stuffing mimeographed extortion letters to Omaha's 3277 suspected sex deviates into envelopes. He glances up as Waldon Ashenfelter, an in-door type of questionable ancestry, enters.)

GIPPARD: Yes, sir?

ASHENFELTER (flashing ID card): Ashenfelter. Bureau of Indian Affairs. Like to have you run a check on a key figure named Y. Claude Garfunkel.

GIPPARD (reaching for pad and pencil): Sure thing. What's his Social Security number?

Drawing by Edward Sorel.

ASHENFELTER: I dunno.

GIPPARD: Hmmm. How about his zip code? Or maybe a cross-reference to some banks where he may have been turned down for a loan. Just any clue at all to his identity.

ASHENFELTER: Well, as I say, his name is Y. Claude Garfunkel.

GIPPARD (after a weary sigh): It's not much to go on, but I'll see what I can do.

(Gippard rises and crosses to the master data-recall panel. Ashenfelter strolls to a nearby computer and casually begins checking the confidential reports on his four small children to learn how many are known extremists.)

ASHENFELTER: You're new here, aren't you?

GIPPARD: No. Just my first week on the night shift. Everybody got moved around after we lost McElhenny.

ASHENFELTER: Wasn't he that heavy-set fellow with beady eyes who drove the Hudson?

GIPPARD: Yeah. Terrible thing. Pulled his own dossier one night when things were quiet and found out he was a swish. Kind of made him go all to pieces.

ASHENFELTER: That's a shame. And now I suppose he's gone into analysis and gotten himself cross-filed as a loony.

GIPPARD: No. He blew his brains out right away. But having a suicide on your record can make things tough, too.

ASHENFELTER: Yeah. Shows a strong trend toward instability.

(The computer informs Ashenfelter that his oldest boy was detained by police in 1963 for roller-skating on municipal property, and that the five-year-old probably founded the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota.)

ASHENFELTER (cont.) (muttering in despair): Where did I fail them as a father?

GIPPARD: Didn't you tell me you're with Indian Affairs?

OT WALDON ASHENFELTER

The chroniclers of the life and times of Mary Backstayge, Noble Wife, of Steve Bosco the sportscaster, of the Piels brothers, and other almost fictional characters here prove that they can be as telling in print as on the air or the TV screen. Ashenfelter thought the computers would help him trap Y. Claude Garfunkel, but he was tripped up by his own shoe size.

ASHENFELTER: Yeah. Why?

GIPPARD: I think I'm onto something hot. Is that like India Indians or whoop-it-up Indians?

ASHENFELTER: I guess you'd say whoop-it-up.

GIPPARD: Well, either way, no Indian named Garfunkel has ever complied with the Alien Registration Law.

ASHENFELTER: I never said he was an Indian. He's Jewish, and I think he's playing around with my wife.

GIPPARD: Gee, that's too bad.

ASHENFELTER (dramatically): Oh, I blame myself really. I guess I'd started taking LaVerne for granted and —

GIPPARD: No. I mean it's too bad he's only Jewish. The computers aren't programmed to feed back home-wreckers by religious affiliation.

ASHENFELTER: Oh.

GIPPARD: Can you think of anything kinky that's traditional with Jews? You know. Like draft dodging . . . smoking pot . . . something a computer could really hang its hat on.

ASHENFELTER: No. They just seem to feed each other a lot of chicken soup. And they do something around Christmastime with candles. But I'm not sure any of it's illegal.

GIPPARD: We'll soon see. If the curve on known poultry processors correlates geographically with a year-end upswing in tallow rendering — Well, you can appreciate what that kind of data would mean to the bird dogs at the ICC and the FDA. They'd be able to pinpoint exactly where it was all happening and when.

ASHENFELTER: Uh-huh — Where and when what?

GIPPARD: That's exactly what I intend to find out.

(Gippard turns back to the panel and resumes work with a sense of destiny. Ashenfelter, whistling softly to himself, absently begins plunking the basic melody of "Mexicali

Rose" on the keyboard of a nearby computer. The machine responds by furnishing him with Howard Hughes's 1965 income tax return and the unlisted phone numbers of eight members of a New Orleans wife-swapping club who may have known Lee Harvey Oswald. As Ashenfelter pockets the information, Major General Courtney ("Old Napalm and Guts") Nimshaw enters. He has a riding crop but no mustache.)

NIMSHAW: Yoo-hoo! Anybody home?

GIPPARD: Back here at the main console.

(Nimshaw moves to join Gippard, then sees Ashenfelter for the first time and freezes. The two stand eyeing each other suspiciously as Gippard re-enters the scene.)

GIPPARD: Oh, forgive me. General Nimshaw, I'd like for you to meet Ashenfelter from Indian Affairs.

(Nimshaw and Ashenfelter ad-lib warm greetings as they shake hands. Then each rushes off to pull the dossier of the other. Ashenfelter learns that Nimshaw was a notorious bed wetter during his days at West Point and that his heavy drinking later caused an entire airborne division to be parachuted into Ireland on D-Day. Nimshaw learns that Ashenfelter owns 200 shares of stock in a Canadian steel mill that trades with Communist China and that he has been considered a bad credit risk since 1949, when he refused to pay a Cincinnati dance studio for \$5500 worth of tango lessons. Apparently satisfied, both men return to join Gippard, who has been checking out a possible similarity in the patterns of poultry-buying by key Jewish housewives and reported sightings of Soviet fishing trawlers off the Alaskan coast.)

ASHENFELTER: Working late tonight, eh, General?

NIMSHAW (nervously): Well, I just stumbled across a little military hardware transport thing. We seem to have mislaid an eighty-six-car trainload of munitions between here and the West Coast. Can't very well write it off as normal pilferage. So I thought maybe Gippard could run a check for me on the engineer and brakeman. You know.

Where they hang out in their spare time. Whether they might take a freight train with them. What do you think, Gipp?

GIPPARD: Sure. Just have a few more things to run through for Ashenfelter first. He's seeking a final solution to the Jewish problem.

ASHENFELTER (blanching): Well, not exactly the whole —

NIMSHAW: Oh, has all that come up again?

(Two janitors carrying lunch pails enter and cross directly to the computer programmed for medical case histories of nymphomaniacs. They pull several dossiers at random and then cross directly to a far corner, unwrapping bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwiches as they go. They spread a picnic cloth on the floor and begin reading the dossiers as they eat. They emit occasional guffaws, but the others pay no attention to them.)

GIPPARD (as he compares graph curves): No doubt about it. Whatever those Russian trawlers are up to, it's good for the delicatessen business. This could be the break we've been hoping for.

NIMSHAW: Hating Jews been a big thing with you for quite a while, Ashenfelter?

ASHENFELTER (coldly): About as long as you've been losing government property by the trainload, I imagine.

(Nimshaw and Ashenfelter eye each other uneasily for a moment. Then they quickly exchange hush money in the form of drafts drawn against secret Swiss bank accounts as Gippard's assistant, Llewelyn Fordyce, enters. Fordyce is a typical brilliant young career civil servant who has been lost for several hours trying to find his way back from the men's room. He appears haggard, but is in satisfactory condition otherwise.)

FORDYCE: Are you gentlemen being taken care of?

(Ashenfelter and Nimshaw nod affirmatively. Fordyce hurriedly roots through the desk drawers, pausing only to take a quick, compulsive inventory of paper clips and map pins as he does so.)

FORDYCE (cont.) (shouts): Hey, Gipp! I can't find the registry cards for these two idiots out here.

GIPPARD (faintly, from a distance): I've been too busy to sign 'em in yet. Take care of it, will you?

(Fordyce gives a curt, efficient nod, inefficiently failing to realize that Gippard is too far away to see him nodding. Fordyce then brings forth two large pink cards and hands them to Nimshaw and Ashenfelter.)

FORDYCE: If you'd just fill these out please. We're trying to accumulate data on everybody who uses the data bank so we can eventually tie it all in with something or other.

(Nimshaw studies the section of his card dealing with maximum fines and imprisonment for giving false information, while Ashenfelter skips over the hard part and goes directly to the multiple-choice questions.)

FORDYCE (cont.): And try to be as specific as you can about religious beliefs and your affiliation with subversive groups. We're beginning to think there's

more to this business of Quakers denying they belong to the Minutemen than meets the eye.

(Nimshaw and Ashenfelter squirm uneasily as they sense the implication. Ashenfelter hurriedly changes his answer regarding prayer in public schools from "undecided" to "not necessarily" as Nimshaw perjures himself by listing the principal activity at the Forest Hills Tennis Club as tennis. Meantime, Gippard has rejoined the group, carrying four rolls of computer tape carefully stacked in no particular sequence.)

GIPPARD: I know I'm onto something here, Fordyce, but I'm not sure what to make of it. Surveillance reports on kosher poultry dealers indicate that most of them don't even show up for work on Saturday. And that timing correlates with an unexplained increase in activity at golf courses near key military installations. But the big thing is that drunken drivers tend to get nabbed most often on Saturday night, and that's exactly when organized groups are endangering national security by deliberately staying up late with their lights turned on to overload public power plants.

FORDYCE (whistles softly in amazement): We're really going to catch a covey of them in this net. How'd you happen to stumble across it all?

GIPPARD: Well, it seemed pretty innocent at first. This clown from Indian Affairs just asked me to dig up what I could so he'd have some excuse for exterminating the Jews.

(Ashenfelter emits a burbling throat noise as an apparent prelude to something more coherent, but he is quickly shushed.)

GIPPARD (cont.): But you know how one correlation always leads to another. Now we've got a grizzly by the tail, Fordyce, and I can see "organized conspiracy" written all over it.

FORDYCE: Beyond question. And somewhere among those 192 million dossiers is the ID number of the Mister Big we're after. Do the machines compute a cause-and-effect relationship that might help narrow things down?

GIPPARD: Well, frankly, the computers have gotten into a pretty nasty argument among themselves over that. Most of them see how golf could lead to drunken driving. But the one that's programmed to chart moral decay and leisure time fun is pretty sure that drunken driving causes golf.

(Nimshaw glances up from the job of filling out his registry card.)

NIMSHAW: That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life.

FORDYCE (with forced restraint): General, would you please stick to whatever people like you are supposed to know about and leave computer-finding interpretation to analysts who are trained for the job?

(Nimshaw starts to reply, but then recalls the fate of a fellow officer who was broken to corporal for insubordi-

nation. *He meekly resumes pondering question No. 153, unable to decide whether admitting or denying the purchase of Girl Scout cookies will weigh most heavily against him in years to come.*

FORDYCE (CONT.): Any other cause-and-effect computations that we ought to consider in depth, Gipp?

GIPPARD: Not really. Of course, Number 327's been out of step with the others ever since it had that circuitry trouble. It just keeps saying, "Malcolm W. Biggs causes kosher poultry." Types out the same damned thing over and over: "Malcolm W. Biggs causes kosher poultry."

FORDYCE: Who's Malcolm W. Biggs?

GIPPARD: I think he was a juror at one of the Jimmy Hoffa trials. Number 327 was running a check on him when the circuits blew, and it's had kind of an obsession about him ever since.

FORDYCE: Mmmm. Well, personally, I've never paid much attention to the opinions of paranoids. They can get your thinking as screwed up as theirs is.

(Fordyce notices Ashenfelter making an erasure on his card to change the data regarding his shoe size from 9½ C to something less likely to pinch across the instep.)

FORDYCE (CONT.) (shrieks at Ashenfelter): What do you think you're doing there? You're trying to hide something from me. I've met your kind before.

(Ashenfelter wearily goes back to a 9½ C, even though they make his feet hurt, and Fordyce reacts with a look of smug satisfaction.)

GIPPARD: Maybe if I fed this junk back into the machine, it could name some people who fit the pattern.

FORDYCE: Why don't you just reprocess the computations in an effort to gain individualized data that correlates?

(Gippard stares thoughtfully at Fordyce for a long moment and then exits to nail the ringleaders through incriminating association with the key words "drunk," "poultry," "golf," and "kilowatt.")

NIMSHAW: I think maybe I'd better come back sometime when you're not so busy.

(He slips his registry card into his pocket and starts toward the door, but Fordyce grabs him firmly by the wrist.)

FORDYCE: Just a minute. You can't take that card out of here with you. It may contain classified information you shouldn't even have access to.

NIMSHAW: But it's about me. I'm the one who just filled it out.

FORDYCE: Don't try to muddy up the issue. Nobody walks out of this department with government property. Let's have it.

(Nimshaw reluctantly surrenders the card. Fordyce glances at it and reacts with a look of horror.)

FORDYCE (CONT.): You've filled this whole thing in in longhand! The instructions clearly state,

"Type or print legibly." You'll have to do it over again.

(Fordyce tears up the card and hands Nimshaw a new one. Nimshaw, suddenly aware that a display of bad conduct could cost him his good conduct medal, goes back to work, sobbing quietly to himself.)

GIPPARD (faintly, from a distance): Eureka! Hot damn!

FORDYCE (happily): He's hit paydirt. I know old Gippard, and he hasn't cut loose like that since he linked Ralph Nader with the trouble at Berkeley.

(Gippard enters on the dead run, unmindful of the computer tape streaming out behind him.)

GIPPARD: It all correlates beautifully (ticks off points on his fingers). A chicken plucker. Three arrests for common drunk. FBI's observed him playing golf with a known Cuban. Psychiatric report shows he sleeps with all the lights on.

FORDYCE: All wrapped up in one neat bundle. Who is he?

GIPPARD: A virtual unknown. Never been tagged as anything worse than possibly disloyal until I found him. He uses the name Y. Claude Garfunkel.

ASHENFELTER: Y. Claude Garfunkel!

FORDYCE (menacingly): Touch a raw nerve, Ashenfelter?

(The two janitors, who are really undercover sophomores majoring in forestry at Kansas State on CIA scholarships, rise and slowly converge on Ashenfelter.)

GIPPARD: Want to tell us about it, Ashenfelter? We have our own methods of computing the truth out of you anyway, you know.

FORDYCE: No point in stalling. What's the connection? The two of you conspired to give false opinions to the Harris Poll, didn't you?

ASHENFELTER (pitifully): No! Nothing like that. I swear.

GIPPARD: Then what, man? What? Have you tried to sabotage the Data Bank by forging each other's Social Security numbers?

ASHENFELTER (a barely audible whisper): No. Please don't build a treason case against me. I'll tell. A neighbor saw him with my wife at a luau in Baltimore.

(The CIA men posing as college students posing as janitors react intuitively to jab Ashenfelter with a sodium-pentathol injection. Gippard rushes to a computer, where he begins cross-checking Garfunkel and Ashenfelter in the Urban Affairs file on "Polynesian power" advocates in Baltimore's Hawaiian ghetto and Interstate Commerce Commission reports on suspected participants in interstate hanky-panky. Fordyce grabs the red "hot line" telephone on his desk and reacts with annoyance as he gets a busy signal. General Nimshaw, sensing himself caught up in a tide of events which he can neither turn back nor understand, hastily erases the computer tape containing his own dossier and then slashes his wrists under an assumed name.)

Fade Out.

IN THE WAKE OF WAR

Time and Reality in the Middle East

by Barbara W. Tuchman

In her ATLANTIC article of September on the nature of the Israeli armed forces, Mrs. Tuchman wrote as a reporter. In this one she writes as historian, viewing the Middle East situation not in the context of events just passed or events shortly to come in such places as the United Nations, but in the long chain of history. Mrs. Tuchman's first book, less widely known than THE GUNS OF AUGUST and THE PROUD TOWER, was BIBLE AND SWORD, a study of the relation of Britain to Palestine up to the Balfour Declaration of 1917.

THROUGHOUT the nineteenth century no problem so persistently troubled European diplomacy as the Eastern Question, meaning the rivalry of the powers for dominance in the area from Cairo to Constantinople, where lay the strategic pathways between Europe and Asia. Then held in the decrepit and supposedly dying grip of the Ottoman Empire, the region was the focus of Russia's drive toward a warm-water outlet in the Mediterranean, Britain's need to control the road to India, France's dream of empire in the East, and at the end of the century, Germany's ambitions, spearheaded by the Berlin-to-Baghdad railway. The Question was which of the powers would succeed in becoming the favored protector of the Turk so as to gain the major influence in his dominions, keep rivals out, and be in the best position to inherit control when the Empire should break apart.

The process began, like so much else in modern history, with Napoleon, who, setting out at twenty-eight to re-create Alexander's empire from Egypt to the Indus, took Cairo in 1798, and though defeated by Nelson at the Battle of the Nile, went on by way of the Sinai Peninsula to invade Palestine. Here he laid siege to the port of Acre, whose fall he expected to open the way to Damascus and Constantinople, but he was stopped again by British naval

guns and a landing force, which in support of the Turkish defense of the city frustrated the grand design. Even at the height of later triumphs he was heard to murmur, "I missed my destiny at St. Jean d'Acre."

The Eastern Question exploded anew in the ten-year crisis of 1830-1840 around the person of Mehemet Ali, ruler of Egypt as vassal of the Sultan, who rose in revolt with intent to make himself sovereign of an independent Muslim state covering Egypt, Arabia, and Syria (then including Palestine). Russia seized this opportunity to come to the aid of the Sultan in the hope of gaining the Dardanelles, France adopted the cause of Mehemet, and Britain exerted desperate efforts, including another landing on the Syrian coast, to frustrate anyone other than a weak Turkey from bestriding the road to India.

The third stage was the Crimean War in 1855-1856. Precipitated by a quarrel over control of the Holy Places in Jerusalem, in reality the fight was an effort to contain Russia, conducted by Britain and France in support of Turkey. In 1860 in the Lebanon the struggle changed to an effort to contain France, led to the Levant by the imperial longings of Napoleon III in emulation of his uncle. The fourth stage followed in the 1870s when Britain

acquired the Suez Canal and the Congress of Berlin was convened by the powers to limit Russia's gains after a successful war with Turkey. Once again Russia's old restless hunger for the south came into collision with Britain's path of Empire. "We shall have to choose," wrote the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury, before the Congress, "between allowing Russia to dominate over Syria and Mesopotamia or taking the country for ourselves." In the fifth stage Britain accomplished the preferred of these alternatives — in the modified form of Mandates — upon the fall of Turkey in 1918. At the present stage Britain has withdrawn, its place having been taken by the local inhabitants, Russia plays the same role as before, while the new superpower of the West operates by fits and starts, never quite positive what its world role should be.

"NOT A MILE OF MADE ROAD"

Before World War I no one paid much attention to the political interests of the local inhabitants, which were, in fact, not exigent. When it came to holding sparsely inhabited Palestine as the fulcrum of the wobbling Ottoman Empire, it was an influx of Jews the Western powers thought of, rather than Arabs. The first version of the idea was Napoleon's. Having previously summoned the Arabs of Egypt to rise against their Turkish overlords, he issued a similar call on reaching Palestine to "all the Jews of Asia and Africa" to rally to his flag, restore the ancient Jerusalem, and "claim your political existence as a nation among nations." This was statehood before the Jews had thought of it. Under the circumstances of his expedition, Bonaparte's proclamation to the Jews was not very practical and had no consequences. The idea was later revived by Lord Palmerston, British Foreign Secretary during the Mehemet Ali affair, who urged the Sultan to encourage the return of the Jews to Palestine, where they could be a stabilizing factor against "any future evil designs of Mehemet Ali or his successor." This too was premature.

The Jews themselves at this time were either shut away in the ghettos of Central Europe or busy in the Western countries pursuing Emancipation, the child of that Enlightenment which was supposed to make man reasonable. Return to Palestine was not yet more than a traditional dream which had to await the coming of a Messiah. The country itself, which had once supported kingdoms and thoroughfares, temples and aqueducts, vineyards and fields of grain, had decayed during a thousand years of Arab habitation into a desolate tract, defoliated by goats. "There is not a mile of made road in the land from Dan to Beersheba," reported an officer of the Royal Engineers who conducted a survey for the Palestine Exploration Fund in

1878. Roads for wheeled transport, irrigation, drainage of malarial swamps, sanitation, seeding, and reforestation would all be required to revive the land.

These were the conditions which met the first trickle of Jewish colonists who began to come out of Russia under the goad of the nineteenth century's newly energized anti-Semitism. The early formulators of Zionism gave up waiting for a Messiah and asserted the doctrine of self-help. Rabbi Hirsch Kalischer of Prussia, author of *The Quest of Zion*, in 1860 had no great faith in the benevolence of the Western powers. He wanted Jewish soldiers to guard Jewish settlements and Jewish money raised from Jewish philanthropists to finance the purchase of land, agricultural training, and loans to settlements until they could be self-supporting. In 1881 the savage, state-instigated pogroms in Russia, followed by the May Laws, prototype of Hitler's Nuremberg Laws, called forth a famous pamphlet by Dr. Leo Pinsker of Odessa entitled *Auto-Emancipation*, of which the prefix is the part that counts. The Jews must emancipate themselves, Pinsker wrote, and re-establish themselves as a "living people." There was no use complaining about anti-Semitism; it would go on as long as the Jews were a ghost people without territory, "ghosts of a dead nation walking among the living. There is something unnatural about a people without territory just as there is about a man without a shadow."

Impelled by the pogroms and the de-citizenizing May Laws, the exodus began, hesitantly, minutely, and without benefit of intermediary power. On purchased land sold to them as worthless by Turkish and Arab proprietors, the first Jewish colonies, small, scattered, and feeble, gained a toehold in the Jaffa area and in Galilee, where during the early years they clung, always on the edge of ruin. Organized Zionism launched by Herzl came later at the turn of the century.

WHOSE PALESTINE?

The problem that no one, whether Zionists, Arab nationalists, or British, gave much thought to from the beginning was the Arab population of Palestine. Emir Hussein of the Hejaz, Sherif of Mecca, and his sons, Faisal and Abdullah, who became kings of Iraq and Jordan respectively, were primarily concerned with Arabia and the region from Damascus to Baghdad. Nor did the British during World War I regard Arab nationalism as extending to Palestine, which always had a special status in their dealings and was specifically "reserved," both in the Sykes-Picot Treaty with France and in the pledge negotiated with Hussein's family by the Arab Bureau under Sir Henry

McMahon in 1915. When Winston Churchill as Colonial Secretary in 1922 lopped off Transjordan from the rest of Palestine to create a new state by fiat, he explicitly stated that "the whole of Palestine west of the Jordan" had been "excluded from Sir Henry McMahon's pledge."

The Jews' and Arabs' present titles to Palestine have been the subject of endless dispute. To state the matter as succinctly as possible, the modern history of these titles after the fall of the Turkish Empire is the following:

1. The Mandate conferred upon Britain by the Principal Allied Powers acting through the League of Nations, and ratified by them in 1922, gave international recognition to "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people" as promised by the Balfour Declaration, but did not grant territorial title or statehood to anybody. The Mandate had Class A status, which meant territory taken in charge without provision for future independence. The Arabs were nowhere mentioned by name but referred to as "other sections of the population" or "various peoples and communities" whose civil, religious, and personal rights were to be safeguarded.

2. Britain having relinquished the Mandate, the UN in 1947 voted for the Partition of Palestine into a Jewish and an Arab state. The Jews accepted and obtained *de jure* recognition of their title in 1948. The Arabs rejected Partition. In company with the armed forces of Egypt, Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, and Iraq, they attacked the Jews with the stated object of "forcible prevention" of a Jewish state, and were defeated. The Arab area allotted by the UN, somewhat reduced by the fortunes of war, was then annexed by Jordan (and in the Gaza area by Egypt) without ever having existed as a state. Consequently, no independent Arab state has existed in Palestine west of the Jordan since the Turkish conquest in 1072. How this leaves the question of title is a matter for international lawyers. Today, what is left of the area assigned to the Arabs under Partition, now known as the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, is under the *de facto* control of Israel.

PERPETUAL INSULT

As viewed by the Arabs this history has been one of perpetual insult. They are a frustrated and resentful people. In Napoleon's wake the return of Europeans to the Near East awoke them to the modern world and to the wine of nationalism. They found that during the long centuries of Islam's decline, the West had passed them by, and the infidel whom they considered inferior could now impose his will upon them. Unable to close the gap and resenting imperialism, they developed a sense

of grievance which has outlasted their gain of independence in the twentieth century. Filtered through this grievance, history becomes a tale of the crimes committed against Arabs by others, beginning with the perfidy of the British in failing to keep a supposed promise to set up an independent Arab kingdom from the Red Sea to the Euphrates. Since the Arabs' own contribution to their liberation from the Turks was minimal (the Lawrence legend notwithstanding), they had no control over what happened thereafter and suffered the embitterment of dependence betrayed. Indeed, Arab history in the last fifty years would have been very different if they had played the determining role, with British help, in overthrow of the Turks instead of a token role in a British campaign.

It was only when Hussein's family, the Hashemites, had failed to unite Arab lands and peoples under their rule, when they had been pushed out of Syria and had lost Arabia to Ibn Saud, that the intrusion of the Jews, under the British promise of a "national home," appeared as the cause of Arab failure, a role it has played ever since.

Increasing Jewish immigration and settlement under the Mandate — bringing Western values and modern methods, planting orchards and fisheries and industries where there were none before, and making the land yield an income the Arab peasant never knew — proved an irritant which was worked up into a campaign of hostilities by the Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin el-Husseini. A cousin of the Hashemites and a man of large ambitions, he hoped to rid Palestine of both Jews and British in order to set up a kingdom of his own. The riots and massacres and battles of the 1920s and 1930s, as the foundation of the enmity which has since swelled to trouble the world, were largely the work of that gleaming-eyed old man still alive today in Cairo.

TO WAIT IS TO WIN

Arab culture has its own values and manners and relationships of man to man and man to the land which were satisfactory to itself — or to the ruling class — as long as it remained separate unto itself. It was not the Jews but the modern world which brought its discontents. The Jewish presence in the Arab midst was the immediate visible symbol and a daily reminder of the difference in applied capacity. As an example of better living it threatened to upset the settled order of things. Originally it had been seen by such Arab partisans as T. E. Lawrence and by the Emir Faisal himself as an infusion of Western energy and skills acting in a partnership of Semitic cousins toward a renaissance of the Middle East. Instead it proved disruptive, as the impact of the West on a more primitive society has been known to be before.

In the huge expanse from the Nile to the Euphrates, Palestine, in Balfour's phrase, was a "small notch" and the Jews' right to a homeland there, in Weizmann's phrase, a matter of "relative equity," but to the Arabs, who keep trying to play a role equal to that of the Caliphate at its peak, the Jews serve as the reason for their nonsuccess.

The shock to the Arabs' ego when their combined forces failed to sweep the Jews into the sea in 1948 was profound. Their only defense was intransigence, a refusal to accept reality and an Eastern reliance on time: to wait is to win in the end. This explains their policy of attempting to isolate Israel by nonrecognition, boycott, blockade, severance of all contacts, and through intimidation, to prevent its contacts with other countries as well. Thus cut off, the Arabs believe, Israel can never put down roots; its people will eventually pack up and go back where they came from, leaving the remnant to be easily destroyed. The favorite analogy is the Crusaders. Did the Arabs not wait 200 years for those invaders to vanish? Why not again? The argument has bemused not only the Arabs but their Western partisans. It overlooks the essence: that Zionism is, after all, irredentism. Unlike the Crusaders, the Jews had been there before, which gives them a reason for staying. In their own minds they have come home.

For Nasser and other Arab leaders, it is impossible to admit the real lesson of the defeats of 1948, 1956, and 1967. It was unthinkable in 1948 that the Jews could have thrown back the attack by their own strength, hence the monster of World Zionism as explanation. The name, with its sinister "Z," conjures an image of diabolical power which the Arabs see as literally controlling the UN (hence Partition) and all governments which have recognized Israel. Discrepancies, such as Russia's recognition, they meet with a bland, sincere gaze supposed to suffice the questioner. They may be bewildered but not embarrassed.

Anglo-French participation in the Suez campaign of 1956 was all they needed to prove the dependence of "Zionism" upon imperialism or vice versa, and the Anglo-French fiasco on the Canal was enough to enable the Egyptians to overlook their military defeat by Israel in the desert and transform the whole campaign of 1956 into an Egyptian victory. There are victory monuments in Gaza and Cairo to prove it.

Last summer's crisis acquainted Westerners with the talent for fantasy that governs the Arab world — a world in which King Hussein and other leaders still found it worthwhile after the war to proclaim their people's readiness to "fight Israel to the last drop of blood," even though the recent opportunity

to do just that was so conspicuously not embraced. Such talk may be only a liturgical ardor, which is the Arab habit of speech, but behind it the thinking is no less unreal. Hints of what they might be prepared to offer Israel in return for withdrawal, such as, by Jordan, unlimited access to the Wailing Wall, and by Egypt, free passage through the Strait of Tiran, are concessions which could be described as supererogatory.

What makes dealing with the Arabs even more uncertain is that they cannot be counted upon to act in their own best interest. The great common denominator of international dealings — a reasonable appreciation of self-interest — is lacking. This makes diplomacy in the Middle East something like playing poker against a beginner: it is impossible to say if a play represents concealed strength, calculated deception, mere vagary, or pure ignorance. Recently the Israeli commander at Qantara on the Canal, explaining the difficulty of defense against the Egyptians' eccentric post-war shooting, said, "It isn't always easy to contemplate what they will do next. They are unique enemies really, because I don't think they know themselves."

Refuge in unreality is anyone's right, but the danger is to the rest of the world. The Arabs' refusal to accept the proof that they cannot destroy Israel militarily and their persistence in maintaining a state of war keep coals of belligerence burning at a focal point in the world's geography and sustain the belief that if only Israel were to vanish, their troubles would be over. In fact, their troubles are domestic and inter-Arab, and if Israel were to vanish tomorrow, the Arabs would be at each other's throats.

This kind of unreality is fostered in the whole mystique of the underdeveloped state and nowhere more than in the make-believe UN world of one-nation, one-vote. When nations are encouraged to ignore difference in capacity while they retain hostility, the result can be dangerous to everybody else.

The hard reality of the matter is that the Arabs have committed themselves to an object — the elimination of Israel — which they are incapable of obtaining. They are incapable because, as was nakedly revealed last June, for all their ancient culture and modern jets, they belong, as far as the mass of their people is concerned, to the underdeveloped, or, to use the old-fashioned and franker word, backward, nations. This is the lesson of the war. Looking at the map, one asks how it was possible that the tiny sliver of Israel with a population the size of Connecticut's could defeat its enormous enemies, who were heavily armed in proportion to their overwhelming numbers and could attack from three sides. The improbable



verdict was no accident. In the floods of discussion since then, the clash of arms is almost forgotten, but the war *was* in fact the real test, and the Israeli victory no magician's trick, as it has come to seem to the Arabs and their partisans. It was valid — for the valid reason of superior ability.

The Arabs had the power, but they could not deliver. Nothing else to be seen on the battlefields was so significant as a series of huge tanks, whose *raison d'être* is mobility, which are designed to carry war to the enemy, dug into sandpits by the Egyptians for use as field artillery. This was from no shortage of equipment, nor from ineptness or ignorance. It could only mean, as the unreadiness of their air forces likewise suggests, that under conditions of modern warfare against a modern enemy however small, the Arabs have no stomach for the attack which figures so conspicuously in their speeches. If they did not have it in June, they are not likely to acquire it, for it is doubtful, in my opinion, that they will ever be, relatively, in a better position to accomplish their object than they were in the last crisis.

When history happens under one's eyes one should learn something. To me it suggests that the underdeveloped nations are not closing the gap; on the contrary, the gap is widening. They cannot catch up in social progress, education, and food with their exploding populations. With the present technology of weapons, nuclear or not, numbers, even vast superiority of numbers, are not and will not be determining. Nor will possession of modern weapons without the skill and self-confidence to operate them.

The Arabs' belief that if only they wait long enough they will overcome seems to many unanswerable. Yet population, if it outstrips food, can lead to weakness rather than strength, as in the case of India. On the other hand, Israel may, in the long run, share in the predicted decline of the West. Conversely, the degree of challenge Israel must meet merely to survive may exempt it from that fate. None of these considerations are absolute, and they raise the crucial question: time is on whose side in the Middle East?

THE ARAB REFUGEES

Israel's difficulties, both short-range and long-range, are extreme. Governing occupied territory with an undetermined political future leaves unlimited openings for trouble. Many inhabitants are afraid to cooperate for fear of reprisal if the regime should change; others conspire for change. Resettling the refugees or restoring a viable economy in areas whose normal markets are cut off is no easier, especially at a time when Israel's own economy is depressed. Its economy suffers

from retrenchment, the rigid grip of labor bureaucracy on employment practices, and the continuing need for foreign investment.

The refugees have become a stone of Sisyphus. Israel has taken 500,000 Oriental Jews from the Arab states, some recruited, some expelled, because their absorption was in Israel's interest. The Arab refugees on the other hand were useful to the Arab states only if *not* absorbed, but kept in camps as living propaganda and as a source of guerrillas and infiltrators. Although the oil-producing Arab states count their daily income in millions, Arab unity has not extended to philanthropy, and the refugees for the last nineteen years have been left a charge on the international community, with 70 percent of the funds provided by the United States.

In the camps of Gaza and the West Bank they are still in their native land — that is, within the confines of Palestine, although they have lost their native homes and villages. Unhappy enough at best, this condition has been made to seem, under the whip of the Palestine Liberation Organization's propaganda, permanently unacceptable. A young man in a refugee camp at Jenin on the West Bank, of sufficient ambition to have obtained an education and a position as chemistry teacher in a vocational school, explained that his native village was seven kilometers away, inside Israel, in the same valley of Jezreel as Jenin. Yet for him it was unthinkable to leave the camp and settle "here"; nothing else but back "there" on his native ground would do.

"They have taken our homes and must be made to give them back" is the single, insistent, recurring theme of the Palestinian Arabs. Their true misfortune is that they are encouraged by Cairo and Damascus and P.L.O. agitators to believe the aim is realizable.

ISRAEL'S DILEMMA

The refugees became refugees when they left their homes in 1948 under the impact of the war launched, and lost, by their compatriots. Israel in the years since 1948 refused to readmit them chiefly because, while its neighbors maintained a state of war, Israel could not afford a potential fifth column of half a million people in a state of two and a half million. Now victory has laid the problem in Israel's lap, with long-range implications profoundly disturbing to the state.

They come down to this: can Israel remain a Jewish state? It is caught in a central dilemma: to enlarge its boundaries for the sake of defensible frontiers means absorbing over a million Arabs who, outbreeding the Jews, could become a majority. To withdraw to pre-war boundaries would be to keep a Jewish majority but return to the in-

security of a position that can only be defended by taking the offensive.

With Arabs of Israeli citizenship already amounting to 11 percent of the population, and Oriental Jews numbering 29 percent, the fear of becoming orientalized already exists. In the early years of the national home some Jews, notably the distinguished first president of the Hebrew University, Dr. Judah Magnes, foresaw or believed in the necessity of a binational state. The subject of profound schism then, his ideas were rejected. Although in the new context since the war they may be revived, few Israelis today would be ready to argue openly that their country could or should give up its character as a Jewish state.

From their point of view the only desirable solution of the dilemma is the Arabs' formal abandonment of belligerency, which would permit Israel to live more or less safely without having to extend its territory to take in an unwanted Arab population. This is Israel's main objective—establishment of orderly relations between neighboring states—open borders, trade, commerce, contact, transit, the normal fabric of a legal peace. That is why Israel is so insistent on direct negotiation. The good offices of an intermediary, which would relieve the Arabs of the necessity of meeting the Israelis face to face and of accepting Israel's existence by peace treaty, would be no improvement over the past.

THE ARABS' IMPASSE

Nations are not usually content to win wars for nothing, and in that respect there is no reason why this war should be different from all others. The victors in World Wars I and II took reparations and territory, redrew boundaries, and imposed armies of occupation (still in force) to preserve security. Should Israel do less? It has retaken Jerusalem in the spirit that France retook Alsace. As regards the rest, Israel is unlikely, unless forced, to withdraw quietly to its pre-war situation with no quid pro quo in national security.

This will not soon be forthcoming. Except for the Palestinians of the West Bank, who have begun to grope toward a solution, the Arab states at the time of writing show no visible signs of coming to any terms even remotely related to the verdict of the war. They are still searching for some magic that will cancel the result of those six days last June. Until they discover that no magic, by pretense of moderation, or others' mediation, or Russian maneuvers, or even by Tito's running interference, will turn back the clock, they will not recognize Israel, which is the one gain it must have.

Possibly if Nasser falls, a new leader could effect

a change of opinion. The Arabs as a people are highly emotional and easily swayed. They "could be swung on an idea as on a cord," wrote T. E. Lawrence. With little sense of participation in government, the average Arab likes to be told what to think by an admired leader. Public opinion is volatile, and the story is told of a prominent Egyptian editor to whom it was suggested that his anti-American tirades were creating an unfortunate climate of opinion just at a period of negotiations for foreign aid. "Don't worry, my dear fellow, I can change that in three days," the editor said. Asked if he could do the same with regard to Israel, he thought for a moment and replied, "That would take ten."

Short of such a revolution, it is false to pretend that the impasse rests on an undying injustice to the refugees which only recovery of their native homes can resolve. On that basis we should give America back to the Indians, or at the very least, Texas back to the Mexicans, or perhaps Hawaii back to whatever Hawaiians have survived our intrusion into their land. History is full of the displacement of peoples; it closes over them and moves on, massively indifferent. That may not be justice, but it is nature. Perfect justice rarely regulates the affairs of nations, and we are doing well if we can achieve "relative equity," which is not hard to locate as between Jews with less than one percent of the 1,200,000 square miles liberated from the Turks, and the Arabs with all the rest.

The refugees in any case are better off than most uprooted peoples since they are still in their native land, where they could settle, if politics allowed, into the same economy, agriculture, customs, language as before. The undercultivated West Bank has room for—and with introduction of modern methods, could support—them all, including the majority from the overcrowded Gaza Strip. With Israeli know-how in resettlement, with the waiting land and peoples, with perhaps nuclear power for irrigation by desalinization, and with UN (meaning U.S.) financing, here at least is an opportunity for constructive action. It has been done before, in 1924 when 500,000 Greek refugees from Turkey were resettled in Greece by an American High Commissioner under League of Nations auspices. Is capacity less today? The cost, according to estimates, might be a billion dollars—equal to the cost of running the war in Vietnam for two weeks.

Meanwhile the Arabs wait with amputated territories, Israel waits with dangerous burdens, and the question again is: whose side does time serve? The Arabs will say they don't care how long they wait, which is another way of escaping the present. Meanwhile they have lost tremendous leverage—in the headwaters of the Jordan, the Syrian pipeline,

the Suez Canal, the Sinai oil wells, and the Strait of Tiran, all now under Israel's control.

How long Israel can hold the occupied territories without coming to some announced decision is an open question. The longer the present situation lasts, with the investment of effort in paving roads, opening schools, extending utilities and sanitation, the harder it will be to turn back the West Bank, which is the major problem. If the Arabs will not make peace, the stern irony of conquest may bring Israel territory it does not need from a war it did not want, and ultimately cost its integrity as a Jewish state.

WANTED: NEW IMMIGRANTS

Under this cloud the mood in Israel since the war is sober and worried. Some realize with sadness that things can never be the same as before; others believe it is time to learn to think in terms of power. The older generation, more dedicated to the founding Zionist tradition, sees no reason why Israel, given normalcy of relations, cannot function forever at its pre-June territorial size as a kind of Switzerland of the Middle East. But to fill up the Negev and ground the state firmly and preserve its Jewish identity, they insist Israel must have increased Jewish immigration from the free world. They want a population of 5 million by the end of the century. Aliya, or immigration (literally "ascent"), is the theme of speeches, conferences, exhortations every other day, with Prime Minister Eshkol, like Ben-Gurion before him, its most persistent and fervent exponent. To the preachers of Aliya this is the most urgent matter of all, and the cutting off of 3 million Jews in Russia is a greater tragedy than Arab hostility. They have convinced themselves that an inflow of 30,000 to 40,000 a year from the United States, Latin America, and other countries of the West is feasible, and with natural increase they should attain the 5 million goal and secure the Jewish character of the state.

To what degree they are self-deceived, or deceived by the Zionist organizations abroad, who must believe in emigration in order to stay in business, is a matter of opinion. What is history, however, is that the three Aliyas which went into the making of the state — from Russia, from Hitler's Europe, and from the Arab countries — all came because they were pushed, because conditions in those countries were made intolerable. That people will leave a more comfortable for a less comfortable society minus a propellant is not the normal way of things. Officially the Israelis count on idealism, but they do not put a propellant beyond the bounds of possibility.

Whatever the solution, the Jews of Palestine have

reached a third stage in their development: from dependence to independence to power. Of necessity thoughtful citizens are re-examining their country's purpose and future. What is to be its role in the Middle East and its reason for existence? It is not, said Simon Peres, former Deputy Minister of Defense and one of the country's most influential political figures, to be "just another little America." But what it is to be, few in the present state of flux could say with certainty. Half a century ago Sir Mark Sykes suggested that it might be the destiny of the Jews "to be the bridge between Asia and Europe, to bring the spirituality of Asia to Europe and the vitality of Europe to Asia." Sykes was a fervent advocate both of a revived Arab nation and of the Zionist return, and it is one of history's tragedies that his position, which seemed natural then, should seem unnatural now.

THE COLD WAR

What of the powers and the Eastern Question today? Russia's interest, as before, is a "sphere of influence," and though ideology may have changed, the method, as before, is to establish a client relationship; with the Turkish Empire then, with its successor states today — at least those which are politically susceptible. Russia's aim is to extend the list by political action in the oil-rich domains, where American influence so far predominates.

As an American diplomat has put it, there are three wars in the Middle East: Arab-Israeli, Arab-Arab, and the cold war. Russia cannot let slip its position as the Arabs' major friend. China is in the background, and the cold war is no longer really or only a Communist-capitalist war, but slowly transforming itself, with gaps, into an Afro-Arab-Asian front against the white West. Where that leaves Russia, only history will tell. It is interesting that a recent Black Power statement, though largely lunatic, unhesitatingly placed the Soviet Union among the "whites," and an Israeli tape, made during the war when the Syrian troops broke, recorded a Russian voice crying, "The blacks are running!"

Vis-à-vis Israel, Russia doubtless accepts its existence as a permanent reality while from time to time, to keep them happy, encouraging the Arabs in the belief that they can someday eliminate it. Israel is useful to Russia as a goad of Arab fears and antagonisms. A settled peace is not necessarily a Soviet interest in the Middle East, nor war either, but rather what the *Economist* has called "a little exploitable unrest."

Since the interest of the United States, on the other hand, is a stable peace, its problem is that much more difficult. It must deal as equably as possible with both Israel and the Arabs, includin

the radical Arab states, however perverse their behavior. The Arabs, with their sense of injury, their unreality, their extremism, large territory, and great numbers, are a fact of life. They are there. The Israelis, on the other hand, have vocal friends, but their difficulty is that they have no leverage; they *have* to be on our side, they do not have to be wooed. Status as a threat or nuisance sufficient to require being appeased is an asset in international affairs which they lack.

In view of pressures by devoted partisans of either side, American policy is not simple either to formulate or apply. Aramco is the largest single American investment abroad, and oil makes larger profits than any other business in the world besides having a very large number of stockholders. The great fear of the oil companies is of nationalization, which would certainly be a consequence if the Arab monarchies should give way to pro-Soviet regimes.

In the long run the swell of decolonization will propel the oil companies out of the Middle East, but businessmen, being preoccupied with the present, are not historians. The oil men have had comfortable arrangements with the sheikhs and sovereigns for a long time which they do not like to see disturbed, and they deplore all this turmoil, engendered, as they see it, by the intrusion of Israel. Bent on keeping the feudal rulers in power, they want the United States to give the Saudis, Kuwaitis, and others a handle against the radicals by forcing Israel to withdraw, thus proving American friendship and usefulness — and an alternative to Russia. An effort of that kind, if successful, would only convince the radical Arab states that intransigence pays off, which would hardly improve the situation. From the American point of view, if something positive is to be gained from the late crisis, it can only be in some form of Arab acceptance of Israel as a fact of life. How far Washington is prepared to work for this or the oil lobby to sanction it is another matter.

THE GLOBAL TREADMILL

The problems of a superpower are heavy. No matter what turns up, no matter where on the globe, American power is engaged in it as if the United States were caught on a global treadmill from which it cannot step down. The larger our establishment, with connections in every corner of every continent, periscopes in the seven seas, and aerial reconnaissance daily circling the globe, the more we respond to every quiver and feel obliged

to influence every event so that it does not go against us. The penalty of gigantism is to think in too large terms, and we operate in terms of Them and Us as if that dichotomy determined all destinies. We are too little aware of variations, individualities, ancient histories, local character, and local pressures, which are the real determinants on the spot. No Pax Americana can accommodate or encompass them. We cannot make others go our way by aid or by arms or by advice which starts out with a few advisers and ends up as major war.

The connection between the Middle East and Vietnam is the evidence that gigantism is ineffective. Russia could not control developments for its clients, nor could all its vast armaments and all the Arab states defeat one small but determined country. The American hand in the Middle East crisis before hostilities was likewise unavailing. Washington's attempt, allowing two weeks to organize a regatta for the Gulf of Aqaba, was unrealistic even if based on an Israeli assurance of a two-week leeway. No such assurance given in Washington could control a crisis situation. With both sides "eyeball to eyeball," as were the powers in 1914, and fully mobilized at huge cost upon their already weakened economies, and with tension building up unbearably, the assumption that the dangers would wait and emotions obediently subdue themselves while Washington pursued consensus was an example of the superpower ignoring local realities. If the result proved fortunate for Israel in the end, in that Israel broke an impossible situation by unaided effort, that was not because of any policy the United States had ready.

In Vietnam, with all our weaponry, modern skills, and physical presence, America can do no better than Russia in the Middle East. We are precluded from using total military power because victory won by that means would defeat its purpose. Anything less, though it be the greatest expenditure of men, arms, and money since World War II, evidently cannot achieve what we want. In a world which contains and must continue to contain other cultures, other values, other determinations, superpower, it would appear, has its limits — which is just as well. A world with a single set of values is neither possible nor desirable — nor necessary for security. We could well afford to get off the global treadmill from time to time, for if superpower cannot give us confidence in our own society, and the strength to put it in shape, it can do nothing.

Next month John S. Badeau, director of Columbia University's Middle East Institute and a former ambassador to Cairo, will discuss the Arabs and their state of mind.

Two Poems by *ANDREI VOZNESENSKY*

STRIPTEASE ON STRIKE

Translated by Max Hayward

The strippers are out on strike,
a fierce cancan drums on the sidewalks —
the strikers are marching in fur coats and blue jeans:
“To hell with it!

We won’t strip no more!”

They shove their exploiters, kick and claw them.
“Look at that bright bare ass!

Stop the scabbing bitch!”

There’s one in a yashmak — sneaking a smoke behind it,
and that one’s pulled a stocking over her face.

“Hey there, workers of the stage!
See that old-timer with her mangy ostrich feathers?
Just pushing thirty and it’s time to retire,
come on, girls, stick up for your rights:
social security, a commission on encores
and early pensions, like in the air force.

And what about colds caught in line of duty?”
The strippers are out on strike.
“And they’re always trampling
on our sensibilities!
We won’t strip no more!”

Half of mankind cries out with them:
“Why should we bare ourselves?
Let’s show our solidarity!”

A woman gets in her husband’s bed
all sewn up tight in a heavy coat:
“We won’t strip no more.”

She just lies there, the bitch,
and pokes fun at the man:
“Cats don’t take their coats off either!”

A woman under the knife
says to the surgeon:
“Cut through my dress! Solidarity forever!”

“We’re sick of posing,”
the models yell,
“Let’s go look at Venus de Milo —
they’ve got her up
in short-sleeved navy polka dots.”

The world’s ducking into its shell,
butterflies fold their wings
and struggle back, frantic,
into their cocoons.

A zealot’s covering over
naked loins in the Sistine Chapel,
and, with a corkscrew, he’s trying
to take the navel out of Michelangelo’s Adam:
the First Man wasn’t supposed to have one.
Same mentality as the old biddies
of Bobruisk.

Coverers-up of the world unite!
Spring is on strike, so are the buds —
there’s a yellow iron curtain.

Truth is on strike. Always naked,
it can’t be printed, and if it is,
there’s a fig leaf on it.
How to get at it?

The earth’s under asphalt,
it longs to be naked.
The world has a hell of an appetite.
The world will win.

WINTER AT THE TRACK

To Vasili Aksyonov

Translated by William Jay Smith and Max Hayward

The stands go stampeding to the starting post
Down to where the horses paw the ground.
And, Vasya, you think we're betting on them?
They're betting on us — it's the other way round.

That black mare has put all her money on me —
Just look at her dappled rump;
A hot tip tells her whom to pick;
And I always win, but the take is hers.

So the rulers think it is they who rule,
While the people think they rule the rulers.
The woods and the hills have gambled on us;
So what can we do but race like hell?

The horses whisper, chafing at the bit.
Barfly pisses on the post, linked to it
By a frozen yellow chain:

it is forty below.

A Christmas tree ornament, a bird freezes up there.
Night, moving in from the east, is caught congealed mid-air,
The shutter of a broken camera.
But at Peredelkino, in the writers' club,
Sixteen windows are open a crack.
In front of each hangs a chunk of frozen air —
Congealed hot air.
Some writers cover the windows with gauze
So their portentous ideas won't escape like flies.
And the air balloons, sagging, thick and slimy,
As with curds in a cloth.

Horses gaze about them, penned up in cities
Like groves of dappled four-trunked trees.

Now they're whistling at Barfly,
But who is whistling?
The whistle thinks the whistle's whistling.
The policeman thinks that he is whistling.
The law thinks that it is whistling.

The planet twirls, a pea in a whistle,
But in whose whistle? Who's whistling — wait!
Look, Barfly's down. And the others laugh —
Russian Filly, Pale Horse, Fate.

The horses laugh,
Making terrible sounds:
“Come on, Egghead, let's go! Get a move on!”
While their heads sway on tiny parachutes
Of steam exhaled from their nostrils
And frozen at once.

It is forty-five below:
Barfly lies at the starting post —
On his back: to the left, five others.
Above his open mouth, blunt as a corkscrew
Sticking up from a penknife, his frozen soul,
A screw-shaped icicle protruding into the air;
It has spiraled and condensed.
And as a leaf or twig freezes in an icicle,
Frozen within is its final Certificate of Good Deeds;
(In reality, the denunciation of a neighbor for not turning off his radio).
Souls like empty bottles are poised above the other horses,
While among their bodies wanders an angel.
In a street-cleaner's smock, it strolls along,
Collecting the souls, the empty bottles,
Drawing its finger carefully over each to see if it is broken,
Sadly tossing the rejects over its shoulder,
Leaving behind the print of horseshoes in the snow . . .

And the Angel-Horse, in the frozen haze,
Legs dissolving as in nitric acid,
Playfully arches its neck like the curved runner of a sleigh,
And then, on its belly, slides away.

LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE

A Story by John Barth

FOR whom is the funhouse fun? Perhaps for lovers. For Ambrose it is *a place of fear and confusion*. He has come to the seashore with his family for the holiday, *the occasion of their visit is Independence Day, the most important secular holiday of the United States of America*. A single straight underline is the manuscript mark for italic type, *which in turn* is the printed equivalent to oral emphasis of words and phrases as well as the customary type for titles of complete works, not to mention. Italics are also employed, in fiction-stories especially, for “outside,” intrusive, or artificial voices, such as radio announcements, the texts of telegrams and newspaper articles, *et cetera*. They should be used *sparingly*. If passages originally in roman type are italicized by someone repeating them, it’s customary to acknowledge the fact. *Italics mine*.

Ambrose was “at that awkward age.” His voice came out high-pitched as a child’s if he let himself get carried away; to be on the safe side, therefore, he moved and spoke with *deliberate calm* and *adult gravity*. Talking soberly of unimportant or irrelevant matters and listening consciously to the sound of your own voice are useful habits for maintaining control in this difficult interval. *En route* to Ocean City he sat in the back seat of the family car with his brother, Peter, age fifteen, and Magda G____, age fourteen, a pretty girl an exquisite young lady, who lived not far from them on B____ Street in the town of D____, Maryland. Initials, blanks, or both were often substituted for proper names in nineteenth-century fiction to enhance the illusion of reality. It is as if the author felt it necessary to delete the names for reasons of tact or legal liability. Interestingly, as with other aspects of realism, it is an *illusion* that is being enhanced, by purely artificial means. Is it likely, does it violate the

principle of verisimilitude, that a thirteen-year-old boy could make such a sophisticated observation? A girl of fourteen is *the psychological coeval* of a boy of fifteen or sixteen; a thirteen-year-old boy, therefore, even one precocious in some other respects, might be three years *her emotional junior*.

Thrice a year — on Memorial, Independence, and Labor Days — the family visits Ocean City for the afternoon and evening. When Ambrose and Peter’s father was their age the excursion was made by train, as mentioned in the novel *The 42nd Parallel* by John Dos Passos. Many families from the same neighborhood used to travel together, with dependent relatives and often with Negro servants; schoolfuls of children swarmed through the railway cars; everyone shared everyone else’s Maryland fried chicken, Virginia ham, deviled eggs, potato salad, beaten biscuits, iced tea. Nowadays (that is, in 19—, the year of our story) the journey is made by automobile — more comfortably and quickly though without the extra fun though without the *camaraderie* of a general excursion. It’s all part of the deterioration of American life, their father declares; Uncle Karl supposes that when the boys take *their* families to Ocean City for the holidays, they’ll fly in Autogiros. Their mother, sitting in the middle of the front seat like Magda in the second, only with her arms on the seat-back behind the men’s shoulders, wouldn’t want the good old days back again, the steaming trains and stuffy long dresses; on the other hand, she can do without Autogiros, too, if she has to become a grandmother to fly in them.

Description of physical appearance and mannerisms is one of several standard methods of characterization used by writers of fiction. It is also important to “keep the senses operating”; when a detail from one of the five senses, say visual, is “crossed” with a detail from another, say auditory, the reader’s imagination is oriented to the scene, perhaps unconsciously. This procedure may be compared to the way surveyors and navigators determine their positions by two or more compass-bearings, a process known as triangulation. The brown hair on Ambrose’s mother’s forearms gleamed in the sun like. Though right-handed, she took her left arm from the seat-back to press the dashboard cigar-lighter for Uncle Karl. When the glass bead in its handle glowed red, the lighter was ready for use. The smell of Uncle Karl’s cigar-smoke reminded one of. The fragrance of the ocean came strong to the picnic-ground where they always stopped for lunch, two miles inland from Ocean City. Having to pause for a full hour almost

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within sound of the breakers was difficult for Peter and Ambrose when they were younger; even at their present age it was not easy to keep their anticipation, *stimulated by the briny spume*, from turning into short temper. The Irish author James Joyce, in his unusual novel entitled *Ulysses*, now available in this country, uses the adjectives *snot-green* and *scrotum-tightening* to describe the sea. Visual, auditory, tactile, olfactory, gustatory. Peter and Ambrose's father, while steering their black 1936 LaSalle sedan with one hand, could with the other remove the first cigarette from a white pack of Lucky Strikes and, more remarkably, light it with a match forefingered from its book and thumbed against the flint-paper without being detached. The matchbook cover merely advertised U.S. War Bonds and Stamps. A fine metaphor, simile, or other figure of speech, in addition to its obvious "first-order" relevance to the thing it describes, will be seen upon reflection to have a second order of significance: it may be drawn from the *milieu* of the action, for example, or be particularly appropriate to the sensibility of the narrator, even hinting to the reader things of which the narrator is unaware; or it may cast further and subtler lights upon the thing it describes, sometimes ironically qualifying the more evident sense of the comparison.

To say that Ambrose and Peter's mother was *pretty* is to accomplish nothing; the reader may acknowledge the proposition, but his imagination is not engaged. Besides, Magda was also pretty, yet in an altogether different way. Although she lived on B____ Street, she had very good manners and did better than average in school. Her figure was very well developed for her age. Her right hand lay casually on the plush upholstery of the seat, very near Ambrose's left leg, on which his own hand rested. The space between their legs, between her right and his left leg, was out of the line of sight of anyone sitting on the other side of Magda, as well as anyone glancing into the rear-view mirror. Uncle Karl's face resembled Peter's — rather, vice versa. Both had dark hair and eyes, short husky statures, deep voices. Magda's left hand was probably in a similar position on her left side. The boy's father is difficult to describe; no particular feature of his appearance or manner stood out. He wore glasses and taught English in the T____ County High School. Uncle Karl was a masonry contractor.

Although Peter must have known as well as Ambrose that the latter, because of his position in the car, would be the first to see the electrical towers of the power plant at V____, the halfway point of their trip, he leaned forward and slightly toward the center of the car and pretended to be looking for them through the flat pinewoods and tuckahoe creeks along the highway. For as long

as the boys could remember, "looking for the Towers" had been a feature of the first half of their excursions to Ocean City, "looking for the standpipe" of the second. Though the game was childish, their mother preserved the tradition of rewarding the first to see the Towers with a candy-bar or piece of fruit. She insisted now that Magda play the game; the prize, she said, was "something hard to get nowadays." Ambrose decided not to join in; he sat far back in his seat. Magda, like Peter, leaned forward. Two sets of straps were discernible through the shoulders of her sun-dress; the inside right one, a brassiere-strap, was fastened or shortened with a small safety-pin. The right armpit of her dress, presumably the left as well, was damp with perspiration. The simple strategy for being first to espy the Towers, which Ambrose had understood by the age of four, was to sit on the right-hand side of the car. Whoever sat there, however, had also to put up with the worst of the sun, and so Ambrose, without mentioning the matter, chose sometimes the one and sometimes the other. Not impossibly, Peter had never caught on to the trick, or thought that his brother hadn't, simply because Ambrose on occasion preferred shade to a Baby Ruth or tangerine.

The shade-sun situation didn't apply to the front seat, owing to the windshield; if anything the driver got more sun, since the person on the passenger side not only was shaded below by the door and dashboard but might swing down his sun visor all the way too.

"Is that them?" Magda asked. Ambrose's mother teased the boys for letting Magda win, insinuating that "somebody [had] a girlfriend." Peter and Ambrose's father reached a long thin arm across their mother to butt his cigarette in the dashboard ashtray, under the lighter. The prize this time for seeing the Towers first was a banana. Their mother bestowed it after chiding their father for wasting a half-smoked cigarette when everything was so scarce. Magda, to take the prize, moved her hand from so near Ambrose's that he could have touched it as though accidentally. She offered to share the prize, things like that were so hard to find; but everyone insisted it was hers alone. Ambrose's mother sang an iambic trimeter couplet from a popular song, femininely rhymed:

*What's good is in the Army;
What's left will never harm me.¹*

Uncle Karl tapped his cigar-ash out the ventilator window; some particles were sucked by the slipstream back into the car through the rear window on the passenger side. Magda demonstrated her ability to hold a banana in one hand and peel it with her teeth. She still sat forward; Ambrose pushed his glasses back onto the bridge of his nose

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with his left hand, which he then negligently let fall to the seat-cushion immediately behind her. He even permitted the single hair, gold, on the second joint of his thumb to brush the fabric of her skirt. Should she have sat back at that instant, his hand would have been caught under her.

PLUSH upholstery prickles uncomfortably through gabardine slacks in the July sun. The function of the *beginning* of a story is to introduce the principal characters, establish their initial relationships, set the scene for the main action, expose the background of the situation if necessary, plant motifs and foreshadowings where appropriate, and initiate the first complication or whatever of the "rising action." Actually, if one imagines a story called "The Funhouse," or "Lost in the Funhouse," the details of the drive to Ocean City don't seem especially relevant. The *beginning* should recount the events between Ambrose's first sight of the funhouse early in the afternoon and his entering it with Magda and Peter in the evening. The *middle* would narrate all relevant events from the time he goes in to the time he loses his way; middles have the double and contradictory function of delaying the climax while at the same time preparing the reader for it and fetching him to it. Then the *ending* would tell what Ambrose does while he's lost, how he finally finds his way out, and what everybody makes of the experience. So far there's been no real dialogue, very little sensory detail, and nothing in the way of a *theme*. And a long time has gone by already without anything happening; it makes a person wonder. We haven't even reached Ocean City yet: we will never get out of the funhouse.

The more closely an author identifies with the narrator, literally or metaphorically, the less advisable it is as a rule to use the first-person narrative viewpoint. Once five years previously the three young people *aforementioned* played Niggers and Masters in the backyard; when it was Ambrose's turn to be Master and theirs to be Niggers, Peter had to go serve his evening papers; Ambrose was afraid to punish Magda alone, but she led him to the whitewashed Torture Chamber between the woodshed and the privy in the Slaves Quarters; there she knelt sweating among bamboo rakes and dusty mason jars, pleadingly embraced his knees, and while bumblebees droned in the lattice as if on an ordinary summer afternoon, purchased clemency at a surprising price set by herself. Doubtless she remembered nothing of this event; Ambrose on the other hand seemed unable to forget the least detail of his life. He even recalled how, standing beside himself with awed impersonality

in the reeky heat, he'd stared the while at an empty cigar-box in which Uncle Karl kept stone-cutting chisels: beneath the words *El Productor*, a laureled, loose-toga'd lady regarded the sea from a marble bench; beside her, forgotten or not yet turned to, was a five-stringed lute. Her chin reposed on the back of her right hand; her left depended negligently from the bench-arm. The lower half of scene and lady was peeled away; the words EX-AMINED BY _____ were inked there into the wood. Nowadays cigar-boxes are made of pasteboard. Ambrose wondered what Magda would have done, Ambrose wondered what Magda would do when she sat back on his hand as he resolved she should. Be angry. Make a teasing joke of it. Give no sign at all. For a long time she leaned forward, playing cow-poker with Peter against Uncle Karl and Mother and watching for the first sign of Ocean City. At nearly the same instant picnic-ground and Ocean-City-standpipe hove into view; an Amoco filling station on their side of the road cost Mother and Uncle Karl fifty cows and the game; Magda bounced back, clapping her right hand on Mother's right arm; Ambrose moved clear "in the nick of time."

At this rate our hero, at this rate our protagonist will remain in the funhouse forever. Narrative ordinarily consists of alternating dramatization and summarization. One symptom of nervous tension, paradoxically, is repeated and violent yawning; neither Peter nor Magda nor Uncle Karl nor Mother reacted in this manner. Although they were no longer small children, Peter and Ambrose were each given a dollar to spend on boardwalk amusements in addition to what money of their own they'd brought along. Magda too, though she protested she had ample spending money. The boys' mother made a little scene out of distributing the bills; she pretended that her sons and Magda were small children and cautioned them not to spend the sum too quickly or in one place. Magda promised with a merry laugh, and having both hands free, took the bill with her left. Peter laughed also and pledged in a falsetto to be a good boy. His imitation of a child was not clever. The boys' father was tall and thin, balding, fair-complexioned. Assertions of that sort are not effective; the reader may acknowledge the proposition, but. We should be much farther along than we are; something has gone wrong; not much of this preliminary rambling seems relevant. Yet everyone begins in the same place; how is it that most go along without difficulty but a few lose their way?

"Stay out from under the boardwalk," Uncle Karl growled from the side of his mouth. The boys' mother pushed his shoulder *in mock annoyance*. They were all standing before Fat May the Laughing Lady, who advertised the funhouse. Larger

than life, Fat May mechanically shook, rocked on her heels, slapped her thighs while recorded laughter — uproarious, female — came amplified from a hidden loudspeaker. It chuckled, wheezed, wept; tried in vain to catch its breath; tittered, groaned, exploded raucous and anew. You couldn't hear it without laughing yourself, no matter how you felt. Father came back from talking to a Coast-Guardsman on duty and reported that the surf was spoiled with crude oil from tankers recently torpedoed offshore. Lumps of it, difficult to remove, made tarry tidelines on the beach and stuck on swimmers. Many bathed in the surf nevertheless and came out speckled; others paid to use a municipal pool and only sunbathed on the beach. We would do the latter. We would do the latter. We would do the latter.

Under the boardwalk, cold sand littered with cigar-butts, treasured with cigarette-stubs, Coca-Cola caps, cardboard lollipop-sticks, matchbook-covers warning that A Slip of the Lip Can Sink a Ship, grainy other things. What is the story's point? Ambrose is ill. He perspires in the dark passages; candied apples-on-a-stick, delicious-looking, disappointing to eat. Funhouses need men's and ladies' rooms at intervals.

Magda's teeth. She *was* left-handed. Perspiration. They've gone all the way, through, Magda and Peter, they've been waiting for hours with Mother and Uncle Karl while Father searches for his lost son; they draw french-fried potatoes from a paper cup and shake their heads. They've named the children they'll one day have and bring to Ocean City on holidays. Can spermatozoa properly be thought of as male animalcules when there are no female spermatozoa? They grope through hot dark windings, past Love's Tunnel's fearsome obstacles. Some perhaps lose their way.

PETER suggested then and there that they do the funhouse; he had been through it before, so had Magda, Ambrose hadn't and suggested, his voice cracking on account of Fat May's laughter, that they swim first. All were chuckling, couldn't help it; Ambrose's father, Ambrose and Peter's father came up grinning like a lunatic with two boxes of syrup-coated popcorn, one for Mother, one for Magda; the men were to help themselves. Ambrose walked on Magda's right; being by nature left-handed, she carried the box in her left hand. Up front the situation was reversed.

"What are you limping for?" Magda inquired of Ambrose. He supposed in a husky tone that his foot had gone to sleep in the car. Her teeth flashed. "Pins and needles?" It was the honeysuckle on the lattice of the former privy that drew the bees.

Imagine being stung there. How long is this going to take?

The adults decided to forgo the pool, but Uncle Karl insisted they change into swimsuits and do the beach. "He wants to watch the pretty girls," Peter teased, and ducked behind Magda from Uncle Karl's pretended wrath. "You've got all the pretty girls you need right here," Magda declared, and Mother said: "Now that's the gospel truth." Magda scolded Peter, who reached over her shoulder to sneak some popcorn. "Your brother and father aren't getting any." Uncle Karl wondered if they were going to have fireworks that night, what with the shortages. It wasn't the shortages, Mr. M_____ replied; Ocean City had fireworks from pre-war. But it was too risky on account of the enemy submarines, some people thought.

"Don't seem like Fourth of July without fireworks," said Uncle Karl. The inverted tag in dialogue-writing is still considered permissible with proper names or epithets, but sounds old-fashioned with personal pronouns. "We'll have 'em again soon enough," predicted the boys' father. Their mother declared she could do without fireworks: they reminded her too much of the real thing. Their father said all the more reason to shoot off a few now and again. Uncle Karl asked *rhetorically* who needed reminding, just look at people's hair and skin.

"The oil, yes," said Mrs. M_____.

Ambrose had a pain in his stomach and so didn't swim but enjoyed watching the others. He and his father burned red easily. Magda's figure was exceedingly well developed for her age. She too declined to swim, and got mad, and became angry when Peter attempted to drag her into the pool. She always swam, he insisted; what did she mean not swim? Why did a person come to Ocean City?

"Maybe I want to lay here with Ambrose," Magda teased.

Nobody likes a pedant.

"Aha," said Mother. Peter grabbed Magda by one ankle and ordered Ambrose to grab the other. She squealed and rolled over on the beach blanket. Ambrose pretended to help hold her back. Her tan was darker than even Mother's and Peter's. "Help out, Uncle Karl!" Peter cried. Uncle Karl went to seize the other ankle. Inside the top of her swimsuit, however, you could see the line where the sunburn ended and, when she hunched her shoulders and squealed again, one nipple's auburn edge. Mother made them behave themselves. "You should certainly know," she said to Uncle Karl. Archly. "that when a lady says she doesn't feel like swimming, a gentleman doesn't ask questions." Uncle Karl said excuse *him*; Mother winked at Magda; Ambrose blushed; stupid Peter kept saying "Phooey on *feel like!*" and tugging at Magda's

ankle; then even he got the point, and cannon-balled with a holler into the pool.

"I swear," Magda said, in mock *in feigned* exasperation.

The diving would make a suitable literary symbol. To go off the high board you had to wait in a line along the poolside and up the ladder. Fellows tickled girls and goosed one another and shouted to the ones at the top to hurry up, or razed them for bellyflopers. Once on the springboard some took a great while posing or clowning or deciding on a dive or getting up their nerve; others ran right off. Especially among the younger fellows the idea was to strike the funniest pose or do the craziest stunt as you fell, a thing that got harder to do as you kept on and kept on. But whether you hollered *Geronimo!* or *Sig heil!*, held your nose or "rode a bicycle," pretended to be shot or did a perfect jackknife or changed your mind halfway down and ended up with nothing, it was over in two seconds, after all that wait. Spring, pose, splash. Spring, neat-o, splash. Spring, aw shit, splash.

The grown-ups had gone on; Ambrose wanted to converse with Magda; she was remarkably well developed for her age; it was said that that came from rubbing with a Turkish towel, and there were other theories. Ambrose could think of nothing to say except how good a diver Peter was, who was showing off for her benefit. You could pretty well tell by looking at their bathing-suits and arm-muscles how far along the different fellows were. Ambrose was glad he hadn't gone in swimming, the cold water shrank you up so. Magda pretended not to be interested in the diving; she probably weighed as much as he did. If you knew your way around in the funhouse like your own bedroom you could wait until a girl came along and then slip away without ever getting caught, even if her boyfriend was right with her. She'd think *he* did it! It would be better to be the boyfriend, and act outraged, and tear the funhouse apart. Not act; *be*.

"He's a master diver," Ambrose said. In feigned admiration. "You really have to slave away at it to get that good." What would it matter anyhow if he asked her right out whether she remembered, even teased her with it as Peter would have?

THERE'S no point in going farther; this isn't getting anybody anywhere; they haven't even come to the funhouse yet. Ambrose is off the track, in some new or old part of the place that's not supposed to be used; he strayed into it by some one-in-a-million chance, like the time the roller-coaster-car left the tracks in the nineteen-teens against all the laws of physics and sailed over the boardwalk in the dark.

And they can't locate him because they don't know where to look. Even the designer and operator has forgotten this other part, that winds around on itself like a whelk-shell. That winds around the right part like the snakes on Mercury's caduceus. Some people, perhaps, don't "hit their stride" until their twenties, when the growing-up business is over and women appreciate other things besides wisecracks and teasing and strutting. Peter didn't have one-tenth the imagination *he* had, not one-tenth. Peter did this naming-their-children thing as a joke, making up names like Aloysius and Murgatroyd, but Ambrose knew *exactly* how it would feel to be married and have children of your own, and be a loving husband and father, and go comfortably to work in the mornings and to bed with your wife at night, and wake up with her there. With a breeze coming through the sash and birds and mockingbirds singing in the chinese-cigar trees. His eyes watered, there aren't enough ways to say that. He would be quite famous in his line of work. Whether Magda was his wife or not, one evening when he was wise-lined and gray at the temples, he'd smile gravely, at a fashionable dinner-party, and remind her of his youthful passion. The time they went with his family to Ocean City; the *erotic fantasies* he used to have about her. How long ago it seemed, and childish! Yet tender, too, *n'est-ce pas?* Would she have imagined that the world-renowned whatever remembered how many strings were on the lute on the bench beside the girl on the label of the cigar-box he'd stared at in the toolshed at age eight while she, age nine. Even then he had felt *wise beyond his years*; he'd stroked her hair and said in his deepest voice and correctest English, as to a dear child: "I shall never forget this moment."

But though he had breathed heavily, groaned as if ecstatic, what he'd really felt throughout was an odd detachment, as though someone else were Master. Strive as he might to be transported, he heard his mind take notes upon the scene: *This is what they call passion. I am experiencing it.* Many of the digger-machines were out of order in the penny arcades and could not be repaired or replaced for the duration. Moreover, the prizes, made now in USA, were less interesting than formerly, paste-board items for the most part, and some of the machines wouldn't work on white pennies. The gypsy-fortuneteller machine might have provided a foreshadowing of the climax of this story if Ambrose had operated it. It was even dilapidateder than most: the silver coating was worn off the brown metal handles, the glass windows around the dummy were cracked and taped, her kerchiefs and silks long faded. If a man lived by himself he could take a department-store mannequin with flexible joints and modify her in certain ways.

However: by the time he was that old he'd have a real woman. There was a machine that stamped your name around a white-metal coin with a star in the middle: A____. His son would be the Third, and when the lad reached thirteen or so he would put a strong arm around his shoulder and tell him calmly: "It is perfectly normal. We have all been through it. It will not last forever." Nobody knew how to be what they were right. He'd smoke a pipe, teach his son how to fish and softerab, assure him he needn't worry about himself. Magda would certainly give, Magda would certainly yield a great deal of milk, although guilty of occasional solecisms. It don't taste so bad. Suppose the lights came on now!

The day wore on. You think you're yourself, but there are other persons in you. Ambrose gets an erection when Ambrose doesn't want one, *and obversely*. Ambrose watches them disagreeing; Ambrose watches him watch. In the funhouse mirror-room you can't see yourself go on forever, because no matter how you stand your head gets in the way. Even if you had a glass periscope, the image of your eye would cover up the thing you really wanted to see. The police will come; there'll be a story in the papers. That must be where it happened. Unless he can find a surprise exit, an unofficial backdoor or escape-hatch opening on an alley, say, and then stroll up to the family in front of the funhouse and ask where everybody's been; *he's* been out of the place for ages. That's just where it happened, in that last lighted room: Peter and Magda found the right exit; he found one that you weren't supposed to find and strayed off into the works somewhere. In a perfect funhouse you'd be able to go only one way, like the divers off the high board; getting lost would be impossible; the doors and halls would work like minnow-traps or the valves in veins.

On account of German U-boats Ocean City was "browned out": streetlights were shaded on the seaward side; shopwindows and boardwalk amusement-places were kept dim, not to silhouette tankers and Liberty-ships for torpedoing. In a short-story about Ocean City, Maryland, during World War II the author could make use of the image of sailors on leave in the penny arcades and shooting-galleries, sighting through the cross hairs of toy machine-guns at swastika'd subs, while out in the black Atlantic a U-boat skipper squints through his periscope at real ships outlined by the glow of penny arcades. After dinner the family strolled back to the amusement end of the boardwalk. The boys' father had burnt red as always and was masked with Noxzema, a minstrel in reverse. The grown-ups stood at the end of the boardwalk where the Hurricane of '33 had cut an inlet from the ocean to Assawoman Bay.

"Pronounced with a long o," Uncle Karl reminded Magda with a wink. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up; Mother punched his brown biceps with the arrowed heart on it and said his mind was naughty. Fat May's laugh came suddenly from the funhouse, as if she'd just got the joke; the family laughed too at the coincidence. Ambrose went under the boardwalk to search for out-of-town matchbook-covers with the aid of his pocket flashlight; he looked out from the edge of the North American continent and wondered how far their laughter carried over the water. Spies in rubber rafts; survivors in life-boats. If the joke had been beyond his understanding, he could have said: "*The laughter was over his head.*" And let the reader see the serious wordplay on second reading.

He turned the flashlight on and then off at once even before the woman whooped. He sprang away, heart athud, dropping the light. The man had snarled: "Cut da friggin' light!" Perspiration drenched and chilled him by the time he scrambled up to the family. "See anything?" his father asked. His voice wouldn't come; he shrugged and violently brushed sand from his pantslegs.

"Let's ride the old flying-horses!" Magda cried. I'll never be an author. It's been forever already, everybody's gone home, Ocean City's deserted, the ghost-crabs are tickling across the beach and down the littered cold streets. And the empty halls of clapboard hotels and abandoned funhouses. A tidal wave; an enemy air raid; a monster-crab swelling like an island from the sea. *The inhabitants fled in terror.* Magda clung to his trouserleg; he alone knew the maze's secret. "He gave his life that we might live," said Uncle Karl with a scowl of pain, as he. The woman's legs had been twined behind the man's neck; he'd spread her fat cheeks with tattooed hands and pumped like a whippet. *An astonishing coincidence.* He yearned to tell Peter. He wanted to throw up for excitement. They hadn't even chased him. He wished he were dead.

One possible ending would be to have Ambrose come across another lost person in the dark. They'd match their wits together against the funhouse, struggle like Ulysses past obstacle after obstacle, help and encourage each other. Or a girl. By the time they found the exit they'd be closest friends, sweethearts if it were a girl; they'd know each other's inmost souls, be bound together *by the cement of shared adventure*; then they'd emerge into the light, and it would turn out that his friend was a Negro. A blind girl. President Roosevelt's son. Ambrose's former arch-enemy.

Shortly after the mirror-room he'd groped along a musty corridor, his heart already misgiving him at the absence of phosphorescent arrows and other signs. He'd found a crack of light — not a door, it turned out, but a seam between the plyboard

wall-panels — and squinting up to it, espied a small old man nodding upon a stool beneath a bare speckled bulb. A crude panel of toggle- and knife-switches hung beside the open fuse-box near his head; elsewhere in the little room were wooden levers and ropes belayed to boat-cleats. At the time, Ambrose wasn't lost enough to rap or call; later he couldn't find that crack. Now it seemed to him that he'd possibly dozed off for a few minutes somewhere along the way; certainly he was exhausted from the afternoon's sunshine and the evening's problems; he couldn't be sure he hadn't dreamed part or all of the sight. Had an old black wall fan droned like bumblebees and shimmied two flypaper streamers? Had the funhouse operator — gentle, somewhat sad and tired-appearing — murmured in his sleep? Is there really such a person as Ambrose, or is he a figment of the author's imagination? Was it Assawoman Bay or Sinepuxent? Are there other errors of fact in this fiction? Was there another sound besides the little slap slap of thigh on ham, like water sucking at the chineboards of a skiff?

When you're lost, the smartest thing to do is stay put till you're found, hollering if necessary. But to holler guarantees humiliation as well as rescue; keeping silent permits some saving of face — you can act surprised at the fuss when your rescuers find you and swear you weren't lost, if they do. What's more you might find your own way yet, *however belatedly*.

"Don't tell me your foot's still asleep!" Magda exclaimed as the three young people walked from the inlet to the area set aside for ferris-wheels, carousels, and other carnival rides, they having decided in favor of the vast and ancient merry-go-round instead of the funhouse. What a sentence, everything was wrong from the outset. People don't know what to make of him, he doesn't know what to make of himself, he's only thirteen, *athletically and socially inept*, not astonishingly bright, but there are antennae; he has . . . some sort of receivers in his head; things speak to him, he understands more than he should, the world winks at him through its objects, grabs grinning at his coat. Everybody else is in on some secret he doesn't know; they've forgotten to tell him. Through simple *procrastination* his mother put off his baptism until this year. Everyone else had it done as a baby; he'd assumed the same of himself, as had his mother so she claimed, until it was time for him to join Grace Methodist-Protestant and the oversight came out. He was mortified, but pitched sleepless through his private catechizing, intimidated by the ancient mysteries, a thirteen-year-old would never say that, resolved to experience conversion like St. Augustine. When the water touched his brow and Adam's sin left him, he contrived by

a strain like defecation to bring tears into his eyes — but felt nothing. There was some simple, radical difference about him; he hoped it was genius, feared it was madness, devoted himself to amiability and inconspicuousness. Alone on the seawall near his house he was seized by the terrifying transports he'd thought to find in summershed, in Communion-cup. The grass was alive! The town, the river, himself, were not imaginary; time roared in his ears like wind; the world was *going on!* This part ought to be dramatized. The Irish author James Joyce once wrote. Ambrose M_____ is going to scream.

There is no *texture of rendered sensory detail*, for one thing. The faded distorting mirrors beside Fat May; the impossibility of choosing a mount when one had but a single ride on the great carousel; the *vertigo attendant on his recognition* that Ocean City was worn out, the place of fathers and grandfathers, straw-boated men and parasoled ladies survived by their amusements. Money spent, the three paused at Peter's insistence beside Fat May to watch the girls get their skirts blown up. The object was to tease Magda, who said: "I swear, Peter M_____, you've got a one-track mind! Amby and me aren't *interested* in such things." In the tumbling-barrel, too, just inside the Devil's-mouth entrance to the funhouse, the girls were upended, and their boyfriends and others could see up their dresses if they cared to. Which was the whole point, Ambrose realized. Of the entire funhouse! If you looked around, you noticed that almost all the people on the boardwalk were paired off into couples except the small children; in a way, that was the whole point of Ocean City! If you had X-ray eyes and could see everything going on at that instant under the boardwalk and in all the hotel-rooms and cars and alleyways, you'd realize that all that normally *showed*, like restaurants and dance-halls and clothing and test-your-strength machines, was merely preparation and intermission. Fat May screamed.

BECAUSE he watched the goings-on from the corner of his eye, it was Ambrose who spied the half-dollar on the boardwalk near the tumbling-barrel. Losers weepers. The first time he'd heard some people moving through a corridor not far away, just after he'd lost sight of the crack of light, he'd decided not to call to them, for fear they'd guess he was scared and poke fun; it sounded like roughnecks; he'd hoped they'd come by and he could follow in the dark without their knowing. Another time he'd heard just one person, unless he imagined it, bumping along as if on the other side of the plywood; perhaps Peter coming back for

him, or Father, or Magda lost too. Or the owner and operator of the funhouse. He'd called out once, as though merrily: "Anybody know where the heck we are?" But the query was too stiff, his voice cracked, when the sounds stopped he was terrified: maybe it was a queer who waited for fellows to get lost, or a longhaired filthy monster that lived in some cranny of the funhouse. He stood rigid for hours it seemed like, scarcely respiring. His future was shockingly clear, in outline. He tried holding his breath to the point of unconsciousness. There ought to be a button you could push to end your life absolutely without pain; disappear in a flick, like turning out a light. He would push it instantly! He despised Uncle Karl. But he despised his father too, for not being what he was supposed to be. Perhaps his father hated *his* father, and so on, and his son would hate him, and so on. Instantly!

Naturally he didn't have nerve enough to ask Magda to go through the funhouse with him. With incredible nerve and to everyone's surprise he invited Magda, quietly and politely, to go through the funhouse with him. "I warn you, I've never been through it before," he added, *laughing easily*; "but I reckon we can manage somehow. The important thing to remember, after all, is that it's meant to be a *funhouse*; that is, a place of amusement. If people really got lost or injured or too badly frightened in it, the owner'd go out of business. There'd even be lawsuits. No character in a work of fiction can make a speech this long without interruption or acknowledgment from the other characters."

Mother teased Uncle Karl: "Three's a crowd, I always heard." But actually Ambrose was relieved that Peter now had a quarter too. Nothing was what it looked like. Every instant, under the surface of the Atlantic Ocean, millions of living animals devoured one another. Pilots were falling in flames over Europe; women were being forcibly raped in the South Pacific. His father should have taken him aside and said: "There is a simple secret to getting through the funhouse, as simple as being first to see the Towers. Here it is. Peter does not know it; neither does your Uncle Karl. You and I are different. Not surprisingly, you've often wished you weren't. Don't think I haven't noticed how unhappy your childhood has been! But you'll understand, when I tell you, why it had to be kept secret until now. And you won't regret not being like your brother and your uncle. *On the contrary.*" If you knew all the stories behind all the people on the boardwalk you'd see that *nothing* was what it looked like. Husbands and wives often hated each other; parents didn't necessarily love their children; et cetera. A child took things for granted because he had nothing to compare his life to,

and everybody acted as if things were as they should be. Therefore each saw himself as the hero of the story, when the truth might turn out to be that he's the villain, or the coward. And there wasn't one thing you could do about it!

Hunchbacks, fat ladies, fools — that no one chose what they were was unbearable. In the movies he'd meet a beautiful young girl in the funhouse; they'd have hairsbreadth escapes from real dangers; he'd do and say the right things; she also; in the end they'd be lovers; their dialogues would match up; he'd be perfectly at ease; she'd not only like him well enough, she'd think he was *marvelous*; she'd lie awake thinking about *him*, instead of vice versa — the way *his* face looked in different lights and how he stood and exactly what he'd said — and yet that would be only one small episode in his wonderful life, among many many others. Not a *turning-point* at all. What had happened in the toolshed was nothing. He hated, he loathed his parents! One reason for not writing a lost-in-the-funhouse story is that either everybody's felt what Ambrose feels, in which case it goes without saying, or else no normal person feels such things, in which case Ambrose is a freak. "Is anything more tiresome, in fiction, than the problems of sensitive adolescents?" And it's all too long and rambling, as if the author. For all a person knows the first time through, the end could be just around any corner; perhaps, *not impossibly* it's been within reach any number of times. On the other hand he may be scarcely past the start, with everything yet to get through, an intolerable idea.

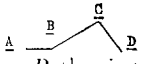
Fill in: His father's raised eyebrows when he announced his decision to do the funhouse with Magda. Ambrose understands now, but didn't then, that his father was wondering whether he knew what the funhouse was *for* — especially since he didn't object, as he should have, when Peter decided to come along too. The ticket-woman, witchlike, mortifying him when inadvertently he gave her his name-coin instead of the half-dollar, then unkindly calling Magda's attention to the birthmark on his temple: "Watch out for him, girly, he's a marked man!" She wasn't even cruel, he understood, only vulgar and insensitive. Somewhere in the world there was a young woman with such splendid understanding that she'd see him entire, like a poem or story, and find his words so valuable after all that when he confessed his apprehensions she would explain why they were in fact the very things that made him precious to her . . . and to Western Civilization! There was no such girl, the simple truth being. Violent yawns as they approached the mouth. Whispered advice from an old-timer on a bench near the barrel: "Go crabwise and ye'll get an eyeful without upsetting!" Composure vanished at the first pitch:

Peter hollered joyously, Magda tumbled, shrieked, clutched her skirt; Ambrose scrambled crabwise, tightlipped with terror, was soon out, watched his dropped name-coin slide among the couples. Shamefaced he saw that to get through expeditiously was not the point; Peter feigned assistance in order to trip Magda up, shouted "I see Christmas!" when her legs went flying. The old man, his latest betrayer, cacked approval. A dim hall then of blackthread cobwebs and recorded gibber: he took Magda's elbow to steady her against revolving discs set in the slanted floor to throw your feet out from under, and explained to her in a calm deep voice his theory that each phase of the funhouse was triggered either automatically, by a series of photoelectric devices, or else manually by operators stationed at peepholes. But he lost his voice thrice as the discs unbalanced him; Magda was anyhow squealing; but at one point she clutched him about the waist to keep from falling, and her right cheek pressed for a moment against his belt-buckle. Heroically he drew her up, it was his chance to clutch her close as if for support and say: "I love you." He even put an arm lightly about the small of her back before a sailor-and-girl pitched into them from behind, sorely treading his left big toe and knocking Magda asprawl with them. The sailor's girl was a string-haired hussy with a loud laugh and light-blue drawers; Ambrose realized that he wouldn't have said "I love you" anyhow, and was smitten with self-contempt. How much better it would be to be that common sailor! A wiry little Seaman 3rd, the fellow squeezed a girl to each side and stumbled hilarious into the mirror-room, closer to Magda in thirty seconds than Ambrose had got in thirteen years. She giggled at something the fellow said to Peter; she drew her hair from her eyes with a movement so womanly it struck Ambrose's heart; Peter's smacking her backside then seemed particularly coarse. But Magda made a pleased indignant face and cried, "All right for *you*, mister!" and pursued Peter into the maze without a backward glance. The sailor followed after, leisurelily, drawing his girl against his hip; Ambrose understood not only that they were all so relieved to be rid of his burdensome company that they didn't even notice his absence, but that he himself shared their relief. Stepping from the treacherous passage at last into the mirror-maze, he saw once again, more clearly than ever, how readily he deceived himself into supposing he was a person. He even foresaw, wincing at his dreadful self-knowledge, that he would repeat the deception, at ever-rarer intervals, all his wretched life, so fearful were the alternatives. Fame, madness, suicide; perhaps all three. It's not believable that so young a boy could articulate that reflection, and in fiction the merely true must always yield to

the plausible. Yet Ambrose M—— understood, as few adults do, that the famous loneliness of the great was no popular myth but a general truth — and moreover, that it was as much cause as effect.

ALL the preceding except the last few sentences is exposition that should've been done earlier or interspersed with the present action instead of lumped together. No reader would put up with so much with such *proximity*. It's interesting that Ambrose's father, though presumably an intelligent man (as indicated by his role as high-school teacher), neither encouraged nor discouraged his children at all in any way — as if he either didn't care about them or cared all right but didn't know how to act. If this fact should contribute to one of his children's becoming a celebrated but wretchedly unhappy scientist, was it a good thing or not? He too might someday face that question; it would be useful to know whether it had tortured his father for years, for example, or never once crossed his mind.

In the mirror-maze two important things happened. First, our hero found a name-coin someone else had lost or discarded: *AMBROSE*, suggestive of the famous lightship and of his father's favorite dessert, which his mother prepared on special occasions out of coconut, oranges, grapes, and what else. Second, as he wondered at the endless replication of his image in the mirrors — second, as he *lost himself in the reflection* that the necessity for an observer makes perfect observation impossible, better make him eighteen at least, yet that would render other things unlikely, he heard Peter and Magda chuckling somewhere in the maze. "Here!" "No, here!" they shouted to each other; Peter said, "Where's Amby?" Magda murmured. "Amb?" Peter called. In a pleased, friendly voice. He didn't reply. The truth was, his brother was a *happy-go-lucky youngster* who'd've been better off with a regular brother of his own, but who seldom complained of his lot and was generally cordial. Ambrose's throat ached; there aren't enough different ways to say that. He stood quietly while the two young people giggled and thumped through the glittering maze, hurrah'd their discovery of its exit, cried out in joyful alarm at what next beset them. Then he set his mouth and followed after, as he supposed, took a wrong turn, strayed into the pass *wherein he lingers yet*.

The action of conventional dramatic narrative may be represented by a diagram called Freitag's Triangle —  — or more accurately by a variant of that diagram —  — in which *AB* represents the exposition, *B* the introduction of

conflict, *BC* the “rising action,” complication, or development of the conflict, *C* the climax or turn of the action, *CD* the *dénouement* or resolution of the conflict.

While there is no reason to regard this pattern as an absolute necessity, like many other conventions it became conventional because great numbers of people over great numbers of years learned by trial and error that it was effective; one ought not to forsake it, therefore, unless one wishes to forsake as well the effect of drama or has clear cause to feel that deliberate violation of the “normal” pattern can better effect that effect. This can’t go on much longer; it can go on forever. He died telling stories to himself in the dark; years later, when that vast unsuspected area of the funhouse came to light, the first expedition found his skeleton in one of its labyrinthine corridors and mistook it for part of the entertainment. He died of starvation telling himself stories in the dark; but unbeknownst unbeknownst to him, an assistant operator of the funhouse, happening to overhear him, crouched just behind the plywood partition and wrote down his every word. The operator’s daughter, an exquisite young woman with a figure unusually well developed for her age, crouched just behind the partition and transcribed his every word. Though she had never laid eyes on him, she recognized that here was one of Western Culture’s truly great imaginations, the eloquence of whose suffering would be an inspiration to unnumbered. And her heart was torn between her love for the unfortunate young man (yes, she loved him, though she had never laid though she knew him only — but how well! — through his words, and the deep, calm voice in which he spoke them) between her love et cetera and her woman’s intuition that only in suffering and isolation could he give voice et cetera. Lone dark dying. Quietly she kissed the rough plywood, and a tear fell upon the page. Where she had written in shorthand *Where she had written in shorthand* Where she had written in shorthand *Where she* et cetera. A long time ago we should have passed the apex of Freitag’s Triangle and made brief work of the *dénouement*; the plot doesn’t rise by meaningful steps but winds upon itself, digresses, retreats, hesitates, sighs, collapses, expires. The climax of the story must be its protagonist’s discovery of a way to get through the funhouse. But he has found none, may have ceased to search.

What relevance does the war have to the story? Should there be fireworks outside or not?

Ambrose wandered, languished, dozed. Now and then he fell into his habit of rehearsing to himself the unadventurous story of his life, narrated from the third-person point of view, from his earliest memory parenthesis of maple-leaves stirring in the summer breath of tidewater Maryland end of

parenthesis to the present moment. Its principal events, on this telling, would appear to have been *A*, *B*, *C*, and *D*.

He imagined himself years hence, successful, married, at ease in the world, the trials of his adolescence far behind him. He has come to the seashore with his family for the holiday: how Ocean City has changed! But at one seldom at one ill-frequented end of the boardwalk a few derelict amusements survive from times gone by: the great carrousel from the turn of the century, with its monstrous griffins and mechanical concert-band; the roller-coaster rumored since 1916 to have been condemned; the mechanical shooting-gallery in which only the image of our enemies changed. His own son laughs with Fat May and wants to know what a funhouse is; Ambrose hugs the sturdy lad close and smiles around his pipestem at his wife.

The family’s going home. Mother sits between Father and Uncle Karl, who teases him good-naturedly who chuckles over the fact that the comrade with whom he’d fought his way shoulder to shoulder through the funhouse had turned out to be a colored boy — to their mutual discomfort, as they’d opened their souls. But such are the walls of custom, which even. Whose arm is where? How must it feel. He dreams of a funhouse vaster by far than any yet constructed; but by then they may be out of fashion, like steamboats and excursion-trains. Already quaint and seedy: the draped ladies on the frieze of the carrousel are his father’s father’s mooncheeked dreams; if he thinks of it more he will vomit his apple-on-a-stick.

He wonders: will he become a regular person? Something has gone wrong; his vaccination didn’t take; at the Boy-Scout initiation campfire he only pretended to be deeply moved, as he pretends to this hour that it is not so bad after all in the funhouse, and that he has a little limp. How long will it last? He envisions a truly astonishing funhouse, incredibly complex yet utterly controlled from a great central switchboard like the console of a pipe-organ. Nobody had enough imagination. He could design such a place himself, wiring and all, and he’s only thirteen years old. He would be its operator: panel-lights would show what was up in every cranny of its cunning of its multifarious vastness; a switch-flick would ease this fellow’s way, complicate that’s, to balance things out; if anyone seemed lost or frightened, all the operator had to do was.

He wishes he had never entered the funhouse. No: he wishes he had never been born. But he was. Then he wishes he were dead. But he’s not. Therefore he will construct funhouses for others and be their secret operator — though he would rather be among the lovers for whom funhouses are designed.

viewpoint

Haiti—Next Mess in the Caribbean?

by Robert Debs Heintz, Jr.

Colonel Heintz is a retired Marine officer who served as chief of the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group in Haiti, and also as commander of the U.S. naval mission there until expelled by President Duvalier in 1963. He has written extensively about Haitian and Caribbean affairs, and has lectured at Yale, Brown, the Naval War College, and the Foreign Service Institute.

For a few hours last summer the State Department feared it had been overtaken by a contingency the United States has sidestepped for four years. Early on July 21 word reached Washington that François Duvalier, Haiti's malodorous dictator, had been assassinated. The hearty tone in which State later denied the report was an indication that few Caribbean developments would be less welcome to Foggy Bottom's harassed desk officers than the fall of the hemisphere's most savage and detested dictator.

There was good reason for the consternation that followed the false report of Papa Doc's death. For when he finally does depart, Haiti will be yet another scene of major crisis in the Caribbean. Moreover, will be a crisis long imminent, which neither we nor the OAS

has made anything like intelligent preparation. The July assassination report didn't happen to be true, but few who know Haiti or its self-proclaimed President-for-Life would predict with assurance that he will be alive two years from now.

What will happen when Duvalier falls, who his successors might be, and what troubles lie ahead for Haiti, the United States, and the OAS are hard questions. They are worth examining now because we will be forced to examine them before long.

Visit Friendly, Colorful, Sunny Haiti! exclaims the Haitian government tourist bureau's ad in the *New York Times*. Haiti is sunny: despite severe hurricanes it has one of the finest tropical climates in the world. There the ad's resemblance to reality ceases. After ten years of Duvalier, weather is Haiti's only remaining asset. Otherwise, the country is mired in apathy and despair.

The depth of Haitian apathy showed during recent elections for deputies in Duvalier's ragamuffin legislature. As usual, the government was paying each voter who appeared; nonetheless Port-au-Prince (population 300,000) produced less than 3000 ballots (each thoughtfully prestamped "Duvalier — Oui").

The measure of Haiti's ruin is that it is the only country in this hemisphere and one of very few in the world whose gross national product during the past (the Duvalier) decade has not merely stagnated but declined. A longer-term economic indicator is that in 1788, as a French colony, Haiti's exports were \$44 million. In 1964 they were \$31 million. In 1946 Haiti's national debt was \$4 million; today the debt is

\$52.1 million. During the two decades of this enormous debt growth the United States gave Haiti some \$100 million in aid, \$40 million after Duvalier took over. Now, with the country flat broke, there is nothing to show for either aid or debt save enriched politicians.

Haiti is numb, exploited, and brutalized. The International Commission of Jurists reported in September, "The rule of law in Haiti has been replaced by a reign of terror." Its ambassador to the OAS rarely bothers to attend meetings, while Duvalier's failure to appear at the Punta del Este Presidents' Conference reflected not only the well-founded fear of assassination which holds him at bay in his capital but also the alienation of Haiti from Latin America. This alienation has deepened since Duvalier's recent denunciation of the right of asylum, one of Latin America's most cherished institutions.

But terror, destitution, spoliation, and disrepute have been Duvalier's constant companions, in fact his accomplices. Why is he in special trouble today?

Executions at midnight

Near midnight last June 8, a messenger aroused Gérard Constant, the Haitian Armed Forces Chief of Staff, from heavy slumber. With eighteen other senior officers, including the President's son-in-law, Colonel Max Dominique, the general was summoned to the National Palace. Characteristically, the dictator let them wait two hours. Then, in the noon of night, with a phalanx of *tonton macoutes* brandishing sub-

machine guns, Duvalier appeared. Without explanation the officers were herded into a large truck, which under escort jolted toward the political prison, Fort Dimanche.

When the convoy halted beside the butts of a nearby rifle range, the officers realized why they were there. Bound to nineteen stakes stood nineteen brother officers, every one an intimate of Colonel Dominique's. Ringed by peasant militia, the officers of the general staff were handed nineteen rifles, each with one round in the chamber, then formed into a firing squad under the headlights. On Duvalier's command, each man raised his rifle, leveled it at the figure in front of him, and on the President's word, a volley stuttered in the night.

Dominique, the victim of a family feud, had repeatedly killed and beaten at Duvalier's behest, and so, for the past ten years, had most of the henchmen who were executed that night in June. In a regime which survives by terror it will not be easy to find nineteen new men with the cruelty, callousness, nerve, and experience of Dominique's cronies. And Dominique himself has since been exiled to Europe — another man to replace.

Still others who will require replacement are former Ministers of Justice and Interior, Rameau Estimé and Jean Julmé, devoted *tonton macoutes* who now share space in the cells of Fort Dimanche with Clémart Joseph Charles, once Duvalier's bagman and president of the Banque de Commerce. Among the two hundred Haitians in asylum who jam the Latin-American embassies of Port-au-Prince is another onetime pillar of the regime, Jean Tassy, the ex-police chief, who thoughtfully took with him not only twenty relatives but also a complete set of secret police dossiers and Duvalier's execution records.

Besides having domestic difficulties the President-à-Vie faces trouble abroad. Three Haitian ambassadors have defected since June, and others are known to be wavering. Citing Duvalier's violations of human rights, Ecuador severed relations with Haiti in August, while Uruguay and Venezuela have expressed open concern.

Duvalier's basic problem is money, not least of all because he needs it to keep his terrorist organization well paid. But destitute Haiti has been picked bare. Therefore, as always when he has money problems, Papa Doc thinks of the United States.

Although he proclaims himself the sole barrier against Communism in Haiti, Duvalier as a matter of practice keeps overt Communists in key cabinet portfolios (Information, Agriculture, and Finance are or have been jobs held by Communists). He never interferes with the local Communists; he maintains backstage liaison with Fidel Castro. Duvalier has orchestrated these resources so as to scare Washington with manifestations of leftist agitation when his regime needs refinancing.

Six O'Clock Mass

Duvalier's most harassing problem originates not in Haiti but in New York. There, at 6 A.M. daily, as dawn hits the Caribbean, a young Haitian, Ray Joseph, sips strong coffee in the Madison Avenue studio of Station WRUL and broadcasts highly informed Haitian news briefs interspersed with sharp jabs at Duvalier.

Raymond Joseph is the voice and intellectual sparkplug of the Coalition Haitienne, a moderate centrist group which has finally unified Duvalier's long-splintered opposition. The Coalition (which State Department officials privately assess as realistic and reasonable) eschews filibustering and violence: not for them the Florida Keys fiasco of 1966, when, with CBS reporters poised by arrangement in the wings, Haitian exiles and Cuban gunrunners were restrained by federal agents from invading Haiti.

The Coalition's sell may be soft, but it is a sell. No Haitian with a transistor misses "Six O'Clock Mass." Broadcast in Creole, Haiti's racy *lingua franca*, the morning "mass" is a hair shirt to Duvalier. The Voice of America does not broadcast in Creole. WRUL thus provides the only competition for Radio Havana's two hours a day in that tongue. Using U.S. government export-licensed equipment, Duvalier

jams WRUL when he can, but never Radio Havana.

René De Pestre, the Haitian Communist of Radio Havana, has a favorite theme. The Coalition, he says, is a party of the past. True, much of its money comes from Paul Magloire, the charismatic ex-President of the 1950s; and a leading figure is Luc Fouché, Haiti's dignified former ambassador to the UN. But with Ray Joseph representing the new generation, the Coalition's look, not only in its broadcasts but in *Combattant*, its hard-hitting news-sheet, is anything but backward.

For Duvalier, the Coalition's most damaging effect is that it refutes apologists who say there is no alternative to Duvalier, or that any successor would be about as bad. For this reason Duvalier often voices hope to ex-Trujillo torpedoes now in his employ that Ray Joseph might somehow "disappear," as did anti-Trujillo exiles in the days of El Benefactor.

"Solidarity"

When news of the Kennedy assassination reached Port-au-Prince, one official who was present says François Duvalier called for champagne. November 22 is a significant date in voodoo numerology, and Duvalier had cast a *ouanga à mort* ("death curse") on the President in May of 1963. To this day he boasts that he killed Kennedy.

What evoked Duvalier's *ouanga à mort* was steady Kennedy pressure against the Haitian dictator and a continuing U.S. search for a non-Communist alternative. These pressures relaxed shortly after Kennedy was assassinated.

Within weeks, an American ambassador was back in Port-au-Prince with instructions to be friends with Duvalier, superseding the chargé d'affaires who had been our caretaker for many months. Shortly afterward, the State Department commenced encouraging U.S. tourism to Haiti, blessed a \$2.6 million Inter-American Bank loan to Duvalier for "waterworks repair," approved a \$4 million AID guarantee to give Duvalier a petroleum refinery (a deal which eventually

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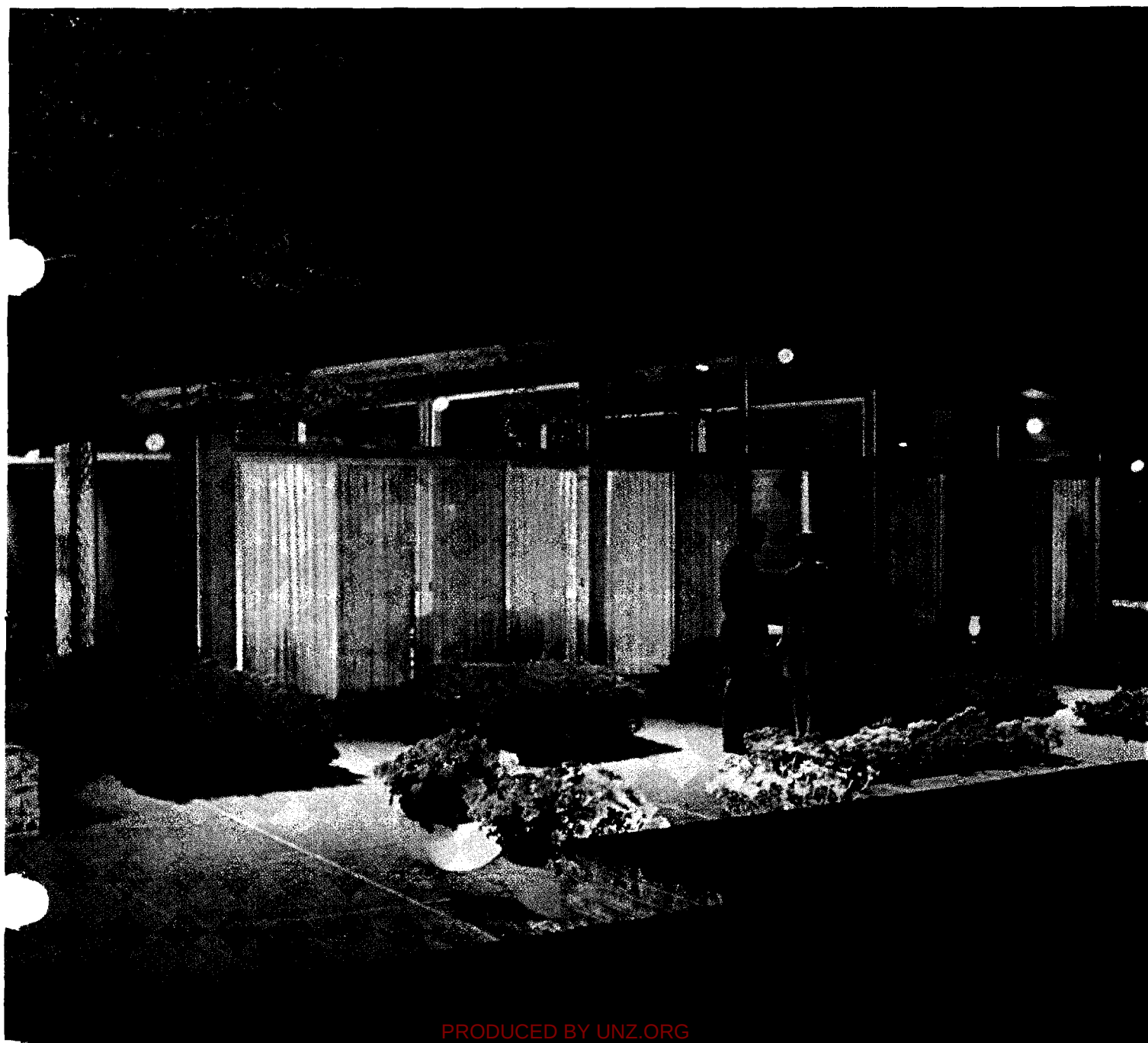
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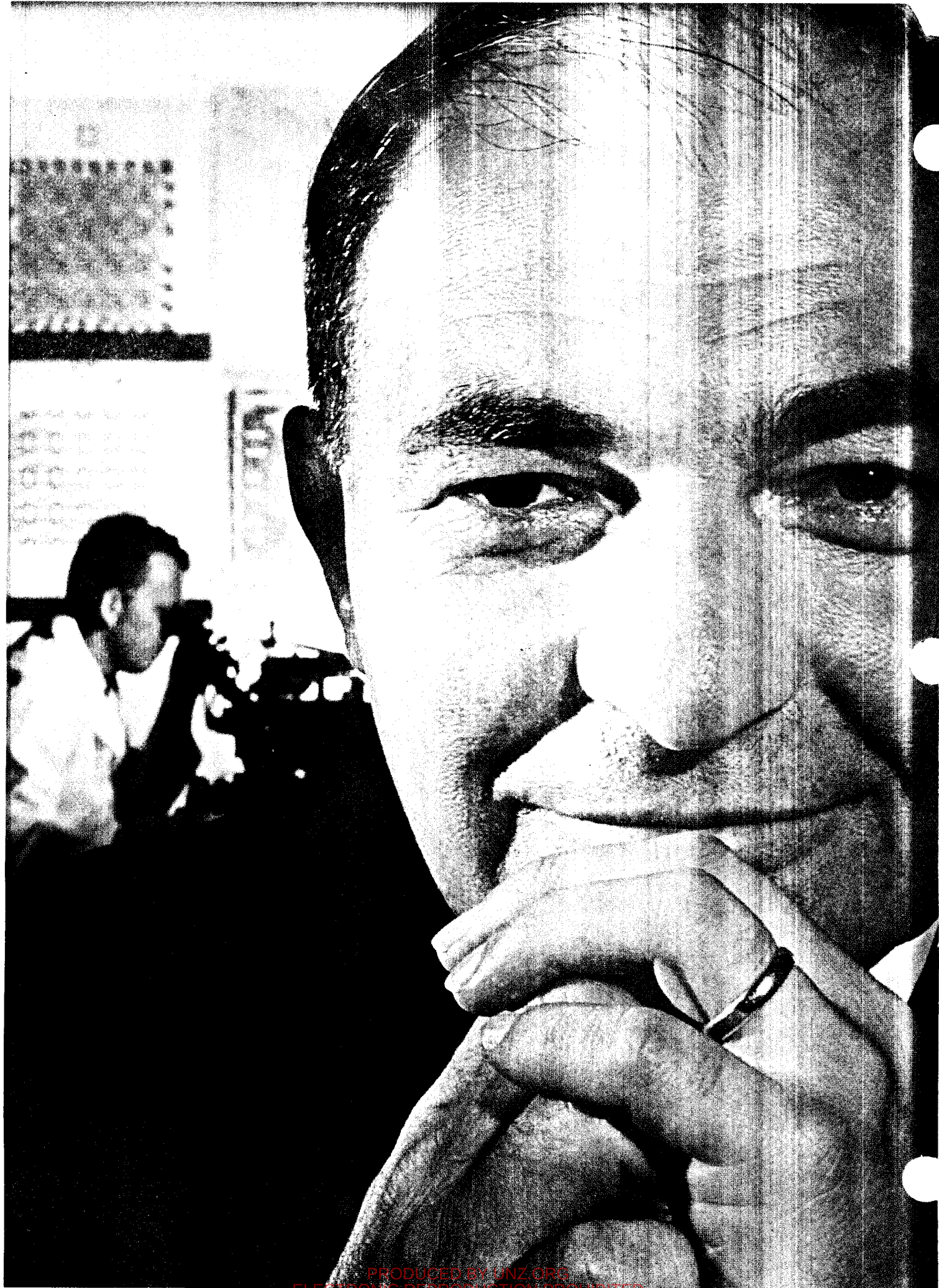
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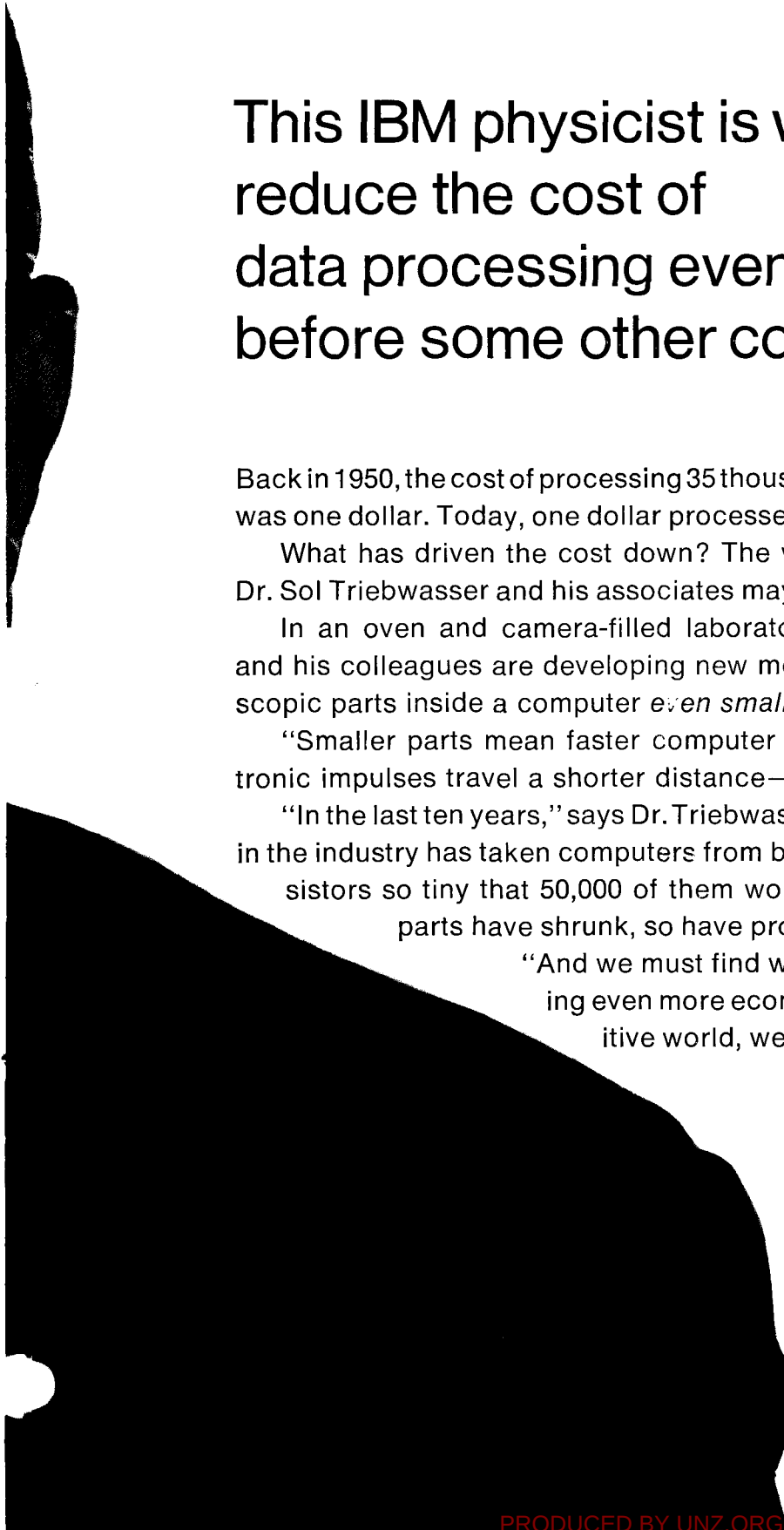
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...iled owing to the regime's corrupt efficiency). When Washington again received a Haitian ambassador, in early 1964, President Johnson welcomed him with a White House announcement that the United States "looks forward to close cooperation and solidarity with the government of Haiti."

Duvalier's American lobbyist, I. Irving Davidson, is credited with some but not all of Duvalier's abrupt change of fortune. Mr. Davidson's clientele has included the Nicaraguan Somozas, Sukarno (until recently), and Middle East armaments interests, but more to the present point, he is also Washington man for the Texas Murchisons, who have a monopoly in flour milling in Haiti.

Less committed than Davidson and the Murchisons, other U.S. investors in Haiti — Reynolds Metals, Haitian-American Development Corporation, and the Haitian-American Sugar Company (which bailed Duvalier out of at least one dire crisis) — nevertheless feel they can get along with Duvalier and don't want to rock the boat.

State (not much of a place for boat-rocking either) feels, with justification, that we have enough crises around the world without one more in Haiti. Every desk officer remembers the uproar when we had to intervene in Santo Domingo; the hope today on the Haitian desk, headed by a desk officer who has never served in Haiti, is that the same thing won't happen on his watch.

This feeling works past a policy of inertia into one of propping up Duvalier (as we did Trujillo) to postpone the evil day. Behind the facade of CARE, we have resumed aid to Haiti, and on the Duvalier terms that Kennedy refused to swallow. State insists that this program is for only \$165,000, but a CARE official told me that they expected it to build up to \$750,000. From another source — the Inter-American Development Bank — a \$1.3 million loan (equal to 7 percent of Duvalier's exiguous budget) was

in Haiti last year, interest-free for five years, a term which most observers feel appreciably exceeds Duvalier's life expectancy.

This grant came from the Bank's Special Fund, five sixths of whose capital we provide.

This past August, with U.S. acquiescence, the International Monetary Fund allowed Duvalier, though he was already deeply in IMF's debt, to "withdraw" \$1.5 million. This transaction (which an IMF official described to me as "very special") amounts to an emergency loan at one quarter of one percent interest for a five-year maturity — in short, a virtual gift to Duvalier.

In such fashion, at every financial crisis since 1964, the United States, working through public, private, and international sectors, has helped to ward off the disasters Duvalier so surely courts.

Facing up to the unthinkable

Haiti is small. American interests there weighed against our great problems are small. But if we value our position in Haiti at all, our interests demand something less shopworn than today's complacent policies, so typical of State at its do-nothing worst. For the present, several steps, well short of intervention, would help Haiti, hurt Duvalier, restore us in Haitian good opinion, and serve national interest.

We should adopt a conspicuously cool attitude toward the Duvalier regime, discourage tourism (a prime dollar-earner), halt loans and financial support, and again bring home our ambassador and relegate Port-au-Prince to a chargé. CARE's camouflaged AID program should be cancelled. USIA, cataleptic as State where Haitian matters are concerned, and for the same reasons, should be stimulated to compete effectively with Radio Havana for Creole listeners. The Coalition Haitienne should be quietly supported and groomed for succession, and a small U.S. task force, civil and military, of people who really know Haiti (few enough) should be formed for meaningful preparation for the problems and grief that lie ahead.

After Duvalier's fall, which, like it or not, may well demand military intervention, we and the OAS must

be ready to tackle Haiti's abiding problems. Ironically, the military phase is all the United States is ready for. Yet a provisional government will have to be established, elections organized, and forces of public order rebuilt very quickly to disarm the secret police and *tonton macoutes* and prevent the peasant militia from degenerating into guerrillas in the mountains. The economy will need restarting, chaotic finances will require reorganization. Defunct public services will have to be re-created. These enormous problems will be as susceptible to the short-term AID and Alliance for Progress programs which State now contemplates after Duvalier's fall as cancer is to aspirin.

To cope realistically with the post-Duvalier chaos, American policy ought above all to engage the rest of the hemisphere. Haiti could accept guidance and tutelage of a collective character which, however much it will need them, would be intolerable from a single power. A discriminating, preferably multilateral, aid program, not so big as to engorge the country, should be aimed at building tourism, re-establishing infrastructure (roads, small airfields, harbors) and coastal trade, developing rich potential fisheries, and salvaging the Artibonite Valley project which could still become Haiti's TVA. A small but knowledgeable military mission will be immediately essential to revive the once efficient Garde d'Haiti and enable it to control and disarm Duvalier's militia.

The cost to the United States of supporting Duvalier now and of drifting toward an inevitable Haitian crisis is alienation of any successor regime. They will accept U.S. aid afterward — they will have no choice — but Haitian memories are long, and they will also remember who for years supported the most flagitious regime in their country's history — and for the wounding reason that Haiti, in the U.S. and OAS view, just really wasn't worth a crisis.

The very thought of Haiti and its problems, let alone of another Caribbean intervention, is apparently so unthinkable today that nobody can bear thinking about it.

Twenty Letters to a Father

by
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.



When Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., visited Moscow last summer, he found the Russians agitated and upset over the impending publication of Svetlana Alliluyeva's memoirs. They wanted publication postponed until after this month's observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Failing that, they tried to blunt the event by leaking in advance a bowdlerized version of the much-awaited book by Joseph Stalin's daughter. Mr. Schlesinger, chronicler of the Ages of Jackson and Roosevelt, and of the Kennedy Administration, here illuminates the historical values of Mrs. Alliluyeva's book written before her flight from the Soviet Union and before she composed the remarkable document TO BORIS LEONIDOVICH PASTERNAK, first published in the June ATLANTIC.

HISTORY, in the end, becomes a form of irony; and little could be more ironical on the eve of the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution than the publication of an indictment of Communism by the daughter of Joseph Stalin. At first, indictment may not seem the right word for this apparently gentle book. Svetlana Alliluyeva's *Twenty Letters to a Friend* is on the surface a romantic memoir, saturated with a wistful lyricism and by no means always clear or unambiguous in its testimony. But its nostalgia masks a clarity and even savagery of memory and judgment — a daughter's wounded judgment of a father, of an epoch, and of great hopes betrayed. "I believe," she writes in an author's note, "that I am, in a way, bearing

U. P. I. photo.

witness." No one else saw the terrible history of Stalinism through a perspective at once so privileged and so confined; and the witness she bears, in the very narrowness and intensity of its observation, adds vastly to our understanding of the comedy and tragedy of absolute power.

Alliluyeva tells us that she wrote this book between July 16 and August 20, 1963, in the village of Zhukova outside Moscow. The letter form, informal and discursive, evidently provided the ideal means of releasing the flood of unbearable recollection so long dammed up in the depths of her consciousness. Clearly the writing became a therapeutic exercise, a coming to terms at last with experiences whose significance and enormity had been too great for the young Svetlana to grasp. "Now that I've managed to shed the intolerable burden that was pressing on me," she writes toward the end, "I feel as though I'd been scaling the cliffs up a mountainside and that at last I've reached the top. . . . The rivers are sparkling in the valleys, and the sun is shining over everything. I thank you, my friend."

And the friend? It was he who urged her to write the letters and who provided the initial audience; "it did not occur to me at the time that the book I was writing might be published." Alliluyeva has subsequently described the friend to the *New York Times* as a "scientist," belonging "also to the world of literature," whom she could not name because "he might have troubles." But, whomever she thought she was writing to, one cannot resist the impression that in some sense these letters are addressed to the father whom she regards with so much love and horror.

The text shows signs of emotion and haste in composition. It is, for example, excessively repe-

titious; nearly every point is made two or three times. There are occasional factual discrepancies. Thus she writes twice that she made her first visit to Leningrad in 1955, but then says elsewhere that her mother took her there in 1926. The point is trivial, since she was six months old at the time of this first visit and obviously remembered nothing of it, but it indicates a certain looseness in brushwork. So again, though most authorities say she was born in 1925, she gives her birth date as February, 1926.

It would be a mistake, though, to suppose that the letters represent only an unorganized and chaotic flow of consciousness. These memories had evidently taken shape within her over the long years and by 1963 had assumed sharp dramatic form. The apparent artlessness of the narrative is accompanied by considerable skill in the ordering and presentation of her materials. Throughout she introduces her characters with a marked sense of literary, almost novelistic, effect. Her mother, for example, receives much tantalizing mention in earlier letters but is not fully portrayed until Letter 8; and her nurse Alexandra Bychkov, perhaps the person closest to her in these years, does not really emerge until the last letter.

IS IT the nature of Alliluyeva's literary education or the nature of Russian life itself that makes so much of this book echo with the sounds of classic Russian writers? The first letter, with its superb and appalling account of her father's death, could almost be a scene from Dostoevsky. The sketches of her mother's family, especially the story of Aunt Anna (Letter 5), have a distinct Chekhovian ring. The play of coincidence in her recollections equals Russian folklore, or *Dr. Zhivago*. Thus her father (she has heard) rescued her mother from drowning when she was two years old and then, meeting her again fifteen years later, married her. Things seem generally to happen to Alliluyeva "ten years to the day since my mother's death," or "ten years to the day since my father had come into my room in a rage and struck me across the face," or (her last meeting with her father) on "November 9, 1952, the twentieth anniversary of my mother's death."

Above all she evokes nature as a backdrop to emotion with the deplorable facility of a minor Russian romantic novelist: the evening sun lights the grass and the woods with gold, the white birches shimmer, the air is thick with the sweet, heady smell of grass and the fragrance of wild blackberries, "the freshly washed earth was so lovely that I wanted to gasp for joy." Again how ironic that the survival of the "Russian soul"

through the ordeal of Stalinism should be so vividly demonstrated by the daughter of Stalin! Her prose is filled with images of decay and renewal, of death and rebirth.

The ultimate contrast in these letters is between light and shade — on the one hand, "that place of sunshine I call my childhood," those "cloudless days . . . sunny and gay"; and on the other, the shadowed years after her mother's death, the "dark empty house where my father spent the last twenty years of his life," the season of somberness and destruction. "It was as though," she concludes, "my father was at the center of a black circle and anyone who ventured inside vanished or perished."

This is, so to speak, the broad lighting effect. Yet in detail her mother's era does not seem to have been all that idyllic for Svetlana, nor her father's all that gloomy. She remembers her mother as aloof, preoccupied, even cold: "I cannot recall her kissing or caressing me ever. She was afraid of spoiling me because my father petted and spoiled me enough as it was. . . . I saw my mother so rarely." As for her father, though she loved him less, she remembers him as "always carrying me in his arms, giving me loud, moist kisses and calling me pet names like 'little sparrow' and 'little fly.'" Svetlana had no idea at the time that she owed "our whole happy childhood" to her mother; "we only realized it later, when she was no longer there."

Why this conflict between the broad effect and the detail, between memory and experience? The clue lies, I think, in her remark to the *New York Times* that "our family was the battlefield of the struggle" — the struggle in the aftermath of the Revolution between idealism and power, ends and means, good and evil. The light-and-shade imagery evidently results not from her contemporaneous feelings as an oblivious child but from her later attempt to assess the meaning of the mysterious drama which pervaded her childhood.

Her mother's family, the Alliluyevs, were a Russian family of the sort made familiar to us by Chekhov — "all sensitive and high-strung," Svetlana writes, "quivering with sensibility . . . too thin-skinned, sensitive and generous to come through this fearful life unscathed." Her mother was above all a revolutionary idealist of the 1917 generation, married at seventeen to a hardened revolutionary operative more than twice her age. The marriage itself symbolized the battle for the soul of the Revolution.

Other sources suggest that Nadya Alliluyeva was pregnant in 1919 and the marriage not altogether voluntary. In any case, Stalin could not have been an easy husband. Less than four years after the marriage, Lenin, dictating his famous testament,

called him “too crude” and proposed his removal as secretary-general of the Party. Crude he unquestionably was. Yakov, his son by his first marriage, despairing over his relationship with his father, attempted suicide but succeeded only in wounding himself. “My father,” Svetlana reports, “made fun of him and liked to sneer, ‘Ha! he couldn’t even shoot straight!’”

Nadya, according to the daughter, retained a “holy faith” in the ideals of the Revolution. Stalin “had once seemed to her the highest embodiment of the revolutionary New Man.” But in time she could no longer evade the knowledge that he was steering the Revolution along dangerous paths. “She suffered the most terrible, devastating disillusionment.” There is independent testimony (Alexander Orlov, Alexander Barmine, Victor Serge, Victor Kravchenko) that Nadya was appalled by the violence, repression, and famine which came in the wake of the forced collectivization of the countryside. The husband grew more unresponsive and irascible. The wife became silent, melancholy, old before her time.

In November, 1932, the Communist grandees gathered for a banquet to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the Revolution. Stalin loudly insisted that Nadya take a drink. Nadya, who never drank herself and was frightened by the effect of alcohol on her husband, refused. As he pressed her, she rose from her seat, ran from the room, and returning to her apartment in the Kremlin, shot herself. She left behind a letter for her husband, “a terrible letter,” Svetlana says, “full of reproaches and accusations. It wasn’t purely personal; it was partly political as well.”

THIS, at any rate, was the story told Svetlana by her mother’s relatives and her nurse when, ten years later, she came upon a casual reference to Nadya’s suicide in the pages of an English or American magazine. In 1932 the story had been put out that her mother had died of acute appendicitis; it had never occurred to the young daughter to doubt this. The question of Nadya’s death cannot, however, be considered completely solved. Elizabeth Lermolo served in a forced-labor camp with a woman named Natalia Trushina, a member of the Stalin household; and Trushina’s testimony, as reported in Lermolo’s *Face of a Victim*, is that Stalin himself came back to the Kremlin, upbraided his wife, and finally shot her. The weight of evidence favors the suicide theory, but the other cannot be absolutely dismissed. Conceivably Stalin did return and the last bitter quarrel drove Nadya to shoot herself.

Whatever happened, Svetlana’s life underwent little outward change. “For ten years after my

mother died, my father was a good father to me.” She saw him practically every day in the winter and accompanied him to Sochi in the summer. But there were subtle alterations in the atmosphere, perhaps perceived more vividly in retrospect than at the time. As the state took over her father’s various households, things became impersonal, institutional, even a little menacing. The increasing anxiety and depression in her mother’s family troubled her. She was dimly aware (very dimly: she was only eleven in 1937) of a larger malaise in Soviet society when her mother’s relatives and parents of school friends began inexplicably to disappear. Despite the external continuities of life, “inwardly things had changed catastrophically. Something had snapped inside my father.”

In Svetlana’s backward look, her mother’s suicide pushed her father over the brink into paranoia. Unquestionably she makes the process too clear-cut. In the early autumn of 1932 Stalin was already experimenting with the techniques which would mark his tyranny later in the decade. Riutin, his chief of propaganda, had circulated a memorandum calling for his removal by the Central Committee. Though the procedure suggested was entirely constitutional, Stalin had Riutin and his group arrested, claimed they wanted to murder him, and called for their execution. He had not before sought the death penalty for opponents within the Party. Already in his world dissent was becoming treason, political criticism a personal assault. The Central Committee, led by Kirov, rejected Stalin’s demand. A month after this defeat, Nadya killed herself. This accelerated, but did not initiate, the descent into madness.

It was, Svetlana writes, “a dreadful crushing blow, and it destroyed his faith in his friends and people in general. . . . He viewed her death as a betrayal and a stab in the back.” In his last years, Stalin returned again and again in conversation to his wife’s suicide, talking incessantly to his daughter about it, “nearly driving me out of my mind.” Sometimes he would curse the “vile book” Nadya had been reading shortly before her death — of all things, Michael Arlen’s *The Green Hat* (which concludes, of course, with the suicide of Iris March). More often he tried to pursue through the labyrinthine ways of his own mind the answer to the question, who put her up to it? He obviously held Nadya’s family accountable, and before he was through, he sent half its members to Siberia. And if his enemies had penetrated into his very household, how powerful they must be in the country at large!

Paranoia is an elusive illness. “The most striking characteristic of symptom-formation in paranoia,” Freud has written, “is the process which deserves the name of *projection*. An internal perception is sup-

pressed, and, instead, its content, after undergoing a certain degree of distortion, enters consciousness in the form of an external perception." Paranoiacs betray themselves by the tendency to attribute their own unconscious designs to others and to see the world as a conspiracy against themselves. They do not always betray themselves by obviously neurotic or deranged behavior. They can be capable of the utmost reasonableness and lucidity. So during the Second World War Stalin impressed Churchill, Roosevelt, Beaverbrook, Hopkins, and all the English and Americans who encountered him as a man of immense sense and capacity.

Yet the paranoia remained. In the "secret speech" of 1956, Khrushchev said of Stalin in the thirties, "Everywhere and in everything he saw 'enemies,' 'double-dealers' and 'spies.'" His daughter's language is almost identical: "He saw enemies everywhere. It had reached the point of being pathological, of persecution mania." Moreover,

once he had cast out of his heart someone he had known for a long time, once he had mentally relegated that someone to the ranks of his enemies, it was impossible to talk to him about that person. . . . Any effort to persuade him . . . made him furious. . . . All [that] accomplished was loss of access to my father and total forfeiture of his trust. . . . He was in the grip of an iron logic whereby once you said A, then B and C have to follow. Once he accepted the premise that X was his enemy, the premise became axiomatic, and no matter what the facts might be, they had to be made to fit. My father was unable ever to go back psychologically to believing that X wasn't an enemy but an honest man after all. At this point — and this was where his cruel, implacable nature showed itself — the past ceased to exist for him. Years of friendship and fighting side by side in a common cause might as well never have been.

This is a hard judgment for any daughter to make of any father, and Alliluyeva may be forgiven for not resting comfortably in it. Suddenly one finds a cry of anguish: did her mother's death, she asks, "simply leave my father free to do what he would have done in any case? . . . Could she have halted the terrible process had she lived?" With courage, the daughter answers her own question: "I doubt it." If this were so, "didn't she fire her shot then out of a logic that was profoundly inevitable?"

STILL, without exonerating her father, she cannot bring herself to hold him exclusively responsible for the corruption of the Revolution. An understandable filial ambivalence runs through her handling of this problem. She is often protective of her father: at one time she writes that his persecution mania "was all a result of being lonely and desolate." (In

a sentence cut from the American edition, she even says that her father never killed anything but hares and hawks, and these not often.) In what historians will find the most novel and problematic part of her book, she offers up L. P. Beria as Stalin's evil genius. Her thesis is that Beria played upon her father's paranoia, fed it, manipulated it for his own purposes, until Stalin ended as the prisoner of the system of terror which he himself had created.

Beria, it will be recalled, was, like Stalin, a Georgian. He rose through the state security services, and by 1930 he was running the OGPU in Transcaucasia. He progressed from this to the secretary-generalship of the Caucasian Party, in which capacity he wrote a sycophantic book about Stalin's role in the Communist Party in the Caucasus. In 1938 he came to Moscow and soon became head of the secret police.

He appears in *Twenty Letters* as the villain in a Russian fairy tale — "utterly degenerate," "this monster," "the embodiment of Oriental perfidy, flattery, and hypocrisy." Her mother, Svetlana says, saw through him from the start and forbade him the house as early as 1929. "Everyone close to us hated him. . . . Everyone in the family loathed him." Whispering slyly to Stalin, his pince-nez gleaming in a corner, "with typical cunning Beria played on my father's bitterness and sense of loss" after Nadya's death. By 1937 or 1938 he had planted his cousin in Stalin's entourage as house-keeper and his "personal spy." "My father," Svetlana writes, "was astonishingly helpless before Beria's machinations. All Beria had to do was to bring him the record of the interrogation in which X 'confessed,' or others 'confessed' for him or, worse yet, X refused to 'confess.'" After he came to Moscow,

he saw my father every day. His influence on my father grew and never ceased until the day of my father's death. I speak advisedly of this influence on my father and not the other way around. Beria was more treacherous, more practiced in perfidy and cunning, more insolent and single-minded, than my father. In a word, he was a stronger character. . . .

In a good many things Beria and my father were guilty together. I am not trying to shift the blame from one to the other. At some point, unfortunately, they became spiritually inseparable. The spell cast by this terrifying evil genius on my father was extremely powerful, and it never failed to work.

So Beria and his associates cut off Stalin from his old friends, stimulated his pathological suspicions, pushed him in one direction or another as they wished, until "all powerful as he was, he was impotent in the face of the frightful system that had grown up around him like a huge honeycomb, and he was helpless either to destroy it or bring it under control."

We simply do not have enough knowledge at this point to know whether Alliluyeva's thesis about Beria is correct. But there is reason to suspect that filial piety leads her to see his relationship to her father with exaggerated intensity. Thus the next event, after Nadya's death, in propelling Stalin toward the madness of the purges was the murder of Kirov in December, 1934. Kirov was emerging more clearly than ever, according to the testimony of Bukharin, as the champion "of the abolition of the terror, both in general and inside the party." His assassination gave Stalin a pretext for renewing and extending the terror; and Khrushchev later said in the "secret speech" of 1956 that Kirov's murderer had been "assisted by someone from among the people whose duty it was to protect the person of Kirov." The Soviet security services seem definitely to have been involved. Some have supposed that Stalin himself arranged for the disposal of a potential rival.

Alliluyeva denies this. She describes her father as "shattered . . . by the death of both my mother and Kirov. . . . I'll never believe my father was involved in this particular death. . . . Kirov was close to my father and my father needed him. I remember when we got the awful news that Kirov was dead, and how shaken everybody was." To the daughter it seemed "more logical to link his killing with the name of Beria rather than with my father." Perhaps; but in December, 1934, Beria was only secretary-general of the Communist Party in Transcaucasia. The case against Stalin is stronger, and against the secret police strongest of all; it is conceivable that Yagoda, then head of the NKVD, seeing Kirov as the main threat to the power of the police, took matters into his own hands and assumed Stalin's tacit consent. Beria had NKVD connections, but he did not become head of the secret police for another four years.

Moreover, it is far from clear that Beria's spell "never failed to work" or that his influence "never ceased until the day of my father's death." Again no one can know with certitude; but there is some suggestion that Beria fell into a certain disfavor in Stalin's last years. In November, 1952, he was dropped from fourth to sixth in the Politburo's order of precedence. In his "secret speech" Khrushchev tried to make Beria (who himself had been killed by his colleagues after Stalin's death) a secondary scapegoat; but even he blamed only one of the three great post-war scandals—the Leningrad affair of 1949—on Beria. He did not try to implicate Beria personally in either the Mingrelian conspiracy of 1951–1952 or the doctors' plot of 1953. Boris Nicolaievsky has argued that the Mingrelian purge weakened Beria's position; and the doctors' plot, with its implied criticism of the efficiency of the secret police, might well, if fol-

lowed up, have eventually involved Beria himself. (A month after Stalin's death, when Beria was Minister of the Interior, a number of both the Mingrelian "conspirators" and the doctors were rehabilitated.)

Some alleged eyewitness accounts of Stalin's last hours have Beria shouting jubilantly, "The tyrant is dead, dead, dead!" "If Stalin was murdered," Robert Payne has written, "the most likely candidate for murderer was Beria." No doubt Alliluyeva is right in suggesting that on occasion the servant exploited the master. But Stalin remained the master, and Beria the servant.

ALLILUYEVA's own relations with her father underwent a basic change in the winter of 1942–1943 as she approached her seventeenth birthday. Several things contributed to this. One was her appalled discovery that her mother had committed suicide. Another was her father's callous treatment of her half brother's wife, who was arrested after her husband was captured by the Germans, and of her full brother, Vassily, whom he humiliated, browbeat, and left an alcoholic. Still another was Stalin's brutal intervention when he learned that Svetlana was emotionally involved with Alexei Kapler, a Jewish film writer. Stalin, furious, had Kapler arrested as a British spy and sent off to Siberia. It was then that he slapped his daughter twice across the face. Thereafter they did not speak for months. "I was never again the beloved daughter I had once been."

Stalin lived on for ten more years. It was an increasingly solitary, morbid, and claustrophobic existence. He never once saw, for example, five of his eight grandchildren. He was so little aware of the change in the value of the ruble that when he occasionally gave Svetlana a few notes, "he thought he was giving me a million." He regarded public applause with increasing cynicism. At the Bolshoi Theater on his seventieth birthday, Svetlana could see his face twitching with annoyance. "They open their mouths and yell like fools," he would say in tones of angry contempt. He had his various *dachas* built and rebuilt, but none satisfied him. In the end, he lived in a single room and made it do for everything—working, eating, sleeping.

Svetlana went through two marriages and divorces (Stalin refused to meet her first husband, another Jew), pursued an independent life as a student, began to move in the literary circles of Moscow. Once in a long while she brought her children on a visit to their grandfather. She had not seen Stalin for four months when, on March 2, 1953, she was called out of French class at the Academy to receive a message that Malenkov

wanted her to come immediately to her father's *dacha* at Kuntsevo.

Her account of the next three days has almost a mythological quality, in the sense not of being false but of being fantastic on a grand scale. "There was only one person who was behaving in a way that was very nearly obscene," she remembers.

That was Beria. He was extremely agitated. His face repulsive enough at the best of times, was now twisted by his passions, by ambition, cruelty, cunning and a lust for power and more power still.

Meanwhile her father lay unconscious. Several times he opened his eyes, but his gaze was clouded, and no one knew whether he recognized anyone. Then he began to hemorrhage; his breathing became shorter; his face grew dark; his lips turned black; "the last hours were nothing but a slow strangulation." At what seemed the final moment, he suddenly opened his eyes and cast a glance over the room.

It was a terrible glance, insane or perhaps angry and full of the fear of death. . . . The glance swept over everyone in a second. Then something incomprehensible and awesome happened that to this day I can't forget and don't understand. He suddenly lifted his left hand as though he were pointing to something above and bringing down a curse on us all. The gesture was incomprehensible and full of menace, and no one could say to whom or at what it might be directed. The next moment, after a final effort, the spirit wrenched itself free of the flesh.

So it all ended. In the next years Alliluyeva brooded over her father and the past, living, as she writes, a "weird and preposterous double life." Her outer life on the fringe of the government elite was secure enough. But her inner life became one of "total alienation from all these people, from their customs and interests, their spirit and deeds." A religious impulse, perhaps implanted by her grandmother and her nurse, began to flower within her. By the time she was thirty-five, "I, who'd been taught from earliest childhood by society and my family to be an atheist and materialist, was already one of those who cannot live without God. . . . It's simpler to divide people today into believers and unbelievers."

The mystique of the Revolution vanished: "No revolution ever destroyed so much of value for the people as our Russian Revolution." But the new generation, she hopes, will read these pages in their country's history "with a feeling of pain, contrition and bewilderment, and they'll be led by this feeling to live their lives differently." They want to be happy; they want bright colors, fireworks, noise, excitement; they want culture and knowledge; "they want the way of life the rest of Europe has

enjoyed for so long to come to Russia at last." For Russia, she concludes, is greater than the Revolution. "No matter how cruel and harsh our country may be . . . no one who loves Russia in his heart will ever betray her or give her up or run away in search of material comfort. Her beauty, tranquil and wise, shines like a soft, sorrowful light from the pale sky. It will survive everything and go on forever."

There will no doubt be much righteous comment about this book. Some will feel that Alliluyeva is too lenient toward her father; but greater severity would have asked a great deal from human nature. Others — those who believe that the function of contemporary history is to protect the reputation of politicians and express indignation over disclosures about high government officials — ought logically to be more outraged than ever over a daughter's revelations about her father; no doubt the fact that Stalin was a Communist will make it all right this time. In any case, the conception of history as a toady to power is indecent. The private words and actions of public men, insofar as they illuminate their public deeds and policies, are an essential part of the historical record. For the obligation of history is to provide as full and exact a reconstruction of the past as possible — as the obligation of rational society is to offer its citizenry the most accurate possible information about the purpose and performance of its leaders.

The Russians are considerably upset over *Twenty Letters to a Friend*. They take it as the climax of a carefully orchestrated American campaign to spoil their sacred fiftieth anniversary; indeed, they took it so hard this summer that there seemed to some good reason to defer publication of the book for a few weeks until the obsequies were over. Eventually they sought to take the edge off the book by leaking portions of it well in advance. One can understand their anger over a woman who, in their view, has done precisely what she herself condemned — betrayed her native land, given it up, run away in search of material comfort. How would Americans have felt at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence if the British, a month before July 4, 1826, had published a book by a daughter of George Washington exposing the glorious experiment as a racket and a fraud?

But the Russians are wrong. This book is not the work of a sensationalist or a traitor. It is wrung from an agonized conscience and a sickened heart. It is a deeply, ineradicably, Russian book. It is a testament which, someday, one must hope, Russians will be free to read — and will then be grateful to Svetlana Alliluyeva for the witness she has so courageously and movingly borne.

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

In December of 1831 Charles Darwin sailed for Patagonia aboard the H.M.S. BEAGLE, a voyage he later described as "the most important event of my life." The circumstances of that remarkable journey and Darwin's lively encounters with the ship's captain, Robert FitzRoy, are recounted by Stanley Edgar Hyman, the distinguished poet and critic.

A DARWIN SIDELIGHT: The Shape of the Young Man's Nose



ON MONDAY, September 5, 1831, Robert FitzRoy was exactly twenty-six years and two months old. Young as he was, he had been in His Majesty's Navy for twelve years, and before that in the Royal Naval College. He had risen rapidly to lieutenant, then to flag lieutenant under Rear Admiral Sir Robert Otway,

then to captain, and was generally regarded as one of the most promising young men in the British Navy, with a brilliant career already well begun. All the testimony agrees that FitzRoy was a remarkable seaman, and a conscientious and scrupulous master (he took great pride in the health of his crews, supplying such unfamiliar antiscorbutics as pickles and apples), if a fairly severe disciplinarian, so that on his second voyage all the officers and two thirds of the crew from the first volunteered to serve with him again.

FitzRoy came of excellent family, and was the grandson of the third Duke of Grafton on his father's side, making him a direct descendant of Charles II, and of the first Marquis of Londonderry on his mother's side. He was slight and dark, with a handsome, somewhat heavy Stuart face, a courteous although rather imperious Stuart manner, and the devil's own temper. In the words of a young man who later served under him, "he was devoted to his duty, generous to a fault, bold, determined and indomitably energetic, and an ardent friend to all under his sway." He was

independently wealthy. Since 1828, Captain FitzRoy had been master of H.M.S. *Beagle*, a small deep-waisted brig of about 240 tons, rigged as a bark and carrying six guns, which had returned the year before from a two-year voyage surveying the coasts of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and was soon to embark on a longer similar expedition.

On that significant Monday in 1831, Captain FitzRoy was in London, at his lodgings, about to see the young man who was later to describe him as "energetic." They had never met before, and their paths had intersected only through a fantastic comedy of errors. FitzRoy had determined to take a naturalist with him when the *Beagle* sailed again, having on the last voyage strongly felt the lack of someone trained in geology, able to explore "distant countries yet little known," which might perhaps contain valuable metals. Back in England, he had applied to Captain Francis Beaufort, the Admiralty Hydrographer, for permission to take with him some suitable "scientific person," who would share his cabin and mess. Captain Beaufort had approved the idea, and had asked George Peacock, mathematical tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, to suggest a person. Perhaps understanding that he was to suggest a "parson," Peacock had first made the offer to the Reverend John Stevens Henslow, botany professor at the college, who had refused it because his wife "looked so miserable" when she encouraged him to go, and then to Henslow's friend, the Reverend Leonard Jenyns, a country vicar and amateur entomologist and ornithologist, who had actually begun to pack before he finally decided against going. Both had recommended a young man graduated from Cambridge that year; in FitzRoy's words, "Mr. Charles Darwin, grandson of Dr. Darwin the poet, as a young man of promising ability, extremely fon

Portrait from CHARLES DARWIN by Sir Gavin de Beer, reproduced by permission of Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd.

of geology, and indeed of all branches of natural history."

Peacock and Henslow had written to Darwin, describing the voyage and insisting that unqualified as he seemed, he was "the very man" to go; Darwin had almost missed the letters when they arrived during his absence from his home in Shrewsbury. Next, his father, Dr. Robert Darwin, had talked him out of going, for a number of very sound reasons, and Charles had written to Henslow and Peacock refusing the offer; then his uncle Josiah Wedgewood had talked him back into going, driven him to Shrewsbury, and talked Dr. Darwin into giving his permission; finally Darwin had written again, to Peacock, Henslow, and Beaufort, withdrawing his refusal. Darwin had raced by coach and post chaise to Cambridge to see Henslow, on Friday, September 2, and on Saturday had gotten a friend at Cambridge named Wood, who knew FitzRoy, to write recommending him. On Sunday Wood had received a letter from FitzRoy that shattered everything; Darwin learned that the captain was "so much against my going that I immediately gave up the scheme." Nevertheless, inexplicably, he had taken the Monday morning coach to London to see FitzRoy.

FITZROY's letter to Wood, discouraging Darwin from going, has never been satisfactorily explained. During the interview, FitzRoy told Darwin that it was because he had invited a friend, a Mr. Chester, who may or may not have been fictitious, to come, and that there would not have been room, but that five minutes before Darwin's arrival he had received a letter from Chester saying that he would not be able to come. Later in the week he had another story, that he had "taken a sudden horror of the chances of having somebody he should not like on board the Vessel," and confessed that his letter to Cambridge was "to throw cold water on the scheme." Whatever the reason, the interview went very well. FitzRoy first mentioned all the disadvantages and hardships of the trip; then, finding Darwin undiscouraged and finding himself more and more taken with him, began to stress all the advantages; and finally he enthusiastically invited Darwin to come along. Darwin in turn was enormously impressed by FitzRoy; as he wrote to his sister Susan, "There is something most extremely attractive in his manners and way of coming straight to the point." FitzRoy asked him directly: "Shall you bear being told that I want the cabin to myself? when I want to be alone. — if we treat each other this way, I hope we shall suit; if not, probably we should wish each other at the Devil." Much later in the

voyage, FitzRoy confessed to Darwin that what had chiefly worried him during the interview was the shape of Darwin's nose. He was an ardent disciple of Lavater and believer in physiognomy, convinced that he could judge a man's character by his features, and he doubted whether anyone with Darwin's lumpish nose "could possess sufficient energy and determination."

Apart from his nose, certainly, there was little to judge young Charles Darwin by. At the time of the interview he was twenty-two-and-a-half years old. The spring before, he had been graduated from Cambridge, where he had achieved no particular distinction, academic or otherwise, and had displayed no more interest in science than extracurricular friendships with such of the science faculty as Henslow and the geologist, the Reverend Adam Sedgwick. Darwin's chief adolescent interests had been a rather haphazard collecting, principally of beetles, and shooting, which was his particular passion. His father was convinced he was hopelessly frivolous, and had once told him, "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." On the strength of this unflattering judgment, Charles's patent inability to become a doctor, and his general lack of interest in any particular field or profession, Dr. Darwin had decided that his son had best become a clergyman, and his study at Cambridge was to have prepared him for the ministry. One of the arguments Josiah Wedgewood had used in favor of Darwin's going on the voyage, in fact, was that the pursuit of natural history was a very suitable hobby for a clergyman, and it was assumed that Charles would study for orders on his return.

That Monday in September was beyond any doubt the most fateful day in the lives of both participants. In Darwin's case, he never lost the conviction that he, and his whole theory of evolution, were entirely formed by the voyage of the *Beagle*. On his return, he wrote FitzRoy, "I think it far the *most fortunate circumstance in my life* that the chance afforded by your offer of taking a Naturalist fell on me," and said that what he had learned on the *Beagle*, "I would not exchange for twice ten thousand a year." Looking back on his career forty-five years later, Darwin wrote in his *Autobiography*:

The voyage of the *Beagle* has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career; yet it depended on so small a circumstance as my uncle offering to drive me thirty miles to Shrewsbury, which few uncles would have done, and on such a trifle as the shape of my nose. I have always felt that I owe to the voyage the first real training or education of my mind.

The voyage not only gave him the germ of his

theory of natural selection and much firsthand data for it, but it gave him the material for the early books and papers that made his reputation and earned an audience for his evolutionary hypothesis. The same extraordinary series of coincidences and accidents, culminating in the interview and acceptance before lunch Monday, determined FitzRoy's life just as definitely, and much more tragically. FitzRoy became, in the directest possible fashion, the godfather of the most disturbing idea of the past century and its first victim.

WHAT a glorious day the fourth of November will be to me!" Darwin wrote FitzRoy in October, 1831, referring to the date the *Beagle* was expected to sail (it actually sailed on December 27). "My second life will then commence, and it shall be as a birthday for the rest of my life." Relations between Darwin and FitzRoy in those months were of the best, and neither had occasion to regret his first impression: FitzRoy had written to Beaufort the day of the interview, "I like what I see of him much," and Darwin had written to Susan the next day, describing FitzRoy as "my beau ideal of a captain." After they were several months out, Darwin wrote to his father: "The Captain continues steadily very kind and does everything in his power to assist me," and he found FitzRoy's industry particularly praiseworthy: "He works incessantly, and when apparently not employed, he is thinking. If he does not kill himself, he will, during this voyage, do a wonderful quantity of work." At about the same time, FitzRoy was expressing similar ideas in a letter to Beaufort: "Darwin is a very sensible hard-working man, and a very pleasant messmate. I never saw a 'shore-going fellow' come into the ways of a ship so soon and so thoroughly as Darwin," and shortly afterward, "Darwin is a regular trump." When Darwin sent his first collection of specimens home, FitzRoy wrote to Beaufort: "I fancy that though of small things it is numerous and valuable, and will convince the Cantabrigians that their envoy is no Idler." Hard work was to be the chief thing that united them for the rest of the voyage: Darwin tireless at making observations in natural history and geology and collecting specimens; FitzRoy exhausting himself at hydrography, surveying, and navigation.

Before the *Beagle* sailed, however, Darwin had had one ominous experience with FitzRoy's sudden temper at real or fancied insults to his pride, and equally sudden cooling. At Plymouth, when they were buying equipment for the ship, FitzRoy had made a statement in anger to a shopkeeper who had offended him, and had seen by Darwin's

face that he did not believe it. "You do not believe what I have said," FitzRoy challenged furiously when they were outside, and Darwin admitted that he did not. After a few moments of silence, FitzRoy said, "You are right, and I acted wrongly in my anger at the blackguard."

This was to be a pattern Darwin came to know well. Early in the voyage, at Bahia in Brazil, they had a bitter quarrel over slavery. FitzRoy defended the institution, and argued that he had just visited a Brazilian plantation where the owner had called up the slaves, and they had all testified they were happy and didn't want to be free; Darwin sneered at the value of such testimony, given before the slaves' master; FitzRoy became livid and shouted that he refused to live with a man who doubted his word. Darwin prepared to mess with the gun-room officers for the rest of the voyage, and suspected he might even be forced to leave the ship, but within a few hours FitzRoy had sent an officer to him with an apology and a request that they continue to live together. Shortly afterward, Darwin wrote to Henslow from Rio: "The Captain does everything in his power to assist me, and we get on very well, but I thank my better fortune he has not made me a renegade to Whig principles. I would not be a Tory, if it was merely on account of their cold hearts about that scandal to Christian nations—Slavery." There is no doubt that the two quarreled frequently about politics in general and slavery in particular, and if Darwin was prepared to give a little on Whiggery, he would not budge an inch on slavery. The fury of his references to it in *The Voyage of the Beagle*, its "atrocious acts," "heart-sickening atrocities," and moral "debasement," culminating in the ejaculation "I thank God, I shall never again visit a slave country," seemed aimed at FitzRoy as much as at English public opinion.

After a number of these quarrels, Darwin began to get some sort of perspective on FitzRoy. He wrote to his sister Caroline in April, 1832:

And now for the Captain, as I daresay you feel some interest in him. As far as I can judge, he is a very extraordinary person. I never before came across a man whom I could fancy being a Napoleon or a Nelson. I should not call him clever, yet I feel convinced nothing is too great or too high for him. His ascendancy over everybody is quite curious: the extent to which every officer and man feels the slightest rebuke or praise, would have been before seeing him, incomprehensible. It is very amusing to see all hands hauling at a rope, they not supposing him on deck, and then observe the effect when he utters a syllable; it is like a string of dray horses, when the waggoner gives one of his awful smacks. His candour and sincerity are to me unparalleled, and using his own words his "vanity and petulence" are nearly so. I have felt the effects of the

atter: but the bringing into play the former ones so forcibly makes one hardly regret them. His greatest fault as a companion is his austere silence: produced from excessive thinking: his many good qualities are great and numerous: altogether he is the strongest marked character I ever fell in with.

The next year, 1833, things went well, and there were few conflicts of temperament to interrupt the work. FitzRoy began the year genially by naming a body of water in Tierra del Fuego "Darwin Sound," explaining in his *Narrative* of the voyage, "after my messmate who so willingly encountered the discomfort and risk of a long cruise in a small loaded boat." He ended it with equal geniality, organizing Christmas contests in running, jumping, wrestling, and other sports among the seamen, and distributing prizes to the winners.

The following year, FitzRoy named "Mount Darwin" after his persevering messmate, and later in the year delayed the *Beagle* ten days because Darwin was sick on shore, without telling him that it was for his sake. Darwin mentioned in a letter to a friend that the captain abhorred "the d——d scientific Whigs," but the reference seems amiable enough, and when they had a moderate discussion about the fixity of species, in connection with a wolflike fox on East Falkland Island, oddly enough it was FitzRoy who took the liberal, or mildly evolutionary, view, arguing that it might be a modification of the Patagonian fox, rather than a distinctly created species. The sudden blow came in November, when FitzRoy, overworked, furious with the Admiralty for refusing to support him in purchasing some auxiliary vessels to help the *Beagle's* survey (Darwin agreed with him that it was discrimination because he was a Tory), and in general morbidly depressed, irresolute, and obsessed with the idea that he was becoming insane, suddenly resigned his command for reasons of ill health. Darwin determined to leave the ship when he did, but FitzRoy was eventually persuaded by the officers to withdraw his resignation and finish the voyage. By the next March, Darwin was writing Caroline, "The Captain is quite himself again."

In July of 1835, the captain was so much himself again that he had a furious quarrel with the commodore above him, in regard to the commodore's slowness in rescuing a shipwrecked British crew; he threatened the old man with court-martial, and in general, as Darwin wrote gleefully and illiterately to Caroline, showed everyone what a "taught hand" he was. During that year, Darwin and FitzRoy roomed together on shore at Coquimbo, and at Concepción again quarreled violently, this time over a matter of the greatest triviality. FitzRoy complained that the hospi-

talities of the inhabitants obliged him to give a great party for them, Darwin argued that he was under no such obligation, FitzRoy "burst out into a fury" and shouted that Darwin "was the sort of man who would receive any favours and make no return," and Darwin got up, left the ship, and went to his lodgings on shore. When he came back to the ship after a few days, the storm had blown over and the captain was as cordial as ever, but the first lieutenant said to him: "Confound you, philosopher, I wish you would not quarrel with the Skipper; the day you left the ship I was dead-tired, and he kept me walking the deck till midnight abusing you all the time."

By January, 1836, Darwin was less optimistic about FitzRoy's chances of becoming a Napoleon or Nelson. He wrote to Susan:

I have been for the last 12 months on very cordial terms with him. — He is an extraordinary but noble character, unfortunately, however, affected with strong peculiarities of temper. Of this, no man is more aware than himself, as he shows by his attempts to conquer them. I often doubt what will be his end; under many circumstances I am sure it would be a brilliant one, under others I fear a very unhappy one.

In April, he wrote Caroline, "The Captain is daily becoming a happier man," and that FitzRoy had liked what he read of Darwin's journal (which later became *The Voyage of the Beagle*) and suggested its publication. In June they wrote an article together, advocating support for the missionaries in the Pacific, and when they got to Cape Town, had it published in the *South African Christian Recorder* over their joint signature. For the last few months of the voyage, things were again placid.

EACH committed to print a later retrospect of the voyage. FitzRoy's *Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle*, published in 1839, frequently mentions Darwin's activities as a naturalist, but he seems to have been chiefly impressed by Darwin's quick thinking and endurance, and he tells one story of Darwin's rescuing their boat from destruction, and another of Darwin going off to find water for one of their expeditions on land when FitzRoy and the rest of the party had succumbed to exhaustion. Darwin's *Voyage*, published at the same time, says almost nothing personal about the captain besides acknowledging his "undeviating kindness." By 1876, when he wrote his *Autobiography*, Darwin chiefly remembered FitzRoy's temper and their quarrels, and he summarized somewhat gracelessly: "He was very kind to me, but was a man very difficult to live with on the intimate terms which necessarily followed from our messing by ourselves in the same cabin."

Darwin's tone was not as reserved, however, on his return from the voyage. He wrote to FitzRoy the day after he got back to Shrewsbury, apologizing for being in a "dead-and-half-alive state" on the last few days of the voyage, and wishing that FitzRoy were with him. Later, when he had settled in London to work on his specimens, he wrote FitzRoy the letter that acknowledged the trip as the most fortunate circumstance in his life, "now that the small disagreeable parts are well-nigh forgotten." He showed the manuscript of his *Voyage* to FitzRoy sometime before publication, and there are marginal comments on it apparently in FitzRoy's hand: "A very happy expression," "A false metaphor," and "Good, but the 1st pt not quite clear." FitzRoy had married soon after the voyage and settled in London, and in April, 1839, Darwin went to take tea with the FitzRois, where he heard the captain's wife talk about her new baby, which was, like all babies, beautiful, and had a voice as musical as a lute. The tea may not have been entirely peaceful, however, for Darwin wrote to Susan the next day: "The Captain is going on very well, that is for a man who has the most consummate skill in looking at everything & everybody in a perverted manner." Early in 1840, Darwin, now married and completely settled in his life work, wrote to FitzRoy, "I have nothing to wish for, excepting stronger health to go on with the subjects to which I have joyfully determined to devote my life."

In 1843, FitzRoy was appointed governor of New Zealand, and Darwin wrote to him, "I cannot bear the thoughts of your leaving the country without seeing you once again; the past is often in my memory, and I feel that I owe to you much bygone enjoyment, and the whole destiny of my life," and made arrangements to come to London from his home at Downe and pay him a farewell visit. By 1845 FitzRoy was back, recalled from office as the result of a petition by the white settlers, who accused him of favoring the Maoris. Darwin wrote him again in 1846, telling him of his current work on barnacles ("My life goes on like clock-work, and I am fixed on the spot where I shall end it"), sending him a copy of his *Geology of South America* but warning him that it wouldn't interest him much, and concluding: "Farewell, dear FitzRoy, I often think of your many acts of kindness to me, and not seldomest on the time, no doubt quite forgotten by you, when, before making Madeira, you came and arranged my hammock with your own hands, and which, as I afterwards hear, brought tears into my father's eyes."

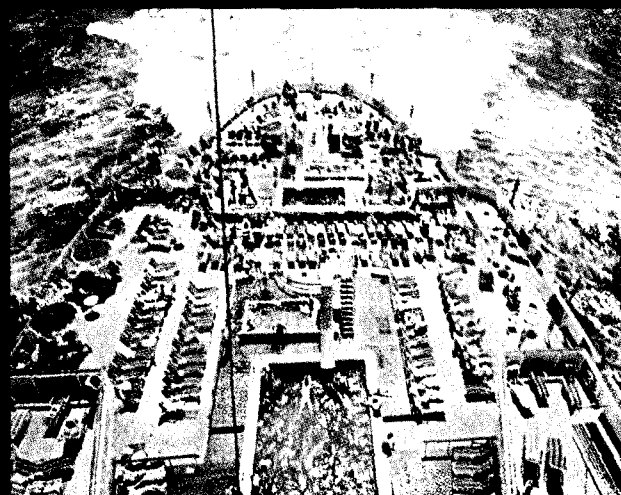
Darwin wrote in his *Autobiography*, "I saw FitzRoy only occasionally after our return home, for I was

always afraid of unintentionally offending him, and did so once almost beyond mutual reconciliation," but of this last quarrel there is no record, nor is there any record of further correspondence or of their ever meeting again. The different tenors of their lives were probably as much responsible for their drifting apart as was FitzRoy's temperament. Darwin had been living quietly and obscurely at Downe, rarely coming to London as his health got progressively worse, turning out one scientific work after another: three books on the geology of the *Beagle's* voyage, and then four weighty volumes representing eight years of intensive work, on the classification of a pinhead-sized barnacle called the Cirripede, a specimen of which had interested him on the voyage. He was rapidly developing a scientific reputation through his books, as well as papers and monographs, and since 1839 had been collecting notes on the inflammatory problem of the fixity of species, first in secret, then gradually revealing his work to a few scientific friends.

FitzRoy's life had been as public as his former messmate's was private. In 1841 he stood for Parliament as the Conservative candidate for Durham, and became involved in a ridiculous and lengthy public brawl with a second Conservative candidate, a Mr. William Sheppard. It culminated when Sheppard, carrying a horsewhip, accosted FitzRoy outside his club, and said (or later claimed he said): "Captain FitzRoy, I will not strike you, but consider yourself horse-whipped." FitzRoy hit him in the head with an umbrella and knocked him down, but was prevented from offering him a meeting by his fellow officers. Each published his side of the controversy in an interminable sixpenny pamphlet, according to the wordy fashion of the day: FitzRoy in "Capt. FitzRoy's statement of circumstances which led to a personal collision between Mr. Sheppard and Capt. FitzRoy" in 1841, Sheppard in "Conduct of Capt. FitzRoy in reference to the electors of Durham" in 1842. FitzRoy lost the election, but the following year was elected to Parliament as member for Durham, and distinguished himself by bringing in a bill "for improving the condition and efficiency of officers in the mercantile marine."

From 1843 to 1845 FitzRoy was involved in his New Zealand fiasco. This too led to publications: the "Petition to Parliament from the inhabitants of the Southern Settlement of N. Zealand," in 1845, and FitzRoy's defense, "Remarks on New Zealand," in 1846. In 1848, FitzRoy was appointed acting superintendent of the Woolwich dockyards, and published a book, *Sailing Directions for South America*. The next year he was given the command of the fittingly named *Arrogant*, one of the early experimental screw frigates, and in 1850, for reasons

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of health and "his private affairs," he retired from the service and was placed on half pay, although he continued to advance in rank on the retired list. The next year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1854 he was appointed chief of the new meteorological department of the Board of Trade, and devoted the rest of his career to developing the infant science of meteorology, which culminated in his *Weather Book* in 1863. In the opinion of Sir John Knox Laughton, the Secretary of the Navy Records Society, FitzRoy's two principal achievements, besides his remarkable surveying on the *Beagle* voyage, were the storm warnings he developed for the Board of Trade and his agitation on behalf of the lifeboat association, for both of which, Laughton writes, "seafaring men owe him a deep debt of gratitude."

MUCH as FitzRoy's mind was occupied with the improvement of British sailing, it came to be occupied even more with a thing that does not seem quite in character, religious fundamentalism of the most extreme sort. His *Narrative* of the voyage of the *Beagle*, published in 1839, contains two almost unbelievable final chapters for a sober work on navigation, "Remarks on the early migration of the Human Race," and "A very few Remarks with reference to the Deluge." These chapters are a somewhat hysterical attempt to use the observations made on the *Beagle's* voyage, the same materials out of which Darwin fashioned his theory of natural selection, to prove the literal truth of the first chapters of Genesis. FitzRoy writes that he himself had been "led away by sceptical ideas," and known "extremely little of the Bible"; takes a crack at the young Darwin ("I mention this particularly, because I have conversed with persons fond of geology, yet knowing no more of the Bible than I knew at that time"); and then goes on to refute these "men of Voltaire's school." The "days" of creation were literal days, he insists, since "Vegetation was produced on the third day, the sun on the fourth. If the third day was an age, how was the vegetable world nourished?" The lion would certainly have lain down with the lamb on the Ark, since "He who made, could surely manage," and moreover, the animals would have been frightened into submission by the Flood. He proves that Job's leviathan and behemoth were the extinct megalosaurus and iguanodon, and finds "remains of Arkite observances" in every country the *Beagle* visited, such as the Hebrew word "Shem," current among the Indians of Chile, "handed down from their ancestor of the Ark." "These remarks would be useless," FitzRoy explains, "were it not that they may reach the eyes

of young sailors, who have not always access to works of authority." In another place: "If my few remarks tend, even in the least, to warn young persons of my profession against assenting hastily to new theories — while they induce a closer examination into the Record of truth — my object will be fully attained." FitzRoy's most indignant paragraph was aimed directly at the evolutionary view, which had hardly yet occurred to Darwin. He writes:

Have we a shadow of ground for thinking that wild animals or plants have improved since their creation? Can any reasonable man believe that the first of a race, species or kind, was the most inferior? Then how for a moment could false philosophers, and those who have been led away by their writings, imagine that there were separate beginnings of savage races, at different times and in different places? Yet I may answer this question myself; for until I had thought much on the subject, and had seen nearly every variety of the human race, I had no reason to give in opposition to doubts excited by such sceptical works, except a conviction that the Bible was true, that in all ages men had erred, and that sooner or later the truth of every statement contained in that record would be proved.

By 1845, FitzRoy had become so fanatically religious that the New Zealanders remarked in their petition: "They cannot but think that the somewhat obtrusive and absorbing observance of devotional duties . . . has contributed to give to Government House the air of a conventicle, and caused its almost entire desertion by all but missionaries." Darwin's faith, meanwhile, had moved in the opposite direction. He wrote in his *Autobiography*:

Whilst on board the *Beagle* I was quite orthodox, and I remember being heartily laughed at by several of the officers (though themselves orthodox) for quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality. I suppose it was the novelty of the argument that amused them. But I had gradually come by this time, *i.e.* 1836 to 1839, to see that the Old Testament was no more to be trusted than the sacred books of the Hindoos.

On the evening of July 1, 1858, papers by Alfred Russell Wallace and Charles Darwin, "On the Tendency of Species to form Varieties; and on the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species by Natural Means of Selection," were read before the Linnean Society, with Darwin not present, and the theory of evolution had been announced to the world. On November 24, 1859, *On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection*, by Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., a small green-covered volume priced at 15 shillings, was published in an edition of 1250 copies. It was entirely sold out by publication day, and almost immediately England was in an uproar. One of the first public reactions was a pair of curious anonymous letters in the London *Times*, in the

issues of December 1 and December 5, on the rather oblique subject of "Works of Art in the Drift." Darwin sent one of them to his friend Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, with the note:

I forget whether you take in the *Times*; for the chance of your not doing so, I send the enclosed rich letter. It is, I am sure, by Fitz-Roy. . . . It is a pity he did not add his theory of the extinction of *Mastodon*, etc., from the door of the Ark being made too small.

THE great Darwinian battle came at Oxford, at the meeting of the British Association on June 30, 1860. Again Darwin was not present. The occasion was nominally a discussion of a paper by Dr. Draper of New York, on the "Intellectual development of Europe considered with reference to Mr. Darwin," and word had gotten around that the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, familiarly known as "Soapy Sam," would destroy Darwin and his pernicious views once and for all. Almost a thousand people came, far too many for the lecture room, and they finally crowded into the library of the Museum. Henslow presided, and both Thomas Henry Huxley and Joseph Dalton Hooker, Darwin's two most enthusiastic scientific supporters, were there by chance, both having at first decided not to come. Draper read his paper, dully, for an hour. Then three more speakers took the platform and were shouted down, the third, a Reverend Mr. Dingle, almost mobbed when he drew two crosses on the blackboard and said, "Let this point A be the man, and let that point B be the mawnkey," and all the undergraduates began to scream "Mawnkey! Mawnkey!" until he sat down.

Then the bishop rose, and in a slick and effective half-hour speech ridiculed Darwin and his "hypothesis, raised most unphilosophically to the dignity of a causal theory," concluding with the earnest warning that it was all contrary to biblical revelation. The bishop got carried away, however, and just before concluding he turned to Huxley and asked him whether he claimed descent from a monkey through his grandfather or grandmother? Huxley struck his knee and whispered to a friend, "The Lord hath delivered him into my hands!" (The religious imagery of the free-thinking Darwinian forces that evening comes as something of a surprise; Hooker, too, writing of the affair to Darwin, said, "I swore to myself that I would smite that Amalekite, Sam, hip and thigh.") Recognized by Henslow, Huxley rose slowly, and in a few sentences demolished the bishop. He would rather have an ape for an ancestor, he said, than the sort of man who "plunges into scientific ques-

tions, questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudices." Then Hooker rose to speak, demonstrated that the bishop could not possibly have read *The Origin of Species*, and in any case knew nothing whatsoever of the scientific subjects under discussion. The bishop sat silent, and the audience was in a tumult.

When order was at last restored, one more friend of Darwin's, a man who had known him longer than either Huxley or Hooker, rose to speak. It was Rear Admiral Robert FitzRoy, Retired, a bitter and querulous old man at fifty-five. He indignantly denied Huxley's claim that the *Origin* was a logical statement of fact, strongly regretted its publication, and announced that reading it had caused him the most acute pain. Suddenly waving a Bible in the air, he shouted that he had always warned the young man against holding views contrary to the revealed Word of God, the only and the unimpeachable authority. He was immediately hooted down.

On April 30, 1865, by which time Darwin's theory of evolution had swept away much of the serious opposition and was on its way to being generally accepted throughout the world, Robert FitzRoy, now Vice Admiral, Retired, after one of his familiar brooding sessions, went into his bathroom before breakfast and cut his throat with a straight razor. The circumstances and reasons have never been made public. The *Dictionary of National Biography* does not mention FitzRoy's suicide at all; the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says only, "In a fit of mental aberration he put an end to his existence." Darwin's biographers have agreed that evolution was an important factor: "A bitter disappointed man in a world poisoned by false gospels," says one; "Probably he never forgave himself for the part he had played in perverting Darwin's mind," says another. Darwin himself, writing eleven years after the event, was somewhat more charitable. He wrote:

Towards the close of his life he was, as I fear, much impoverished, and this was largely due to his generosity. Anyhow, after his death a subscription was raised to pay his debts. His end was a melancholy one, namely suicide, exactly like that of his uncle, Lord Castlereagh, whom he resembled closely in manner and appearance. His character was in several respects one of the most noble which I have ever known, although tarnished by grave blemishes.

If Darwin contributed to the subscription, there is no record of it. In all his later life, visitors agreed that his nose was his most prominent feature.

SEA CHANGE

A Story by Shirley Ann Grau

SHE went to the observation deck to watch the plane take off, the way she always did. She watched it swing away from the loading ramp, windows like dots on its fat silver side. She tried to see into each window, to find a face, and couldn't. The plane eased around and began the long lumbering trip down the field. The big jets had to go all the way back to the very end of the runway. When they swung into takeoff position, their tails seemed to hang over the low barbed-wire fence.

A small red private plane crossed overhead. The people next to her waved frantically, the children screeched, "Good-bye, good-bye. See you soon." "He can't hear you," their mother said. Their father said, "He better not be looking down to see you either." They walked away.

Her plane had cleared the buildings and the scattered service trucks and moved upfield, a bit faster now, tail bobbing at each joint of the concrete. Another jet swung in behind; like two ducks they waddled up the runway, their shiny coats gleaming in the smoky sunlight.

She knew that by the time they reached the end of the runway she would have lost sight of her plane. She had never learned to tell one from another in that hazy distance. All the other times she had come, she stood for half an hour in this same spot and watched plane after plane take off; that way she could be sure that one of them was his. And that he was gone.

She didn't really know why she waited. It was just something she did. Her eyes glanced from one speck to the next, trying to hold them in view for the seconds after they had disappeared. She thought of him up there, stretching, pulling out a magazine, settling back for a nap. Only maybe she was watching the wrong plane . . .

Now there was a cluster of planes down at the runway's end. The heat haze washed around them like beach ripples.

The top of her head began to tingle with the sun; she pulled a scarf out of her purse. In the sharp gusty breeze she had trouble getting it on

straight. She finally tied it loosely under her chin, letting it crumple crookedly across the back of her hair.

In the plane, he would be relaxed. Flying didn't bother him at all.

"Honey, when you've flown as much as I have, and in some of the planes I been in, with people shooting at you, or thinking of shooting at you, you get to think that a commercial flight is like sitting in a movie. No storm is going to be as bad as that ground fire coming up at you."

"I'm afraid," she said, "I can't help it if I'm afraid of a lot of things."

"When your number's up, it doesn't matter where you are."

"I just don't think that way."

"I have to, honey. In my business you have to."

Dust blew into her eyes. She let planes take off unnoticed while she blinked furiously. I'll have to cry a tear or two, she thought. And that was very easy. Tears came so freely she had trouble stopping them. The piece of dust washed away.

The haze and the planes were all the same silvery color. She squinted at them. And decided not to wait. Not this time.

She turned and pushed her way through the turnstiles, climbed quickly down the flight of stairs. She marched into the lobby, her heels clicking purposefully on the cement floors. Then quite suddenly she was very tired. Quite suddenly she felt the three or four nights of broken sleep, and tears, and the steady nagging ache in the center of her chest. The heart does hurt, she had thought over and over again. I always thought it was just a saying, but it's real. Your heart can hurt.

Now in the airport lobby her shoulders turned heavy and the back of her knees began to tremble. The tips of her fingers tingled and burned. She stopped to look at them. A porter, arms full of bags, dodged around her. "Sorry," she said.

A Southern writer, Miss Grau is the author of two novels and of many prizewinning short stories.

She would sit down for a moment. The chairs in the center of the lobby looked smooth and clean, their slick green covers were chilly with air conditioning. She sat still and felt the cool slip through her dress and disappear against her sun-hot skin. As soon as one spot warmed, she shifted her body to a cool one. Once she even moved to another chair. The trembling left her legs, and she could breathe more easily.

"This isn't hot," he said, "not like out there. God, I never felt a sun like that. Or maybe it's the damp. And the funny plants. They got some vines out there, you'd swear they reached out and grabbed at you, they kind of wrap around you."

Here were only some plastic palms, standing on each side of the bar entrance. Two children played tossing paper balls into their sand-filled pots, and sailed a folded plane over their shiny hard green leaves. Now and then they stopped to get some more paper from a rack that said Catholic Literature Take One.

"You've done two tours of duty out there. Why should you do a third?"

"They're short of people, honey."

"They're always short of people. Why you?"

"I guess it's like the submarine service. Those guys get a lot of sea duty, honey. More than they should."

"But they told you; they said you'd be stationed right here, right here in town."

"You saw the orders, honey."

"It isn't fair."

"Things happen like that. You got to expect things like that."

She smoothed her pink linen skirt across her thighs. The building shook with the sudden roar of a plane. Funny, she thought, sometimes you didn't hear a plane and then sometimes you did. The wind must blow the sound around.

Would he have looked down from the plane to the observation deck, and would he be upset that she wasn't there? The way the planes were taking off, he probably couldn't see anything at all.

She kept on smoothing her skirt, getting each little wrinkle out of the linen, working at it care-

fully, inch by inch, as if it were the most important thing in the world.

It hurts to worry this much, she thought. It really hurts like a cut, or a broken bone. It hurts more than my broken arm when I fell off the climbing bars in third grade. A lot more than that. It hurts so much that it can't hurt any more.

"I'm just scared," she said.

"I'll be all right. I've always been all right."

"Your luck's going to run out. You can't get away all the time."

"I'll be extra careful, honey."

"You'll get killed. I know you'll get killed."

The flat final sound of that voice, her voice, ran in her head. She heard it echoing among the bony arches, vibrating the white tunnels. Killed. He was going to get killed. This time, he would die.

She was so thirsty, her lips felt swollen. She would have to find a water fountain somewhere. She circled the lobby, then turned into the tile corridor that led to the landing gates. She kept swallowing; and each time her throat ached more.

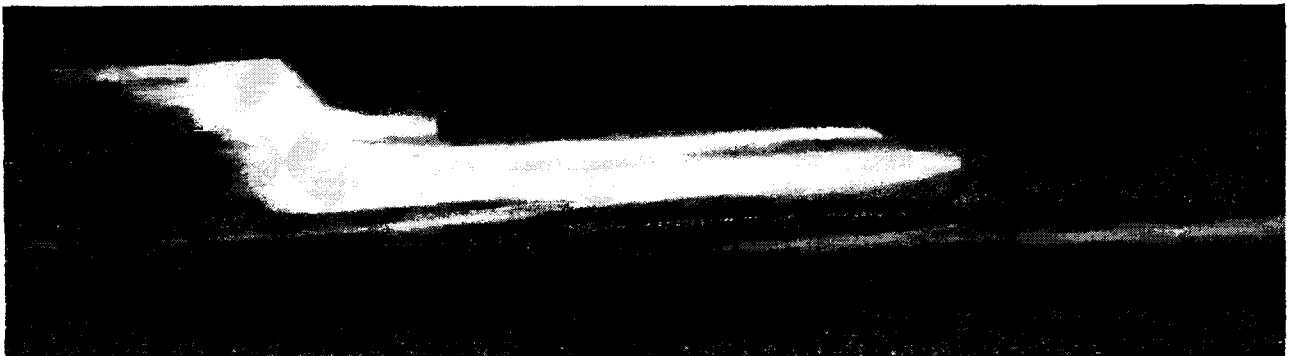
He'd be killed. This time she knew he'd be killed.

She coughed, her throat was that dry. She couldn't seem to moisten it. They said you were thirsty when you were dying. They said people screamed and begged for water, that was how you knew they were dying. Would he do that? He never asked for anything. Not before. It bothered her sometimes that he never even asked her for a cup of coffee, he'd just get up and fix it himself. Of course they hadn't been together very much during their three years of marriage, not in places they could call their own. There'd been a lot of different hotels and motels, and then she'd come back to her parents' house alone. That was the military life, he said, always coming and going.

"I could go to Hawaii," she said. "I could get a job in Hawaii, and it would be closer for you."

"Hawaii is pretty bad when you're alone. Anyway, it's not so far back here, not with all the planes. I can always get on one of them."

"But I want to."



"You stay with your parents, and I'll do the running around."

He never asked for anything. It wasn't in him to do that. Maybe he'd have learned if they'd had longer together.

She was halfway down the blue and yellow corridor, her heels clipping neatly. There seemed to be no planes unloading on this side. The tile-lined space was almost empty, with only a leftover smell of passing groups of people.

She asked a single blue uniform, "Do you know where a water fountain is? I can't seem to find one."

"There's one downstairs by the taxi stand," the blue uniform said. "But the closest one's right there in the Weather Bureau."

"Thank you," she said, and walked toward the door he indicated. Then stopped abruptly.

"Anything wrong?" the blue uniform asked. "Change your mind?"

"No." She pointed to the door. It said clearly: No Admittance. Authorized Personnel Only. "I guess I'm not authorized."

He pushed the door open and held it for her. "I forgot that some people still read signs. Fountain's right there."

She drank. The water splashed her nose and ran down her chin. She drank with little gulping sounds until she had run the water so long it was freezing cold and her teeth began to ache. Slowly she lifted her head, took a couple of breaths, then ducked for a last taste. Finally she turned away, reaching in her purse for a handkerchief.

He was still holding the door. "You really were thirsty," he said.

"I hadn't had a drink for a long time, thank you."

As she walked down the hall drying her chin, she thought: Why did I say that? It isn't true, I've been drinking water like crazy all day.

"Don't gulp so fast," he said. "If you're thirsty, I'll get you some water."

They were sitting in the bar, the dark cool bar with its soft vague music, wasting the few minutes before his flight left.

"I don't want you getting drunk when I'm going to have to leave. I'd worry about your driving home."

"I'm just thirsty, that's all."

"Drink water," he said, "drink all the water you want. It can't hurt you."

She went back to the lobby, found her old seat taken and chose another, facing a high arched window and a fuzzy gray white sky.

"Good-bye, honey," he said. "Take care of yourself." She kissed him briefly. "Be careful."

"Just remember what I promised you, honey. I can get out in eighteen months, and I will. I meant that."

"All right," she said. "I'll remember."

But he wouldn't be back. She began smoothing the skirt across her lap again. He'd pushed his luck too far. He wouldn't be back. The pain inside her chest told her. He was dead, it was only a matter of the exact date . . .

She looked down at her hands which had stopped moving and lay palms up on her lap.

You always know, she thought, when to begin grieving. The plane wasn't yet six hundred miles away, and she was sure.

Her hands reminded her of boats drawn up on the sand, boats tipped over and dry, waiting for the tide.

And she was thirsty again, so thirsty. When she got home she would take the biggest glass in the kitchen and fill it right to the top with iced tea. That's what she'd do as soon as she got there. But first she'd have to catch her breath. She was really very tired, she hadn't had enough sleep in a long time, three or four or five nights, ever since she had come to realize that he was going off to die.

He laughed at her. "What do you want me to do, honey? Desert? Like in the movies?"

"We could go to Mexico."

"They'd catch us in Mexico."

"Well, there's got to be someplace, if we changed our name."

"Honey baby, I've got to go back."

"You want to go back," she said bitterly, her tears a nasty salt in the corners of her mouth. "You really want to go back to the fighting."

"You're wrong, honey," he said quietly. His brown eyes were flat shiny marbles flecked with yellow. "I just do it."

She would rest a bit and then she'd get her car out of the parking lot and drive home and have supper with her parents and watch television with them. Just not yet. She wasn't ready yet. She must have stayed too long on the observation deck, her head was still burning. When she was a child, she'd spent hours sun-bleaching her hair to the color of straw, but she couldn't seem to take that much heat anymore.

The big high window got too bright and too shimmering. She looked away blinking.

There was somebody sitting next to her; a blue uniform was asking, "Do you feel all right?"

She had talked to a blue uniform in the corridor, was this the same one? She hadn't looked at a face out there, she hadn't thought to.

"Of course I'm all right," she said. "I'm just tired, and I stood in the sun too long."

"You look a little pale."

"Were you the man I talked to over there, who showed me the water fountain?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I was so thirsty."

"Maybe you did have too much sun. It'll do that, they tell me."

"I'll be all right. I'm always all right. I was just resting before I drove home."

"You'd better," he said. He had curly gray hair and a round face, a mouth that was too small and cheeks that were too heavy. A pleasant sort of face, the sort of face that would be easy to forget.

She lifted the hair up from the back of her neck, pushed it behind her ears. She seemed to be perspiring heavily. She took a handkerchief from her purse, found it damp, and began flapping it in the air to dry.

"Here," he said, "use mine."

She hesitated and then accepted. She hated the feel of perspiration drying on her skin. She blotted carefully. The cloth smelled faintly of something — a flower or something like lavender. She couldn't quite place it, it was so vague.

"Thank you. I can go home now." She stood up and big black spots spread over everything until there were only little cracks of light and she peeped between them. For a minute she thought the light would wink out completely, but that time passed.

"It would be criminal to let you get in a car." He was holding her arm tightly. "You're not drunk, so you've got to be sick."

She was still swaying a bit. "I almost fainted, didn't I?"

"You came pretty close."

"How silly."

"Look," he said, "why don't you come have a cup of coffee with me before you get in a car?"

She hesitated, wordlessly.

"Look," he said, "I'm no creep. I've got a wife and two kids in Cleveland. I brought a ship in a while ago, and I'm going to take one out tomorrow. I meant coffee right there, over there in the bar where we can sit down because I don't want to drink it standing up and holding you up too."

She laughed. "OK," she said. "I was upset."

"Saying good-bye does that."

"Yes," she said, "it does."

He held her arm until they were inside the doors. Then he let go. One of the children's paper airplanes sailed between their legs.

THAT's the third cup of coffee you've had," he said.

"I didn't notice."

"You drink it like you were hungry."

"I guess I didn't have any lunch."

"Or breakfast?"

"No."

"Any reason?"

"I'm dieting," she said.

She thought: Why did I lie like that? And why, after I've said those things, do I get so I believe them? As if I were somebody else and they really were true about me.

"Women always seem to be on a diet. Especially the ones who look fine the way they are."

She swallowed the last bit of coffee. "I think it's because clothes look better."

"Maybe so. Look, if you're going to have another coffee I'm going to have a drink."

"No more coffee, thank you."

"Skip it," he said. "If I'm going to drink alone I'd rather stand at the bar."

"I'll wait with you while you have it," she smiled slowly, knowing it was a good smile, that her teeth were white and even, that her lips were well shaped and firm. "It's the least I can do since you did keep me from smashing my head on the floor out there in the lobby."

He grinned back at her, and his grin was much younger than his face. "Let's change tables. There's an empty one over by the window."

He steered her carefully through the chairs. "I'm not dizzy anymore," she said.

"I hope not." He didn't drop his hand. "You know, you'd think I'd get enough of those ships out there, but if I'm around them I just have to get close enough to watch them."

He stared out through the sheet of glass, squinting a little in the glare.

One of the smaller jets flashed crosswise on the runway, half-obscured in the haze, and hopped into the air, climbing steeply.

"They're really very pretty, very graceful, and I guess that's why you like to watch them."

"That's certainly why I watched you."

The blue eyes were still out on the hazy distance. She was not sure she'd heard anything. "You noticed me because I asked you for some water. If I hadn't, you wouldn't have looked."

"You're wrong," he said. "You were the only person in that corridor. I had to notice you."

"And when I nearly passed out, you were kind enough to worry. All that many people don't faint; you have to notice when they do."

"I see lots of people all day without noticing too much."

"And you spent the last half hour feeding me coffee so that I could drive safely."

"About an hour."

"That long? Well, it's very kind of you to take so much trouble for nothing."

"Not kind," he said, "and not for nothing."

He left the planes and looked at her. She started to close her eyes and slip away behind the lids, but she moved too slowly. Once she had started looking at him, she couldn't stop. His eyes weren't as blue as she had thought, there were black lines out from

the pupils, lines like stars. And his hair had been blond, you could see the yellow tinge underneath the gray.

She knew perfectly well that he hadn't said anything. But she'd answered him.

"I'll have my drink first," he said.

"I'll have to call. I wouldn't want my parents to worry."

"And your husband?"

She looked at her wedding ring. "My husband was killed in Vietnam."

"I'm sorry," he said.

And he might have said more, but the waitress brought his drink and she got up to find the phone.

"It's right beside the door there," he said.

"I saw it, you don't have to worry, I'm not upset anymore."

He had two more martinis, and she had a scotch she didn't finish. The hot light turned into the beginning of a soft dusk.

Everything was slowing down, she thought, everything. And there would be a quiet time. A perfectly still minute. Perfectly balanced . . .

"Ready now?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. It's almost time."

Later on things did stop and time ended, and she perched on a single spot, weightless and empty in herself. Quite detached from her body, her mind stole out, prowling like a cat in the shadows, searching. And it found that there was nothing on any side of her, that she hung like a point, like a star in the empty sky.

This is as far as I can go, she thought. This is the farthest.

And the cat that wore her mind found a dried empty shrimp shell mixed in the sea wrack on a beach somewhere, empty beach, wet and cold, and began to play with it, to slap it back and forth with its paw. The shell rattled like a dry gourd.

"I wonder where that beach is," she said aloud. "I don't even know where that beach is."

"Hush," he said. "Don't talk."

And she saw her husband. Yellow stalks, heavy and bending almost double with grain fluttered slowly all around him. There was surf sound and spume mist in the air. He was lying on his back, he was lying on the water, it was supporting him, cradling him. There were snakes too, trying to crawl toward him, but the surface of the water was like glass, slick, and the snakes couldn't move across it. The water held him safe and floating. But all around him was red, and he was dead.

She wanted to cry, but the glassy water was tears after all, and she had none left.

She stared at him, and waited. Until she saw him move. And saw that the water was just water, and it drained away with a falling tide, and the snakes were ripple shadows. He got up and climbed

up a little rise of ground and disappeared beyond a clump of trees. He'd been dead and he was alive again . . .

No, he'd been asleep. He was in a plane, and he always fell asleep in planes.

She began to smile, at first, and then she chuckled aloud.

"Why are you laughing? What's so funny?"

"Because there wasn't anything left. And he came back."

"For God's sake."

Yes, she thought. Yes, indeed.

THE ROCKING CHAIR

BY ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

It is a dream absolutely
wordless, and lasts the night
like a habit of the ocean
or the moon on a varnished hull.

A man in the chair is going
nowhere, and in his lap rides
a woman, dressed in white,
hugging his bowsprit neck,

rocking, rocking, rocking
over the dream's tidy waves.
I know I am the man in this,
can feel pleasure whisper

through my whole mind; it is
shore wind in a bare rigging,
it breathes through my body,
I have never slept deeper.

The woman's face is pressed
deep in the reefs of my bones,
covert in her own loosed hair,
and she has no mortal weight

for she is namesake, symbol,
my figurehead forerunning love.
We float at anchor; we sway
in the lee world all night.



OF BABBITTS AND BOHEMIANS

by Louis Kronenberger

THE twenties in America, Elizabeth Stevenson remarks in a book about them, *Babbitts & Bohemians* (Macmillan, \$6.95), have turned into mythology without becoming history. Certainly they have so stamped themselves on the imagination, so dramatized themselves in recollection, as often to seem romantic where merely irresponsible, and nostalgic where most unkempt. The production has been drowned in the stage lighting, the story shredded into slogans — “The Roaring Twenties,” “The Jazz Age,” “The Era of Beautiful Nonsense.” Along with other eras — the 1890s, the English Restoration — the twenties connote giddy holiday periods in history, when the Zeitgeist took to wenching, or culture lurched and hiccuped, or art swam in the nude. At the same time, what was shocking might also have style, or what was stodgy get belted by satire; while the volcano that was serving as a dance hall might suddenly overflow with lava. The twenties perhaps evoke the flask and the flesh on warm summer nights, in contrast to the bare ruined thirties that came after them: indeed, the two eras suggest a pair of Hogarthian moralities — Wantonness, shall we say, and Want.

All in all, the twenties are more easily contrasted than characterized, for though they planted many of the seeds of America's future, the immediate future bore no good fruit; and though, during the decade, the arts were pressing ahead, life was going tipsily around in circles. Yet about it all, as Miss Stevenson says, there was a “sense of opportunity,”

and an official cheerfulness; but clearly the world had been made anything but safe for democracy, and in America democracy was most notable for the evils it is particularly prone to. Yet it is things like the Babbitts and the Bohemians with their picturesque trappings that we remember best from the twenties. Such concrete recollections provide animated cartoons of any-which-way traffic, of jay-walking and barfly weaving, of Stutz Bearcats and fake hearses, of monkey trials and Elks parades that give us a bewildering map of which not even hindsight can make a quite accurate chart. But looking back, even those who lived through the period can see what gave it a permissive confusion, what still exerts a surface fascination; and can grasp how the cultural message it has left conforms to a physical law — to the fact that cream and scum equally rise to the top.

One of the best things about *Babbitts & Bohemians* is that it spotlights much of the 1920s that we do not readily remember. One of the key words of the period, which I don't think turns up in the book, was *debunk*; and without diminishing the era's brighter virtues Miss Stevenson has herself debunked a good deal of its mythology, which applies even to its villains. The scandals of the Harding Administration, the evils of the Capone administration, the Red Scare raids that the curtain went up on, and the stock-market crash with which it came down — these we know all too well. Miss Stevenson, however, treating Rum-running, Re-

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publicanism, and Reaction in their more legalized forms, has chronicled a more elusive iniquitousness, the scum that, at least immediately, did not rise to the top. She has also documented that sense of national aloofness which would fester into America Firstness. She has scrutinized an age of wild living and spending to record how little the population as a whole had to live on and spend; and so has reminded us that in certain vital ways the set contrast between the twenties and the thirties can be not only too emphatic, but even wrong. Thus, the decade of official destitution was much the greater one of general assistance; the New Deal, the reader concludes, gave to Labor far more than the Depression took away. For in their social thinking, the intellectuals and bohemians of the twenties could be as misguidedly apathetic as in the thirties they were misguidedly fervent.

This is of course only part of the story; and it is only part of Miss Stevenson's. The rest of it she has done a generally good job with, confronting an era overloaded with decor and running riot in detail, but careless and amorphous in design. Chronological rather than thematic, her book keeps to how history unfolds rather than, for the hindsighted historian, it afterwards takes shape. But she has brought to it an open-minded, essentially enlightened capacity to judge, and despite a prose style not everywhere firm, a frequent gift of phrase. If the book has limitations, it is largely because its very dimensions set limits. In treating at ordinary book length and a reasonably popular level the politics and economics, the morals and manners, the culture and art, the society and humanity, the disorder and crime of the decade, Miss Stevenson has again and again had to compress, curtail, omit, throwing many subjects, notably some of the arts, a mere bone. But all in all she has allotted her space soundly and put it to good use.

BABBITTS & BOHEMIANS begins judiciously in the previous decade, in an atmosphere of Wobblies and Progressives countered by warmongers and political bosses. Woodrow Wilson was President, but Pa Ferguson and Theodore Bilbo were governors, and Frank Hague, James Michael Curley, and William Hale Thompson, mayors. Congress was not idle, whether creating Mother's Day in 1913 or later, during the War, passing the egregious Espionage Act. The War itself saw us too proud to fight and then too pressured to refrain. After the War came a rain of strikes, from policemen (enter Calvin Coolidge) to miners, and most notoriously the steel strike: U.S. Steel's "undivided surplus of profits" had risen from \$135 million in 1914 to \$493 million in 1919, while half the steelworkers worked

a twelve-hour day at a third below the government's figure for subsistence wages. Public enterprise kept pace with private, with Wilson's Attorney General, A. Mitchell Palmer, persecuting "alien radicals" by way of "patriotic-club" informers, and making arrests with warrants in which "the names were to be filled in after the arrests," or with no warrants at all. Fortunately, Louis F. Post, as Acting Secretary of Labor, conscientiously read all the indictments, throwing out most of them and freeing the imprisoned men. This was 1920, when a temperance movement had waked up to be addressed as Prohibition, when a halt was called on immigration, and the great *cause célèbre* of the ensuing decade began with the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Despite such bequests, the expiring decade had seemed more nationally alive to progress, to public-spiritedness, to protest, than its heir would be. The least of the Harding Administration's sins was its outright boycott of progress; so unforgettable was its corruptness that the Boston Tea Party still has a black-sheep-brother phrase in Teapot Dome. As for Calvin Coolidge, "he allowed respectability," says Miss Stevenson, "to seem to triumph" and was in fact "part of a system of legal corruption perhaps worse than the kind Daugherty had taken part in." (I had forgotten Cal on enforcing European debt payments: "They hired the money, didn't they?") With the third Republican President of the twenties, Herbert Hoover, we had a highly touted administrator whom Walter Lippmann characterized at the time as a weakling "in the presence of politics and politicians." Nor should we forget the decade's chill, elegant Thin Man, Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury in all three Administrations, whose "principles were two: that wealth should be encouraged to pursue its own ends and that Government in keeping to promote these ends, should retire into as small a compass as possible." Hence the maximum surtax on incomes dropped from 65 percent in 1921 to 20 percent in 1925, and gift and inheritance taxes were in time repealed.

In view of all this, the national economy of the period, with its brash bull-market headlines and its faint, smudged small print, is not very surprising. In mid-decade, the average minister's salary was \$1622, the average federal employee's, \$1515, and nowhere during the decade did the agricultural worker reattain the \$800 a year he had made in 1920. Even culturally — where in many ways the period is most dynamic and impressive — the Babbitts, to judge by an inspection I have made of the best sellers of the 1920s, scarcely gave the

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bohemians a look-in. The one novelist who consistently made the list was the author of *Babbitt*, with the book itself a two-year best seller, and with — for one year — *Main Street*, *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, and *Dodsworth*. The only other novels of any consequence to join the top ten over a ten-year period were *The Age of Innocence*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Against this, Zane Grey, Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton Porter, and Ethel M. Dell were monotonously triumphant early in the decade; nor, though less well entrenched, were their successors much more resplendent.

IF THE period was, for all this, one to promote a legitimate mythology, and for those who lived through it, to glow in memory, so that its excesses seem a fair price for its achievements, on what grounds can this be accounted for?

Well, I, in writing of the twenties, am writing of my own twenties and doubtless with a bias that, beyond being touched with nostalgia, has stubborn roots of period sensibility. Not just my recollections but my responses and even many of my values are derived from it. This isn't to become uncritical or even uncensorious; but certain things, perhaps, that I would not acquit I am willing to pardon. In any case, I agree with Miss Stevenson that a sense of opportunity pervaded the period; that one of its governing attitudes was "the openness of the future"; that, as she says, "there was room enough, there was time enough." One could, accordingly, saunter; could saunter, in fact, out of step. It was an age that encouraged the individual temperament, the individualist aspiration; it would have nothing of authoritarianism; and if the bulk of those who fled the suburbs were not mindful enough of the slums, were far more concerned with art than with politics, this was from espousing a soup-stained "bohemianism" that might itself resemble the slums. Miss Stevenson's title, at any rate in the literary sense, is well chosen, for it was because Babbitt in the twenties was so dominant and spotlighted that bohemianism could build up a heckling chorus, and itself catch the limelight and kick up its heels. The two groups were a made-to-order antithesis, a kind of running plot and subplot; were a twain that did nothing but meet — if only head-on; a twosome that the Menckens could in equal parts have fun with; and a pair of opposites that denounced the country club as a philistine desert, and the Village dive as a phonies' swamp. Yet the country club and the Village dive were curiously made one by hooch and hangovers and rolling in the hay; even in very stuffy bourgeois circles, Prohibition

sent inhibition reeling. And when, in a ram-bunctious bull market, moneymaking became as unhallowed and promiscuous for businessmen as lovemaking for bohemians, a whole society lost its balance, and plot and subplot swayed in unison. But where the main plot exploded in fiscal disaster, the subplot got religion, became painfully aware of the slums, the sweatshops, the strikebreakers, the state of the world. Blushing with guilt, the bohemian collectivized his ego and all too often ruined his art.

If this is to dramatize the period, it is not least because it tended to dramatize itself; almost no one, at any rate, was wholly realistic about it. There was so beckoning a sense of what lay ahead; the future, to the twenties, was much like knowing you were in your rich uncle's will. The very frivolity of the period bespoke a kind of security, and the very opposition of Babbitts and bohemians argued unambiguous values rather than mongrel ones. In the end, indeed, the antithesis is a kind of value judgment: all in all, the ignominy of the twenties rests with the Babbitts, or with their mentors; with chicanery and corruption in high places, with meager earnings and bloated profits; and a certain luster hovers around the "bohemians," at least in what they wrote and painted and composed; even in their small haughty defiances and the Little Magazines and the Left Bank. Today the sharpness of the antithesis seems most salubrious just because there was so little dubious middle ground. It was not simply that Business still snarled at Culture where today it labors to seduce it; but Culture had no thoughts as yet of becoming Business. Young men did not then go in for higher degrees as commercial assets, acquiring an M.A. which presumably stands for Madison Avenue. There was no television, there was nothing very cerebral about radio or sophisticated about advertising. Group journalism was cutting its milk teeth, and Hollywood was for hacks (talent only flocked there with the talkies). Hence people in the arts, whatever the lure of money, were not primarily — in jargon then unborn — money-oriented. They were much more likely to chant the old rueful Negro plaint: "Money thinks I'm dead."

In the matter of handling human problems, there can be no sound comparing of the twenties with what is attempted today. Culturally, however, there are problems today that the twenties partly or wholly lacked. Indeed, that very sense of the future which buoyed up the twenties and gave their bohemia a seacoast has, though in rather surprising forms, proved valid — so palpably in the arts as to completely remodel their bohemianism. That the writer or painter has become far more of a businessman, with a far more lucrative business, is not in itself disturbing. But beyond their vastly im-

proved standard of living, writers and painters now often follow a businessman's or a rich man's *way of life*. They are status-minded and publicity-minded and often publicity-mad; presumable tastemakers, they live on borrowed taste, even to their interior decorating.

That, again, people of talent in the arts should be featured today on mass media may be all to the good; but they are the smallest part of a big-money mass-media world that has created a polluted and fad-ridden culture in which talent and trash, audacity and expediency, *frisson* and cliché, mini-truths and mammoth fictions embrace one another. Miss Stevenson speaks of the "syncopation of taste" in the twenties, but it seems very slow freight compared with today, when the last word in culture is televised to 50 million people in only faintly tinted, slightly tainted form. In the twenties, such things as Joyce's linguistic experiments, E. E. Cummings' typographical frolics, and a George Antheil's *Ballet Mécanique*, with its refrigerators, might have their shock or novelty or exhibitionist value, but wholly on noncommercial, art-world terms. Camp and Westerns and happenings and pop art and op art and art nouveau today are largely cultural merchandise with most of them, instead of being avant-garde, half tongue-in-cheek forms of revival.

PROBABLY the nearest thing in the twenties to today's high-income world of the arts was the Algonquin group — Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Robert Sherwood, George S. Kaufman, Alexander Woollcott, F.P.A., Heywood Broun, and others. Displaying, many of them, a sophisticated touch and satiric wit, mirroring New York's superior frivolities, they lived — thanks to Broadway, Hollywood, the *New Yorker* — expensively, and often became the pets and playmates of the kind of rich people who were bored with rich people. The two groups coalesced, on an enlarged basis, into the first generation of café society. One of the less talented Algonquinites was Alexander Woollcott, a writer and anecdotist with just two personal sources of supply, the tear duct and the bile duct. By the thirties a great radio success as the Town Crier, he made best sellers of the books he doted on — good or bad — as no mass-media commentator had done before. Yet the Algonquin group pleasantly exemplify something that the twenties were rich in and that today is not — playfulness. They made jokes, they spun yarns, they played games, they grew rich off repartee, they were not afraid to be silly, and insult was more their métier than their neurosis. They, much like the

era's wacky comics — Fanny Brice, Ed Wynn, Joe Cook, the Marx Brothers — were enliveners and entertainers of the public, and of one another.

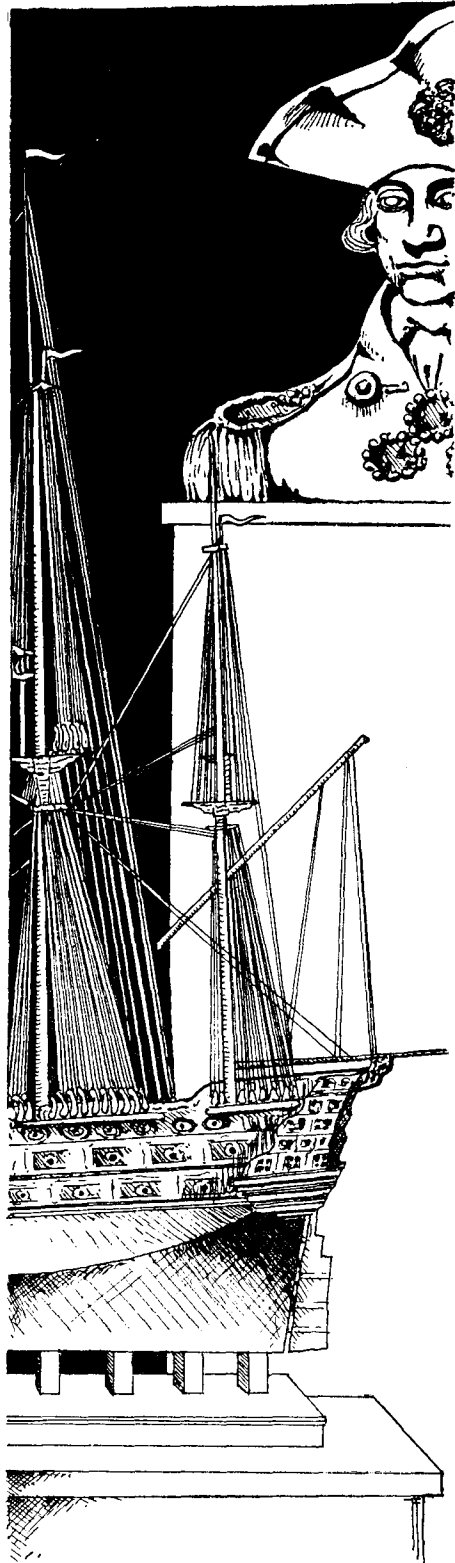
Prohibition, which one cannot but return to, throws considerable light on what muddled the twenties, since it made lawbreakers of almost everybody, and often misbehavers as well. Without it, there must have been less cynicism, less shoot-the-works spending, less short-order sex — and far less drinking or drunkenness. The saloon, with its beer pocketbook and swing-door legality, had been for men only; the speakeasy smiled on women and picking up women, acquired social overtones and presented exorbitant tabs. Moreover, the twenties did not really end until 1934 and Repeal, which sounded taps on a long reign of rowdy gaiety and on our principal form of racketeering. Surely a very salient point is not how much less crime there would have been without Prohibition, but how much less organized crime. Miss Stevenson soundly stresses the importance of Chicago to the twenties, not least for its jazz but particularly for its unruliness, and the rise of Al Capone, which "would end the spontaneity of gang life."

Sound about Chicago, *Babbitts & Bohemians* seems inadequate about New York, whose spotty side saw the rise of Dutch Schultz, Legs Diamond, and that "Morgan of the Underworld," Arnold Rothstein. Miss Stevenson does not even mention the Algonquin group, offers the flapper without John Held, Jr., Jimmy Walker without Grover Whalen, Gilbert Seldes without the 7 Lively Arts, the Village without its favorite haunts. Yet Manhattan during the twenties was the university of all the bright young college dropouts, featuring life at firsthand in its curriculum along with freelancing and free love. For the young today, with their contempt for set forms and their concern for causes, life is in a sense a mixture of the twenties and the thirties; yet what it crucially lacks of those two eras of contradictory hopes is a hopefulness of its own.

I have said that *Babbitts & Bohemians* is short on some of the arts and their milieus. But in a chapter called "The Year Nothing Happened" it does epitomize the creative fruitfulness of the twenties. The year 1925 produced, in literature alone, *An American Tragedy*, *The Great Gatsby*, *In Our Time*, *Arrowsmith*, and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*; Marianne Moore's *Observations*, Cummings' *XLI Poems*, Jeffers' *Roan Stallion*, Pound's *Cantos I-XVI*, and William Carlos Williams' *In the American Grain*. It is a very pleasant sort of paradox that during a decade when twentieth-century American life could often seem most ephemeral and adolescent, its literature proved so lasting and mature.

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Nelson's Flagship by Charles W. Morton



This is the last piece written for the ATLANTIC by Charles W. Morton. For twenty-four years he presided over these pages with the tart humor and discerning eccentricity that made him a singular writer and editor. If there was one place he loved second to his own country, it was England, and he died there — in a London hospital — in September. If there was one childhood excitement that stayed with him longer than others, it was for fighting ships and the men who command them, and his last essay is about Nelson and his flagship.

There is no measuring Charlie's unique contribution to the magazine during the past quarter century except to say that the wit and creative criticism he introduced into its pages were at least equaled by the wisdom and discrimination he brought to our private deliberations. He always believed in the widest degree of editorial diversity and disagreement ("The only real equipment you have for this business is your opinion"). In his last days, he worried about the war, about what it was doing to his country and to his friends. He thought about the magazine he loved, about where it was going, how it would get there. Wherever he is — somewhere in Thurber Country with Mencken, Mr. Dooley, DeVoto, and the other rare ivory-billed woodpeckers of American letters — he is certain to be appalled by the food, outraged by the service, and unavoidably generous to the fellow at the gate.

— The Editors

The royal arms of England, freshly and richly emblazoned, have a great way of seeming to bring to life the location of their mounting. The occasion may be unexpected, but something of it calls for recognition: a significance is still there, and a sprightly way of showing it is in the gold and the colors of heraldry.

One could hardly imagine a better place for the royal arms than their position on an oval shield, topped by a crown and supported on each side by a white figure of classical purport, as figurehead of H.M.S. *Victory*. This is all in a generous dimension, and it leads the stranger's gaze first up the 110-foot bowsprit and its booms, and thence to the tall masts, the mainmast rising 205 feet above the dockside. But most of all, the bright colors of the figurehead proclaim a great ship in truly pristine condition, her myriad of lines in good order, brass gleaming, decks immaculate, and not even a fragment of litter from her swarms of visitors (no admission charge). The greatest ship of her day, *Victory* remains the incomparable example of sea power in the days of sail.

Never decommissioned since her launching in 1765, *Victory* is still in service as flagship of the Portsmouth command. Thousands of visitors

come daily to see her and to read the small brass plaque on her quarterdeck: "Here Nelson fell, 21st October, 1805." Save for the absence of canvas on her yards, *Victory's* appearance today is much as it was at Trafalgar, when she led British sea power to overwhelming success in the most decisive battle in naval history. She is raised sufficiently in her permanent dry dock to bring her normal waterline parallel with the top of the dock, so that the whole sweep of her three gun decks and her silhouette are seen in a proper perspective, at a distance or from nearby.

The general impression one gets from *Victory* is of stark, simple force: a sense of indestructibility of the ship itself, with a hull of oak two feet thick; and the implied impact of the firepower of the guns, a hundred or more in all and constituting the main way of life for those on board. Everything was accomplished by human muscle with no power assists, so that weighing an anchor called for 280 men on the capstan bars. Launching the ship's boats, which included the Admiral's barge (fourteen oars) and a launch (sixteen oars), made the same kind of physical demands. (During a battle it was common practice to tow all the boats

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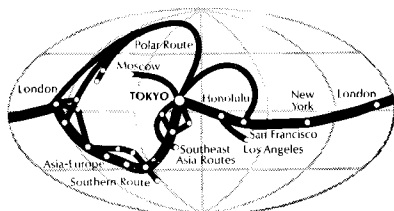
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astern, to prevent damage to the boats and to the furniture and valuables from the Admiral's and officers' cabins with which they were loaded.) Amenities for the crew were nonexistent, and the men themselves were likely to be an odd collection of a dozen nationalities, farmers, criminals, volunteers, including many seized from merchant vessels and kidnapped into the naval service. It was a harsh life with few rewards, and the more one considers the completely one-sided results of the major battles in Nelson's career, the more puzzling becomes the question of how such consistent victories seemed to result almost automatically for the British forces, even though they were often outnumbered and operating at the far end of a long supply line. The French ships were equally good, and many of their commanders fought them bravely and energetically. Yet the outcome at Trafalgar, for example, was that the British lost no ship while the French and Spanish fleets lost eighteen, destroyed or surrendered, and four more taken some days later. In the gale that followed the battle, many enemy ships foundered, but no British ship was lost, even though some had been masted and heavily damaged.

The Nelson legend is of course founded on solid fact, and volumes by the score, by historians, contemporaries, eyewitnesses, and friend and enemy alike, set forth his unique talents as a master tactician, fighting man, mariner, and perhaps above all, a leader who inspired the devotion of every man in his command. These were great assets for the British fleet, but there were other ingredients not found in the navies of its enemies, according to Lieutenant Commander C. W. Whittington, R.N., commanding officer of *Victory*, a Nelson scholar and the author of "H.M.S. *Victory*, a Short History and Guide," who has managed to transmit in this sixteen-page booklet a wonderfully complete account of the ship.

Commander Whittington believes that British naval success in general came from an iron discipline and the policy of keeping the fleet actively at sea for months, often years, at a time. Seamanship and gunnery honed accordingly, the rate of fire reaching a point where an enemy vessel of the same armament, locked in close combat with a British ship,

often found itself outgunned by something on the order of three to one. There were few surprises, and much experience with which to deal with them. A constant readiness and full maintenance were the routine minimum. The truculence of the environment comes through to the visitor immediately on entering Captain Hardy's spacious dining and day cabin, one of the three great cabins in the stern of *Victory*. It is paneled in white, chastely furnished with old mahogany of much patina, a beautiful carpet older than the ship; and on each side, immediately within, is a twelve-pounder cannon nosing out of its gunport just like the rest of the ship's armament.

Portsmouth is not on the usual tourist itinerary, and more people would probably see *Victory* if she were stationed in London, but there is a delightful appropriateness in her permanent berth in H.M. Dockyard, still surrounded by navy men and their doings and by the antique stone buildings of the establishment.

Cold Reality

by Nan Riley Flanagan

Nan Riley Flanagan has been a teacher and writer since her graduation from Duchesne College. She lives in a Chicago suburb with her husband and daughter.

Just wait until I get my hands on him, the creative genius who plots and plans the ads for today's refrigerators. I say genius singular, not plural — there could surely be only one such combination of archfiend and fond dreamer whose work results in my complete frustration.

Understand, I have no objection to the color pictures of the *outsides* of the refrigerators: the fridge done in American Western decor, with the accompanying model dressed as a

Trick or Treat

by Nancy Price

The ghost is a torn sheet,
the skeleton's suit was bought in the dime store,
the witch is flameproof, but who knows
what dark streets they have taken here?
Brother Death, here is a candy bar.
For the lady wearing the hat from Salem: gum.
And a penny for each eye, Lost Soul.
They fade away with their heavy sacks.
Thanks! I yell just in time,

Thanks for another year!

contemporary Annie Oakley, or the one with the Spanish wrought-iron influence, the model a charmingly feminine bullfighter. What really reaches out and grabs me is the picture of the box with the open door.

Look at those shelves. Invariably there are several sherbet or parfait dishes loaded with some luscious heaped-up *cordon bleu* concoction. There is also a molded salad — not just a plain old ring mold, but one of that unusual Raymond Loewy type of melon shapes, or a writhing fish, or a tiered monument. And one ham, beautifully glazed, probably with nectar and ambrosia. (Now, about that ham. It is reposing gracefully on a large platter, circled by enticing accessories. Said accessories are best with *hot* ham. What does the cook do? Cook the ham, put it in the icebox with its surrounding delights, and then before she serves it take the ham out of the box and re-heat it? She'll have to wash the platter again before she can serve her meal, and I am just uncharitable enough to enjoy the thought of her hasty last-minute efforts.) The chocolate cake with white and yellow icing is quite evidently the masterpiece of some modern-day Renoir.

The fruits and vegetables are always in season — in their own season, that is, whether there are winter grapefruits and summer watermelons pictured together, or fresh raspberries and Rome Beauty apples as a colorful duet. Celery, radishes, carrot sticks have been freshly bathed, toweled, and manicured.

Take a look at those bottles of lemon juice, soft drinks, ketchup, salad dressing, fruit juice — all full. How about that stick of butter on the butter shelf? It is whole, entire.

Now for the other side of the coin. My side, and a dull side it is. Let me open my refrigerator to you. Perhaps you will shriek, as a friend of

mine did once when she was helping me entertain at coffee, "Look at that neat-neat icebox!" I was flattered momentarily, until I realized that shelves so nearly empty could be nothing *but* neat.

The coffee can contains bacon grease — I like to fry chicken in half bacon grease and half butter. That egg yolk in the small custard cup — the egg yolk that looks, and is, slightly crusty on top — is left over from the recipe I used day before yesterday that called for one egg white. I intended to add it to several (whole) eggs to scramble for breakfast yesterday, but we decided instead on basted eggs. The three tablespoons of oatmeal were left from last Friday (the container got pushed behind the coffee can, and I just this minute noticed it).

Those three small white plastic cartons hold about a half cup of soup each. I thought I might combine them, but somehow the mixture of cream of potato, vegetarian vegetable, and Scotch broth leaves me cold. I must insist that both of those half-filled jars of preserves are really edible — one we decided we didn't care for, but how can I throw out a forty-three-cent jar of gourmet black raspberry preserves just because the seeds are so big?

The jar with the three stuffed olives in it is for a friend of ours. Occasionally she has a martini with us, but her idea of a martini is an olive surrounded by almost anything liquid, one to one, two to one, or fourteen to one. The brine in that jar is beginning to look a little doubtful, but then brine always looks doubtful . . . doesn't it?

Oh, the typewriter ribbon? Well, that's a spare I bought a couple of weeks ago, and it might dry out before my old ribbon needs replacing.

There are a few other small treasures — my grandmother would have called them "teenty-tonty bits." I come from a family noted for being saver-uppers of string and putter-awayers of paper bags. I might be able to do something with that bit of leftover roast. It does seem a shame to waste it, and perhaps with some artichoke hearts, mushrooms, sherry, slivered almonds, and a few other ingredients, I could whip up something delectable. I wonder if it would possibly stretch to serve two?

The imported pickled herring and the anchovy-stuffed olives are what Spouse picked up last time he went

out for a loaf of bread. The two half-filled ketchup bottles have me puzzled: why two? That round mass in the corner of the bottom shelf could be a weary kernel of lettuce wrapped in a voluminous tea towel, but it's just a little ironing I didn't quite get to. (That was the day I decided to make sour-cream coffee cake and had to borrow the sour cream, the walnuts, a minimum of cinnamon, and the flour.)

The new refrigerators are beautiful, but I might as well face the fact: my family doesn't need a new refrigerator; it needs a new *me*.

How Useful Was My Paperweight

by R. P. Lister

A British free-lance author well known for his light verse, R. P. Lister is equally facile in writing prose.

I was scrambling about the fringes of the Selka glacier, in the Lule-Lappmark, when I tripped over a loose piece of rock shaped like the skull of an immature zombie partly decomposed. I thought it would make a nice paperweight. I put it in my rucksack and carried it six days over the mountains to the nearest post office. There I posted it to myself at an address in Athens.

After walking several hundred more miles across the tundra, I was arrested by the Finns on the Russian frontier. They released me, and I took a train to Stockholm. I spent the night walking about the town. At sunrise I met a fox on one of the bridges, near the Djurgården.

"Where are you going to, fox?" I asked him.

He made no reply, but trotted off toward Kungsgatan. I suppose he was having breakfast with some other fox up there.

I took a train to Rome. At Hamburg a Communist called Tonio joined me. All his money had been stolen in a fracas. I shared my cheese and blood sausage with him. At Milan a young priest came aboard.

"The Church is the enemy of the people," Tonio said. "Are you not very hot in that soutane?"

The young priest smiled. "I wear nothing underneath," he said.

There was no room on the seats that night, so I took my reindeer hide down from the rack and slept on the floor.

My friends in Rome gave a fine party. It went on all night. The next day I went down by train to Brindisi. I got on a boat at dusk and climbed into a lifeboat. When I woke up, the sun was rising over Albania. I took a bus to Athens.

I had a fine flat in Athens, in the Kolonaki district, with a wonderful view across the Hilton to Hymettus. It was a nice change to sleep in a bed. In the morning I received a green postcard telling me to call at the head post office for a parcel. I washed some drip-dry shirts and took them up to the roof. There was a woman there who had come up the back stairs from the boiler house. She spoke to me in Greek.

"*Parakaló*?" I said politely.

She waved her hand at my shirts flapping on the line.

"*Catharsis*," she said. Just then a puff of smoke came out of the boiler chimney to windward. My shirts turned black. I took them back to the flat and went down to the street.

I waited at a bus stop until a bus came along. It was labeled Apothecosis. It seemed safer to walk. The



head post office was on the other side of the agora from the Acropolis. It was vertical. I queued up at several counters on different floors, signed my name fifteen times, paid over a pocketful of drachmas, and collected my parcel. By late afternoon I was back at my flat, with my rock from the Selka glacier, a bottle of ouzo, and some melons, and settled down to work.

There was a nice breeze blowing through the flat when the windows were open. I took out my paperweight and put it on a pile of papers.

A dozen men were putting up a new block next door. They hammered nails into the scaffolding, poured bricks down wooden chutes started up the cement mixer, a held long-range discussions on politics and the football results. I shut the windows again and put the

paperweight away in my rucksack. The temperature with the windows shut was a hundred and ten.

After six weeks the building was still far from finished. I took a last look at Hymettus, caught a train to London, and went to live in a deserted mansion in Suffolk. The wind blew across the frozen orchard. I kept the windows shut, but the door kept blowing open, letting in cold air from the haunted wing. I got out my paperweight to use as a doorstep. When the wind blew, it swiveled around under pressure, and the ghosts got in.

I went out and chopped down a tree. It fell on a shed full of hibernating tortoises, knocking one end of the roof off. I took a piece of coping stone to use as a doorstep, and put my paperweight back in the rucksack.

It was still there when I went back to London and took a flat with an architect friend at eight guineas a week. I washed a pullover and put it on the window ledge to dry, using the paperweight to keep it from falling off. It fell off. I went down into the garden to get it back, and met the landlady. She said, "The rent is now twelve guineas."

The architect found a flat in Kensington. I stored my paperweight and other possessions in a friend's loft and went to Turkey.

When I came back, I was offered the use of a front room off Ladbroke Grove. I slept on a camp bed under the grand piano. We gave a great party to celebrate the Chinese New Year. I was talking to a monsignor when an office block came in through the door, sideways. I peered in through one of his upper windows.

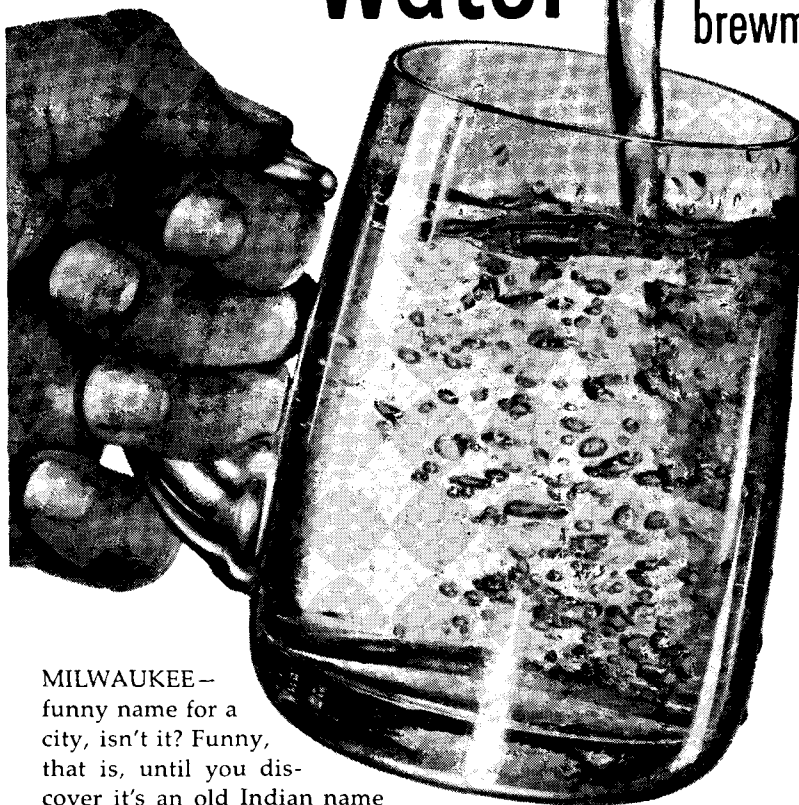
"Who are you?" I asked.

"Office blocks don't talk," he replied, puffing cigarette smoke through his fenestration. Sometime later one of his architraves came loose. I got my paperweight out of the rucksack to hammer it back home, but only succeeded in denting his entablature. Somebody remembered there was a hammer in the kitchen drawer. I put the paperweight in my rucksack, under the grand piano, and there it remains.

As Sir Samuel Baker remarked, there is nothing so useful as iguana skin for lashing broken gunstocks. I wish I had him here to tell me what hunks of stone from the Selka glacier are useful for, but his present whereabouts are unknown.

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A Possibility of Paradise

by Christopher Lucas



The legend of the South Seas, whether the time be 1762 or 1962, resurrects a vague but distant place of scented breezes and ivory beaches, tiny scrubbed islands ringed with pink coral and peopled with slim, carefree natives who swim and dance and make love, a myopic vision relentlessly perpetuated by film directors and travel editors.

The muddled carnival is complicated by names like Pago Pago and Raratonga, the exotic sniffs of gardenia and sandalwood, torchy barbecue fiestas with ukulele music by Rodgers and Hammerstein — a languid ecstasy only occasionally disturbed by a typhoon or tidal wave.

Indeed, since its haphazard discovery by Samuel Wallis in 1767, Tahiti has prompted more inspired wordage than any other island except Great Britain. And yet Tahiti and the islands of French Polynesia, sprinkled over a watery immensity bigger than Europe, have been all but incommunicado. Before World War II only two steamships reached Papeete's quays each year, and a wearying sixty-day passage from Marseilles scarcely conditioned the voyager for objective inquiry.

So the quaint legend proliferated, until Charles de Gaulle, that austere spoilsport, ruled that France's "*poule de luxe*," so jealously pampered by her previous masters, should start to pay her own way and ordered the jet airport of Faaa, a formidable 12,000-foot strip on a bank of crushed white coral. It was completed in 1960.

Whisked above the clouds, banqueting on beluga and truffled capon, the visitor now finds his DC-8 dipping over the volcanic peaks of Michener's Bali Ha'i just twenty-five hours and 10,000 miles after departing Orly Airport.

During the past twelve months airliners dumped some 20,000 tourists on Tahiti (there were a scant 700 in 1957), all bursting, presumably, to discover truth.

Checking his guidebook, the visitor notices that Tahiti is indeed beautiful, rising from the ocean in a sharp thrust of kneaded green mountains, its valleys luxuriant with flamboyants and breadfruit, pandanus, guava, ironwood, and monstrous ferns; a mad vegetation where grapefruits swell like footballs and hibiscus grows wild.

Slightly mystified, he discovers that Papeete hardly compares with Portofino, that the township remains

little more than a Pacific trading post with a pleasantly shaded waterfront, a dilapidated pastiche of Wild West clapboard and grubby Chinese stores, rusting tin roofs and flaking colonial porches, slightly enhanced by a new supermarket which, plastic lilies, and a new bank ready for his money.

On a tour of the island he admires the craggy powder-blue outline of Moorea, Tahiti's twin island; a blowhole; and Mount Orohena, twice Snowdon's height; a sign which reads, "*École: 2 + 2 = 4*"; Pointe Vénus, where Captain Cook traced the planet's orbit; and the tidy pink-washed leper colony at Orofara, possibly noting that the only white beach is ten miles from his hotel and that Route Nationale No. 1 ends where it begins.

The observant tourist remarks that coconuts crash to earth like pistol shots while mangoes drop with a softer, plumper sound, that the natives eat barracuda and raise their eyebrows instead of saying yes, that elephantiasis is not pretty, that the most decorative vahines are Chinese mestizas, and that the fragrance of tiare, Tahiti's special gardenia, is often stifled by the rancid butter smell of copra.

During his quest, the myth stall will find that the islanders' staple, which the French call *poisson cru*, is in fact marinated in the juice of fresh limes, that one in two Tahitians owns a car or motor scooter, that the *tamure*, which passes for a dance, would never please the Lord Chamberlain, and that the word *marié* actually means they are just good friends.

In the evenings he will go to Quinn's Bar, where the guitars are loud and the behavior uncomplicated, tip a flowered wreath over his eyes, and drink an immoderate amount of Hinano beer, probably to blunt reality. Before leaving he is also likely to take a snap of Emile Gauguin, the painter's gross, bloated son, so he can say, "Look at the Gauguin I got in Tahiti."

On settling his hotel bill, he will remember the migrant land crabs that visited his bungalow, the ant column that devoured the aspirin, and the lizards that looked like teen-age iguanas. He will also be reminded that a scrappy bistro dinner cost \$6 and that the thatched home which he shared with the termites rated \$20 a day.

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"It's not an either/or place," says Barnaby Conrad, the American writer. "If people are thinking 'either we go to Jamaica or Palm Springs or Tahiti,' well, they'd better skip it. They would get lost on the way."

Tahiti may expose its eccentric character without haste, yet the initial mirage can become obsessive. The extravagant backdrop is incidental, for it is the people who are unique.

In a constipated world, where Europe's persuasions get reflex approval, the Tahitians have judged the ways of the *popaa* (their slightly disparaging term for the white man) and found them obnoxious. Without fuss they accepted the free gift of a civilization, picked out the convenient details, and rejected the rest, preferring their own singular morality and standards.

Untroubled by Christian preaching and *popaa* complexes, most Tahitians remain direct, practical, and enviably relaxed, immune from sentimentality and inhibition, engaged in a genial hedonism which finds it convenient to ignore the despotism of work and money, the uncertain benefits of ambition.

By drawing-room standards the islanders have, of course, been prodigiously fortunate, indulged by the prodigal god Taaroa with a climate and vegetation which made survival a pastime, spared the muskets of Mendaña and his missionaries, opportunely discovered at a well-intentioned time, and coaxed along by eighteenth-century philosophers with a real attachment, on paper at least, to "these splendid savages."

Since the days of Wallis, the Tahitians have never known real fear or want or slavery. Coddled by history, these spoiled children can be moody, irresponsible, capricious, and hopelessly blasé, yet they have preserved the impulse of generosity and a courteous pride.

Impervious to future profit, disinterested in status or property, they cheerfully flaunt their preference for personal choice and instant pleasure, uncomplicated by guilt or greed. They are also happy.

Isolated, comatose, the victim begins to appreciate with growing amusement how Tahitians twist the tail of civilization, practicing a deadpan logic which can be devastating.

The evasions of Tetuanui, Papeete's deep-sea diver and a sharp

judge of his own value, are consistently typical, for on most Mondays he is prostrate from the weekend's pleasures. Climbing into his harness, Tetuanui plunges to twelve fathoms, where it is cool, quiet, and where the rates are highest. On the soft, sandy bottom he rests, sleeps a little, and assures his income.

More than once Tetuanui has been surprised by an apoplectic supervisor, yet his charmed career has endured. For he is also Polynesia's only professional diver.

In the remote Marquesas I happened to be discussing religion with a chief who was convinced England became Christian after burning Joan of Arc because "the people saw a great light in the sky." His daughter, Potini, who was just fifteen, proudly interjected that she was still pagan, and when asked why, smilingly replied, "No baptism: no sins."

During my recent visit I asked my maid, Tina, a sleepy creature, to bring a five-kilogram block of ice each morning, yet her progress was so slow that invariably only a doll-sized cube survived. I chided her gently and without success, until a ruffled brow produced its own answer: "Well, why not buy a ten-kilogram block?" Tina had also been known to claim that eggs were "out of season" when the Chinaman's store seemed too distant.

Under such ground rules, the *popaa* seldom emerges with honor. There was Tautira, a neighbor, who sold a strip of land, collected cash, spent it, discovered overnight he had neither land nor cash, so promptly assured everyone he had been robbed. And there was his cousin Tahea who sold a swamp. The buyer, a Frenchman, drained the water, cultivated the land, and resold it at a profit, convincing Tahea he had been victimized by *le farani*, a patronizing epithet which covers all things French.

As the weeks slumbered past, one even hesitated to criticize the stout Tama, a nacre diver from the Tuamotu, who earnestly saved for three years to buy a secondhand Cadillac. At huge expense, the car was shipped to his distant atoll, unloaded by whaleboat, and manhandled over the reef. Tama drove it some three hundred yards before it skidded off the island's only track and wedged itself between two coconut palms, where it still rests. "I never wanted to *drive* a Cadillac,"

insists Tama, quite happily, "I just wanted to *buy* one."

Such *laissez aller* prepares one for the freakish state of the Tahitian language, where the soul is placed in the belly (the word *opu* covers both), where *ao* means cloud, grease, paradise, and goose, as well as ten other things, where a thief becomes "a-man-with-clever-fingers," where there are seventeen terms for avarice and not one for goodness.

I observed a U.S. Navy captain, perhaps stirred by such nihilism, stare across the harbor at his command, tenaciously sink a fifth Hina-no, spin on his heels, and roar, "Anybody want to buy a submarine?" There were no takers, but the majority were sympathetic, for exposure to Tahiti can be damaging. The worthy captain may be forgiven, for he must still be unaware of the two cardinal imperatives which bring a hint of order to the apparent anarchy of an island.

First there is *aita peapea*, synonymous with Russia's *nitchevo*, usually associated with slouched shoulders and an inquiring eyebrow. This practical instinct (literally, "no troubles"; actually, "I couldn't care less") combines a smudge of fatalism with a unanimous distaste for any decision or concern which might disturb an epicurean present.

Untouched by envy, most Polynesians feel the *popaa* is an odd species whose faulty mechanism simply runs too fast, unavoidably driving him into inhuman efforts which bring no conclusive results.

When an island family needs food, the husband will dutifully collect some breadfruit or paddle his canoe into the lagoon; but he will only engage himself at a salary if his immediate fancies include a sewing machine, a scooter, or, more probably, funds for a party. He will even work hard and skillfully when the job becomes a pleasure, moved by a momentary desire to excel or by the ribald taunts of an audience. Yet he will barter a morning's catch of bonito for a single tin of corned beef if the appetite prevails, and the scooter will end on the junk heap. Tahitians don't repair; they discard.

In the months I was there I met not one Tahitian who listens to a news broadcast, indulges in politics, or even buys *France-Dimanche*. Such projects seem far too complex, too tedious, and too remote. Although Papeete boasts an Assemblée Terri-

toriale, quaintly dumped above the waterfront customs, most citizens view its elected members with derision, sharing E. E. Cummings' conviction that "a politician is an arse" which everyone has sat except a man." They would also contend that future wars should be fought by the *farani* and others, an opinion imported by the veterans of the Pacific battalion, who served bravely but were unimpressed by the gutted chaos of Europe.

Yet in the simplest homes, under a roof of tressed palm leaves, the visitor will discover transistor radios and running water, stereo record players, even washing machines. These foreign incidentals won instant approval, as did *le twist*.

With equal expediency Tahitians have accepted the Bible and rejected the concept of original sin. Hustled by insistent missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, they grudgingly abandoned their congenial gods and tikis, picked up vague notions of the catechism, and now pay nodding tribute to the commandments, enjoying the ritual practices while flagrantly ignoring their moral obligations.

In Tahiti there are still only 3500 lawfully married couples, for the majority prefer a more elastic rapport; and even the most world-weary still believe that the *toupapaou*, those ubiquitous phantoms, can be discouraged by spitting, and that coconuts have eyes. I also happen to know a convent-educated vahine who cannot decide whether to become a nun or join her cousins in Hong Kong, and a pastor who will marry a pair only if they already have two children.

The islanders may be religious but they are not Christian, and worship can lapse into a most unorthodox affair. In the Leeward Islands I once visited a chapel where the congregation sat on the wooden floor, buoyantly joining in the hymns and free-for-all Bible discussions. Between these highlights, the people dozed, chatted, cradled their babies, scratched their dogs, and smoked cigarettes. Eluding the ethical strait-jacket, Tahitians are noticeably susceptible to the Mormons, who now reputedly offer a \$600 cash bonus per conversion, while the writer, 'Serstevens notes a mass migration from the churches to the cinemas, where their Hogarthian natures find less compromising distractions.



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music

From *Butterfly* to *Wozzeck*
by Herbert Kupferberg



By rights this column ought to be all about Alban Berg, but somehow Giacomo Puccini keeps getting in the way. Berg's opera *Wozzeck* has just received its second stereo recording at the hands of Pierre Boulez and the Paris National Opera (CBS 32-21-0002: two records). Life is too short to count the stereo recordings of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, but another has just been issued by Angel (SCL-3702: three records).

Between *Butterfly* and *Wozzeck* lies a whole world of differing tastes and opposing musical concepts. Yet they don't stand all that far apart in time. *Wozzeck* dates from 1925, *Butterfly* from 1904. Nevertheless, Puccini's opera is thoroughly nineteenth-century and Berg's unmistakably twentieth. *Wozzeck* is, without a doubt, as vivid and searing a musical portrait of modern man as has yet been written. But *Butterfly* cuts its way to the human heart too, and the new Angel recording is so magnificent that it is impossible to resist talking about it first.

If the distinguishing qualities of this *Butterfly* had to be put into two words, they might well be Barbirolli — and birds. Barbirolli is the same Sir John (only he wasn't knighted then) who for a time succeeded Toscanini with the New York Philharmonic, but who attained genuine success only in later years in his native England. His interest in opera will come as a surprise to most listeners, and the results he achieves in this one are little short of spectacular. *Butterfly* is not an opera in which the conductor often exercises a decisive influence, yet Barbirolli, working with a cast relatively lacking in high-powered names, makes the score surge with vigor and glow with a lyric incandescence. His tempos are deliberate; he seemingly lets climaxes build themselves rather than whipping them up.

Barbirolli's feat is all the more remarkable in that it is accomplished with the help of a cast which, while able enough, isn't calculated to set an impresario's pulse pounding. Renata Scotto, the *Butterfly*, is an Italian soprano well versed in style and tradition but with a voice that tends to turn a mite edgy when it is pushed. Carlo Bergonzi, the Pinkerton, is a singer blessed with a naturally beautiful tenor but rather lacking in that hard-to-define quality known as temperament. Yet Ber-

gonzi's voice takes on an ardent and sensuous quality here such as he has seldom displayed before, while Miss Scotto sings with such unaffected and spontaneous directness that her voice seems just right for the naïve and trusting Japanese girl. The blend is exquisite, notably in the first act love duet, which is sung unforgettably. For once we seem to be listening to two people in love rather than to a pair of opera singers.

As for the birds, this is a recording which takes its life in its hands by harking back to the notorious opening-night failure of *Madama Butterfly* at La Scala in 1904. Historians are inclined to think that the demonstrations in the theater that night were instigated by an anti-Puccini cabal, but evidently there also were things in the score which set the crowd's teeth on edge. One was the introduction of artificial birdcalls as a sound effect superimposed on the orchestral passage during which *Butterfly* gazes out over the sea at dawn as she vainly awaits her lover's arrival. Birdcalls were unusual at La Scala, and when the audience heard the twitterings they derisively began to moo, bark, and bray.

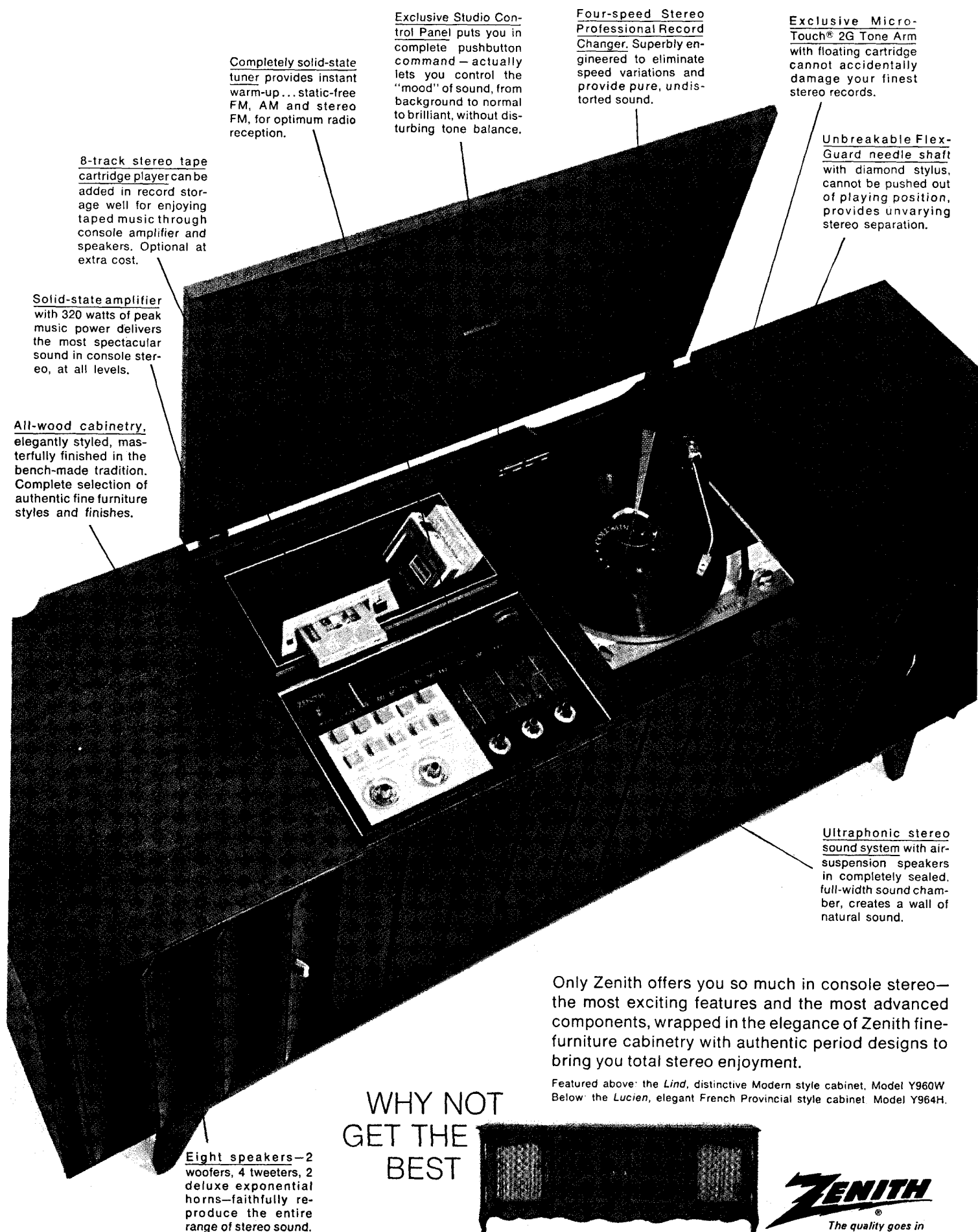
This recording reintroduces the birdcalls at the opening of Act III, and gets away with them. In fact, they lighten the orchestral texture in a pleasant way for a few moments, even though the musical scene is atmospheric enough without them.

Butterfly aficionados may be interested in one extra little touch provided by Angel's recording. In Act I, when Pinkerton asks the American consul Sharpless the famous but fatuous question "*Milk-punch, o Whisky?*" the official remains silent, instead of opting for whiskey, as the libretto indicates. Either this Sharpless is a teetotaler, or he totes his own.

The fiasco of *Butterfly* on its opening night was only momentary. Three months later, the opera, somewhat revised, had a second launching, and this time it became the success it has remained ever since. But Puccini did encounter one lasting failure in his musical career, an opera called *La Rondine*, which has just been given its first stereo recording by RCA Victor (LSC-7048: two records).

La Rondine is a curious little work. Puccini wrote it in mid-career, after *Bohème* and *Butterfly*, and before *Il Trittico* and *Turandot*. He worked on

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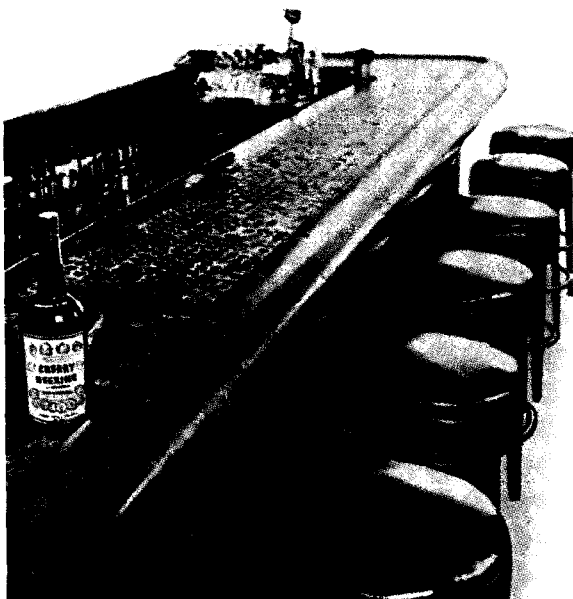
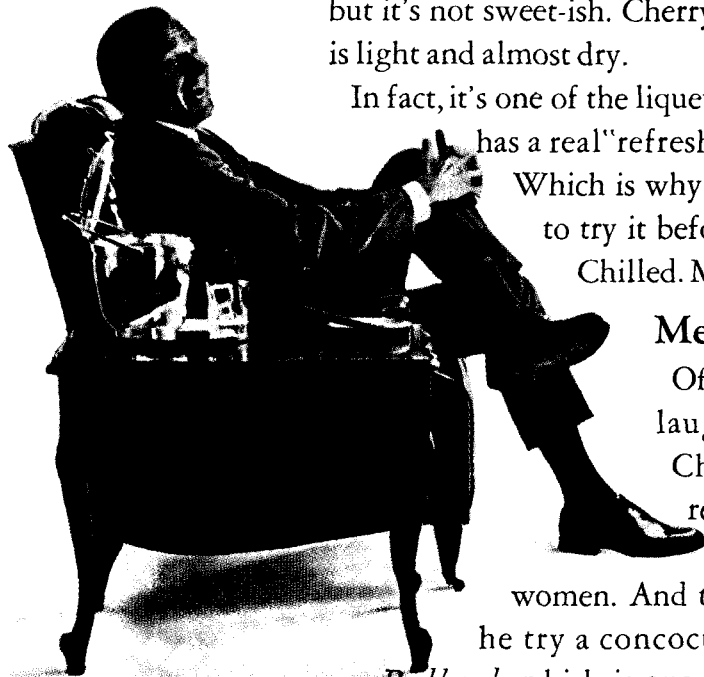
cher-ry heer-ing (chër/î hîr/îng), n.l. an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the

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it for three years, writing, rewriting, revising. Yet after some initial success it quickly faded from the stage, and it is a rare opera company that gives it today.

All the same, it contains a good deal of charming music, especially in the first half. The trouble with *La Rondine* is that it starts out to be a wistful operetta and winds up being a weighty tragedy. Puccini's original commission for it came from two Viennese producers who wanted him to write a waltz operetta. His publisher counseled him against writing music that would be "bad Lehár," but Puccini went ahead nevertheless.

La Rondine — the title means "the swallow" — isn't exactly bad Lehár, but neither is it supreme Puccini. Its subject, almost embarrassingly similar to Verdi's *La Traviata*, is a romance between a pretty Paris courtesan and a poetic young man; its first two acts occur in an elegant salon and a student dance hall. In both of these Puccini, actually utilizing waltz rhythms with skill and smoothness, writes some lilting and captivating music. Particularly notable is "Doretta's Dream," a perfectly lovely and soaring romantic song for soprano. It is sung as the highlight of a gay Parisian party, and begins with a simple piano accompaniment — a novel and striking touch.

What really makes *La Rondine* a failure is Puccini's inability to sustain the original light and winsome mood. The frivolity and flirtatiousness evaporate; the students and grisettes disappear; in Act III the two sinful lovers head for the Riviera and an inevitable parting while the music turns heavy, sour, and tedious. But the memory of numbers like "Doretta's Dream" is hard to efface.

RCA Victor has given *La Rondine* a thoroughly attractive production, which is just as well since it gets so few of them. Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, who conducts the RCA Italiana Orchestra and Chorus, shows himself adept in Puccini's "Viennese" style, and the role of Magda, the courtesan, finds soprano Anna Moffo giving one of her most graceful recorded performances.

The rest of the cast includes such singers as Daniele Barioni, tenor, Mario Sereni, baritone, and Graziella Sciutti, soprano.

But the standout performer is an

Italian *comprimario* named Piero de Palma, who performs the secondary role of Prunier, a cynical poet and hanger-on. A *comprimario* is a singer of minor parts, one notch above a chorister. De Palma is one of those who by sheer excellence of musicianship and clarity of diction know how to create vivid characters from the most modest of material. He also sings Goro, the marriage broker, in the new Angel *Butterfly*, and here, too, he turns a minor role into a major source of musical enjoyment.

And so, at last, to Alban Berg and his *Wozzeck*. Only since 1945 — twenty years after its premiere — has Berg's atonal opera really been making headway in the world's opera houses. When Rudolf Bing first took over the management of the Metropolitan in New York he listed *Wozzeck* among his ten favorite operas, but even so, it took him more than a decade to put it on there. Even now it can hardly be said to be a repertory piece at the Met, or anywhere else. A performance of *Wozzeck* always is an event, and so is a recording.

This is especially true of the present recording because Pierre Boulez conducts it. Boulez, the composer of such works as *Le Marteau sans maître* and *Le Soleil des eaux*, left Paris for Baden-Baden in 1959 because of what he regarded as the superficiality and conservatism of French musical life, but he comes back from time to time. In 1963 he put on *Wozzeck* at the Paris Opéra, the first time it had ever been given at that venerable house. He utilized the orchestra and chorus of the institution, but his cast wasn't exactly all French: it included Walter Berry as Wozzeck, Isabel Strauss as Marie, Albert Weickenmeier as the captain, Carl Doench as the doctor, and Fritz Uhl as the drum major — the latter three being representative of the various human devils who torment poor Wozzeck to death.

Boulez's performance had a powerful impact on its Parisian audiences, and it achieves the same in this recording. Among its other attributes, *Wozzeck* is a highly stage-worthy piece, and Boulez delineates its dramatic outlines sharply and with a great sense of realism. This graphic quality is what distinguishes the new CBS recording from a Deutsche Grammophon version by Karl Böhm that came out last year (138991/2: two records). The DGG

performance is impeccable and idiomatically; for sheer precision it surpasses the job done by Boulez's musicians. But it also has a certain reverential quality, as though one were dealing in all deference with a modern classic rather than with a living stage work. Boulez finds more excitement in the score.

He also is responsible for an unusually comprehensive and illuminating set of analytical notes. In an extensive printed foreword, Boulez not only outlines the intricate formalism of the opera, but points out specific instances of interpretive challenge, such as the maintaining of the single underlying note B in various fluctuations and degrees of intensity while *Wozzeck* is building up toward the climactic murder of his common-law wife. Perhaps he makes some of his points with more clarity in his printed discourse than in his musical performance, but it's a provocative analysis nevertheless. Boulez obviously is a conductor with ideas, insight, and energy. He certainly meets the challenge of *Wozzeck*. It might be interesting, just for the fun of it, to see what he could do with *Butterfly*.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 in E-flat, "Eroica"

Karl Ristenpart conducting South German Philharmonic Orchestra; Checkmate C-76003 (stereo)

The Checkmate label is a new one, a subsidiary of Elektra, which already puts out an excellent bargain-price classical line called Nonesuch. Checkmate is a "sound" series — that is, its emphasis will be on technological advances in stereo, particularly the clarity made possible by an improvement called the Dolby Noise Reduction System. It really works, too, as evidenced by this sumptuous-sounding, crystal-clear recording. The big question is whether sonic excellence is enough to overcome the appeal of the big-name competition in this repertory. Karl Ristenpart and his South Germans give a respectable, even a superior, account of the *Eroica*, but without exactly putting Bernstein, Leinsdorf, Ormandy, and Solti out of business. Other releases in the first batch of Checkmates include Brahms's First (C-76001) and Tchaikovsky's Fourth (C-76004) by

MOZART UNCORRUPTED

The autograph copy of Mozart's Rondo for piano, K. 494, is a quite different piece from the Hoffmeister version. Now reproduced in facsimile for the first time, its nature, history, and editorial implications are analyzed in an essay, begun by the late Hans Neumann and completed by Carl Schachter, which appears in *THE MUSIC FORUM*, Volume I. All essays in this volume stress linear structural factors, using the analytic procedures of Heinrich Schenker. Contents include:

- A Glossary of the Elements of Graphic Analysis
- Mode and Polyphony around 1500—Theory and Practice, by Peter Bergquist
- The Musical Language of *Wozzeck*, by George Perle
- Tonality in Early Medieval Polyphony, by Felix Salzer
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Charles Mackerras and the Hamburg Philharmonic, and Haydn's *Military* and *Drumroll* symphonies (C-76002) by Leslie Jones and the Orchestra of London. The records, priced at \$3.50, are in stereo only.

Man Is Not Alone

Words of inspiration spoken by Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, music composed and conducted by John Cacavas; Capitol ST-2754 (stereo) and T-2754 Man indeed is not alone, for Senator Dirksen is with him. A previous release by the senator, *Gallant Men*, had a patriotic inspiration, and this one finds its impulse in religion. With the musical as well as moral support of a chorus and orchestra, the senator delivers biblical readings, prayer recitations, inspirational anecdotes, and passages of what doubtlessly are original verses. Presumably it's all in the silver-tongued, golden-throated William Jennings Bryan tradition. But surely the material could be better handled. The senator's reading of Henley's "Invictus" is fine, for example, but the murky, interminable musical setting that follows is enough to make unbelievers of us all.

Warm, Wonderful, Wunderlich

Fritz Wunderlich, tenor, with Graunke Symphony Orchestra conducted by Hans Carste; Heliodor HS-25063 (stereo) and H-25063

Despite the alliterative excesses of its title, this record adds further evidence of the artistry and appeal of Fritz Wunderlich, the German tenor who died in an accident last year at the age of thirty-five, just before he was due to make his American debut at the Metropolitan Opera. In addition to his operatic qualifications he had a flair for such lighter songs as Toselli's "Serenade," Martini's "Plaisir d'amour," Dvořák's "Humoreske," and the like. All display his facility and individuality.

Brahms: Piano Quintet in F Minor, Opus 34

Artur Rubinstein, pianist, and Guarneri Quartet; RCA Victor LSC-2971 (stereo) and LM-2971

Artur Rubinstein isn't exactly a stranger to chamber music, but neither is he one of its most tireless practitioners. What lends interest to this recording is that it marks the beginning of what will be a continuing collaboration between the veteran pianist and the youthful en-

semble. Already the Schumann Quintet has been recorded, and other works by Brahms and Fauré will follow. As for the F Minor Quintet, it is played with admirable clarity, balance, and plenty of dramatic intensity. Rubinstein and the Guarneris obviously have some exciting musical adventures ahead.

The Astrology Album

Produced and conducted by Gary Usher; Columbia CS-9489 (stereo) and CL-2689

Astrology is a latecomer to records, but its arrival takes an amiable and possibly instructive form—a record giving a brief description of the human characteristics to be found beneath each of the signs, according to date of birth. Your lucky number, lucky day of the week, key planet, key word, most becoming fashion color—it's all here, along with a big zodiac wall chart. Not the sort of thing to replay every day, naturally, but a good party record. For some reason, it has been deemed necessary to include the voices of such entertainers as Jeremy Clyde and Chad Stuart of Chad and Jeremy to substantiate the authenticity of the astrological findings. What's the matter: don't they think we believe?

Ogden Nash: Everybody Knows the Trouble I've Seen

Recited by the author; RCA Victor VDM-114 (monaural only)

"The verses in this album are nearly all new, and I chose them because I am nearly all old," writes Ogden Nash in a message imprinted upon the jacket of this record. But have no fear: the Nash verses are as unwithered, unstaled, and unruly as ever, and every bit as pointed. Here's a sharp bit of advice to husbands, for instance:

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The rest covers the range of human experience, from ducks to dogs to doctors, with all the recitations in clear, crisp, and businesslike style, as if Mr. Nash meant every word of it, as well he might.

Rodgers and Hammerstein: South Pacific

Florence Henderson, Giorgio Tozzi, Irene Byatt, Justin McDonough, and others,

with Jonathan Anderson conducting orchestra and chorus; Columbia OS-3100 (stereo) and OL-6700

Once we acknowledge that nothing ever going to displace the original original-cast recording of *South Pacific* with Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza, we are in a position to acknowledge that this "original cast" album (for so it is labeled) of the 1967 Lincoln Center production is an excellent job indeed. Giorgio Tozzi's ample, operatic basso is simply sumptuous in "Some Enchanted Evening" and "This Nearly Was Mine," and Florence Henderson is surprisingly close to the Martin model in the role of Nellie Forbush. Perhaps the weakest element is that of Irene Byatt's Bloody Mary, a dim echo of the Juanita Hall original. Some things *nobody* will ever replace.

Berlioz: Overtures to King Lear, Les Francs-Juges, Roman Carnival, Waverley, The Corsair

Colin Davis conducting London Symphony Orchestra; Philips PHS-900138 (stereo) and PHM-500138

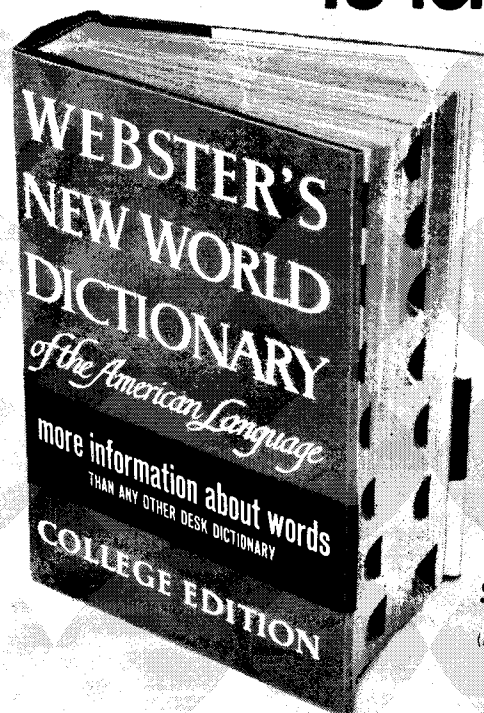
Hector Berlioz found inspiration for the overtures on this record in such diverse sources as Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, but wherever he started he always wound up with brilliant, ardent romantic music. Colin Davis and the London Symphony match him stride for stride, sigh for sigh in these wonderfully rich, rousing, and full-bodied performances. All represent Berlioz as he should be played, but perhaps the most thrilling to hear is *Le Corsaire*, as surging and salty a seascape as exists in all music.

Men and Women of Shakespeare

Irene Worth and Sir John Gielgud; RCA Victor VDS-115 (stereo) and VDM-115

This Shakespearean anthology proceeds from the premise that the way to make a good spoken record is merely to transcribe a good stage performance. Such proves, once again, not to be the case, for although Gielgud and Miss Worth scored a success when they took this program on tour, the recording often finds the meanings of words and lines obscured by dramatic underlinings and inflections. Besides, these Shakespearean snippets seem rather inconsequential beside the magnificent series of the complete plays so readily available.

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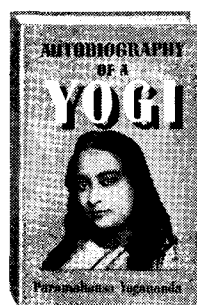
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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer
by Edward Weeks



In August, 1831, in a remote section of southeastern Virginia, Nat Turner, an educated Negro slave, a young preacher steeped in the Old Testament, led a sustained and bloody revolt in which all the whites within a radius of twenty miles in Southampton County met their death. That Nat felt himself divinely appointed is clear from his Confessions, which were published in Richmond a year later and which contain the few known facts about him and his crusade; this document is the starting point of WILLIAM STYRON'S novel, *THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER* (Random House, \$6.95). With poetic license Mr. Styron amplifies Nat's statement into a narrative covering his thirty years of life, the happy boyhood when as "a house nigger" he was trained to read, the degradation that was heaped on him after he was sold and his hopes for freedom dashed, and the needling and harassment that in his late twenties turned his dismay into implacable vengeance. "The year 1831," says Mr. Styron in his foreword, "was simultaneously, a long time ago and only yesterday," and no reader can fail to compare Nat's uprising with the riots of last summer. As a native of Tidewater Virginia who has brooded on the motivations of this revolt, Styron is well qualified to write what he terms a "meditation on history." The novel which results is a work of power, of loving and hateful descriptions, of little mirth, and, for the most part, of persuasive psychology.

The story is told in Nat's own words, as if he were seeking to justify himself to posterity. When he is reflecting or recounting, his English is pure and uninhibited; when he is preaching or conspiring he uses the familiar Negro dialect, charged with biblical quotations and eloquent; when he is defending himself against the white world, suspicious of his education, his talk becomes obsequious, concealing his motives and disgust. Nat draws strength from the thunderers of the Old Testament, Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Job, whose lamentations and threats he knows by heart, and with these frequent quotations there are apologetic asides, as if he were pleading with God or posterity to accept the reasons for his killings. This sweet reasonableness side by side with the cold-blooded murderous plot would

appear implausible if it did not duplicate the ruthless inconsistency which Nat experienced at the hands of his white owners.

How rebels are formed

Nat Turner never knew his father, who was killed before he was born, but his mother was comely and a favorite on the plantation at Turner's Mill. Nat's uncommon intelligence showed at an early age. Educated, trained in carpentry, and promised his freedom by the Turners, he was sold into further slavery when their plantation went bankrupt. In his adolescence Nat had become ascetic, shut off from the laughter and friendship of his contemporaries; he took his free time in the deep woods fasting, incanting the holy words, and awaiting some sign from the Lord. A strong and handsome Negro, he could not suppress his sex, and as a result of propinquity the women he lusted after were white, chief among them Miss Emmeline, who after a ball he observed being ravished by her cousin, and young Margaret Whitehead, a Southern flirt who led him on. How credible are these attractions each reader must decide for himself; apparently they added Nat's inner tension and restrained him with compassion when the bloody work had to be done.

After his departure from Turner's Mill Nat's bondage is a nightmare. He is sold first to the Reverend Eppes of Shiloh, a sex-starved miser who overworks him on animal rations, and then to the crude Thomas Moore, under whom he slaves for a decade. There in his young manhood he witnesses the beatings, the separation of Negro families, the sadistic torturing of his contemporaries. For himself he adopts "the role of humility, the soft voice and hound-like obedience," but the Bible has armed his spirit, armed him with the incantations which make him forget his own misery. A vision that comes to him after a five-day fast convinces him that he must recruit and lead his army of revenge, and when the whites have been exterminated he will take his followers into the safety of Dismal Swamp. He is betrayed, of course, by the animal spirits which he and the brandy can arouse but which he cannot control when the blood flows and the white women are at the mob's mercy.

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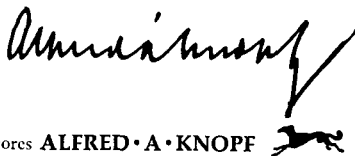
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The slaves that come and go in the book seem to this Northerner extraordinarily well drawn, though the whites are naturally distorted in Nat's vision. Wash, who was Nat's only boyhood friend and who was sold away from him in the night; Hark, his trusted lieutenant in the final days ("the plantation system had leached out of his great and noble body so much native courage, so much spirit and dignity, that he was left as humble as a spaniel"); Sam, the yellow-skinned; Henry, the deaf; and the venomous Will. The suffering they endure and their attempts to escape, such as Hark's six weeks of blind circling, have the feel of authenticity. One hears repeatedly in the felicitous prose Nat's perceptive love of his native country, but almost never the note of laughter, for he was too obsessed for that.

The hole in the wall

The silence which effectively walls in the life of the Negro in South Africa has been broken by ERNEST COLE'S *HOUSE OF BONDAGE* (Random House, \$10.00), introduction by Joseph Lelyveld, and the window it provides for us is a shocking one. Born a black African, Mr. Cole at some risk had his classification changed to Colored to give him the mobility he needed. He had been studying photography via a London correspondence school since his eighteenth year — he is now twenty-seven — and his entire book with its superb photographs, many unpremeditated, is an illustration of how the African's every experience is converted into misery, ranging from simple starvation to the enforced separation of families; harassment in many forms, even to the endless waiting for treatment in hospitals, is the daily dosage. Only the police court functions promptly for the African. On a normal morning a single magistrate can ring up eighty convictions before lunch. Mr. Cole quotes with irony the annual crime statistics, which are appalling until one understands that one third of these crimes consist of an African being found in the wrong place, at the wrong time, with the wrong papers. Unemployment, for instance, is a serious crime. "It is an extraordinary experience," says the author, "to live as though life were a punishment for being black."

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The Peripatetic Advertiser



The Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award has "aided in the writing of a most distinguished list of first novels." — Granville Hicks, *Saturday Review*. During the thirty-two years of the Award, there have been new writers beginning with great books — Robert Penn Warren's *Night Rider*, Dorothy Baker's *Young Man With a Horn*, Arthur Mizener's *Far Side of Paradise*, and Philip Roth's *Goodbye Columbus*. There have been also threshold books from writers now widely known — Eugene Burdick and Anthony West are two among them — and inevitably, there are writers yet to be heard again. For all of them, the Fellowship Award has bought time for the typewriter. For the public, it has sometimes meant a book that could not otherwise have existed.

This year, we publish two Award books, one in nonfiction by Willie Morris who arrived on the literary stage in New York, still in his twenties, four years ago. He is now Editor-in-Chief of *Harper's*. John Kenneth Galbraith says succinctly, "This is the most sensitive, amusing, and generally enchanting book I have read this year. No one at 32 should write memoirs; Willie Morris is the only exception." His title is *North Toward Home*. A second Award has gone to Robert Stone for *A Hall of Mirrors*. Wallace Stegner writes about this novel in words that do justice to his own stature as a novelist: "Stone writes like a bird, like an angel, like a circus barker, like a con man, like someone so high on pot that he is scraping his shoes on the stars." Both authors bring new distinction to a long and distinguished list.



Sometimes, magazines are raided for talent by the grasping foresighted book-publisher; but sometimes, it works in reverse. The perceptive editor finds an urgent article embedded in a longer work. Jonathan Kozol has put into words the whole white-hot experience of a year's teaching in a Boston public school. His

book is *Death at an Early Age: The Destruction of the Hearts and Minds of Negro Children in the Boston Public Schools*. The *Atlantic* editors found it so valuable that they have printed two sections of the manuscript before publication in book form. It may not please school boards in many a troubled city; it may rock some who feel comfortable outside the fray; it is an important personal history.

Several years ago, the most prized literary lot that became available was the incomparable collection of Churchill papers. Last year, to an unrestrainedly enthusiastic reception by the critics, came *Winston S. Churchill: Youth, 1874-1900* by Randolph S. Churchill. This was a biographical work on a scale worthy of its subject, based on the private papers of the man of our century. This first part of the extraordinary Churchill story is now accompanied by two companion volumes (set — \$25) which contain the original papers and intimate letters on which Randolph Churchill's work is based. Of them, *The Times* (London) reviewer writes as follows: "The two volumes just out are doubly rewarding . . . If the child, schoolboy and young man who grows up before one's eyes in these pages had been killed in action (as well he might have been) his personality and background would have held attention even at this length (1,290 pages). His own brilliance as a letterwriter — there is no better in English — is, of course, the main factor. But letters from others and documents are strong reinforcements." And *The New York Times* corroborates the view: "The two volumes show Winston as he really was, not as hagiographers would have us believe he was. But they have a secondary virtue in their portrayal of England in the plenitude of power." Thus, do the *Times* keep up with us. A second volume of the biography bearing the subtitle "*Young Statesman, 1901-1914*" will be published in November.



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his economy depends upon the black workers, but *apartheid* dictates that the blacks shall live apart in the most refined captivity technology and double-talk can devise. And the Bantus take it; their education is stunted, their property-owning middle class a tiny fragment, and their Siberia the barren veld of Frenchdale for those chiefs or bold spirits who resist (the Basotho chief who refused to cull his herd of cattle has been there fourteen years). Mr. Cole's pictures tell a story we have never seen before: they show us Albert Luthuli, the fine-looking leader who was officially in banishment when he received the Nobel Prize; they show us the boys of ten and twelve, the runaways now living the life of the streets on their way to becoming the tsotsi, the pickpockets and drug addicts, and they show us the black policemen and the informers who enforce *apartheid* against their own.

A matter of mood

Humor is the most perishable of literary commodities, and what little of it is to be found today has an astringent taste very different from the glorious nonsense of Robert Benchley, the madly funny universe of James Thurber, and the precise and elegant observation of E. B. White which regaled us in the 1920s. COREY FORD calls it the Golden Age of American Humor, and in his new book, *THE TIME OF LAUGHTER* (Little, Brown, \$5.95), he revives the humorists and the comedy that flowed from so many sources in that untroubled decade. It was, as he said, a self-centered, materialistic era, "largely concerned with making money, making love, making whoopee." But we did laugh at ourselves, and there was a galaxy of writers, actors, and artists intent on making us do so. There were magazines which commissioned humor: the old *Life*, *Judge*, *Vanity Fair*, *Ballyhoo*, *College Humor*, soon to be joined by the heir apparent, the *New Yorker*. There were columnists like F.P.A. to introduce the beginners, comedians who literally stopped the show while the audience rocked in the aisles, as W. C. Fields did in *Pappy*, or Will Rogers, once he began to talk through his twirling lariat. The *Saturday Evening Post* was publishing the Tish and Aggie stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart and "Alibi Ike"

by Ring Lardner; and books by Dorothy Parker, Donald Ogden Stewart, and P. G. Wodehouse were high on the best-seller list because people wanted to laugh.

Corey Ford was one of the younger members of the galaxy. On his graduation from Columbia, where he had been editor of the *Jester*, he moved down to Forty-second Street to write parodies for *Vanity Fair* under the signature of John Riddell, with illustrations by Covarrubias. He parodied the Rover Boys until the author of those 300-odd volumes threatened to sue him for libel; he parodied Hemingway as a bullfighter so effectively that Scott Fitzgerald read it aloud to Papa in a Paris bar, much to the latter's annoyance. He did another entitled "The Bridge of San Thornton Wilder," and another on Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* which made such fun of the laborious prose and dated dialogue that Dreiser himself called the parodist over to a speakeasy on First Avenue and set him up to drinks through a long, friendly afternoon.

Mr. Ford recalls his heroes with affection and quotes them at their best. He remembers F.P.A. listening impatiently to a long-winded bore who concluded an interminable anecdote with, "Well, to make a long story short—" "Too late," said F.P.A. tersely. Ford identifies the stars like Howard Dietz, Deems Taylor, and Newman Levy who made their first appearance in Adams' column, "The Conning Tower"; he quotes from Bob Sherwood's criticism of the movies, on Tom Mix: "They say he rides like part of the horse, but they don't say which part." He gives us the vintage Benchley with its combination of nonsense and *nonsequitur*, and his characterization of Benchley—how he looked on himself as an amateur, how and why he was always out of money, and how he appeared in his delivery of that deadpan, stumbling monologue "The Treasurer's Report."

He was one of Harold Ross's dependables in those dubious days when the *New Yorker* was trying to get out of the red; he relished the constant kidding that went on between Ross and Thurber when the magazine was on easy street and beginning to make fun of Henry Luce, and he shares with us all a respectful awe for the brilliance

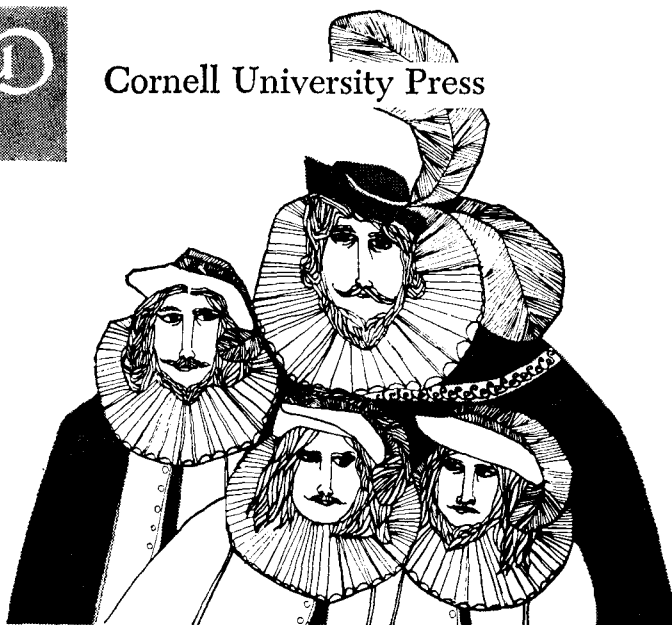
of E. B. White. The chapter on the one and only W. C. Fields should be read aloud. I am a little surprised to find no reference to Fred Allen, whose caustic satire held the fort when humor had begun to dry up in the Depression, and I am saddened that Mr. Ford's most successful parody in its day, "Salt Water Taffy," does not make good chewing after all these years. It is hardly to be expected that those born after 1939 will find in this book the merriment and nostalgia that I do.

Artist and bon vivant whose leonine head with handlebar mustaches always reminds me of a Victorian dandy, **OSBERT LANCASTER** is a lover of Greece, a writer of parodies (*The Saracen's Head*, a take-off on the Crusades, is the funniest in print), and a critic whose witty pen is as trenchant in prose as in cartoon. He has been writing his autobiography in installments, and the new one, **WITH AN EYE TO THE FUTURE** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50), gains much of its entertainment from his efforts in young manhood to establish himself as an artist. His adversaries were his tiny but dominant mother, who ordered his life during the First World War, his preparatory school, Charterhouse, where his role was not heroic and where "Send any fag but Lancaster!" became an established formula, and the Oxford dons, who found him an elusive student. At Lincoln College he first tasted independence; he acted, edited, designed scenery, attended a life class, and entered into lasting friendships with Cyril Connolly, John Betjeman, Evelyn Waugh, Maurice Bowra, and David Cecil. All of this he so relished that he needed a fourth year for his studies and barely squeaked through with a degree.

Whether he is writing about his travels with his mother, or his chilly, rawboned public school; those Oxford characters, the Dean of Wadham, or Colonel Kolkhorst, with his exuberant Sunday morning receptions; dancing or skiing with his fiancée, Karen; or drawing his first cartoons for his chubby, able editor Arthur Christiansen, the text is informed with gaiety. This is an "in" book for those Americans who are familiar with the stiletto play of English badinage and the idiosyncrasies of Oxford and St. James. The illustrations by the author are a deft and spirited part of the text.



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Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



On November 7, 1917, the Bolsheviks gained control of Petrograd. Soon thereafter they dissolved the freely elected Constituent Assembly that was to have composed a constitution. The Reds thus ended the months of democratic development which had begun with the toppling of the Romanov Czar. The Communists were then, and remained thereafter, a tiny minority of the Russian people. Yet by eschewing legality and by utter ruthlessness they were able to seize power and to consolidate their grip on the country in the years of disorder that followed their coup.

A half century has now elapsed, and the brutal consequences of the Red regime have abundantly unfolded. The rulers of the Kremlin have flouted the conventions and values of Western civilization as thoroughly as did their fascist counterparts in Germany and Italy. Yet for five decades the Communists have found doughty apologists to explain that the tyranny of any given moment was but a passing phase in the transition to utopia. And the intellectuals who would be the first victims of totalitarianism have been among the most frequently duped by its Marxist veneer. The willingness to believe in the progressive quality of the Soviet Union was comprehensible in the 1920s. But there is some deep flaw in the thinking of those still deceived after five decades of experience.

EUGENIA SEMYONOVNA GINZBURG'S *JOURNEY INTO THE WHIRLWIND* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$6.95) details some of the personal costs of Communism. Back in 1937, the

author, then thirty years old, was a university professor and editor, a loyal Party member, and the wife of a high official in Kazan. Suddenly, and for no rational cause, she was swept up in a great purge, hastily tried, and sentenced to ten years in solitary confinement. The term was later modified but not eased by transfer to a Siberian labor camp. In all, Eugenia Semyonovna served eighteen years before she was finally rehabilitated and allowed to resume her life in Russia.

The book, which was originally published in Italy, covers the first three years of her ordeal. It conveys graphically the bewilderment of the loyal Party member suddenly accused of treachery, the calculated use of terror to dehumanize the victims, and the brutality to which prisoners and jailers alike descended. The women, mostly members of the educated elite, cannot at first even imagine the degradation to which they will be subjected. Solitary confinement, the punishment cells, the lack of water in the freight cars that carry them to Siberia, and the arctic cold in which they are set to chopping trees — each is a revelation of inconceivable indignities.

In the nature of the case, it is impossible to judge the precise accuracy of a prison narrative. Can the details of names, places, and conversations come back across more than two decades to an author unable to keep a record at the time? The feat is not implausible; a mind which year after year had no exercise but the rehearsal of the same shattering details could well retain their imprint indefinitely. In any event, this account conforms with the independent evidence available from other sources about the Soviet slave camps.

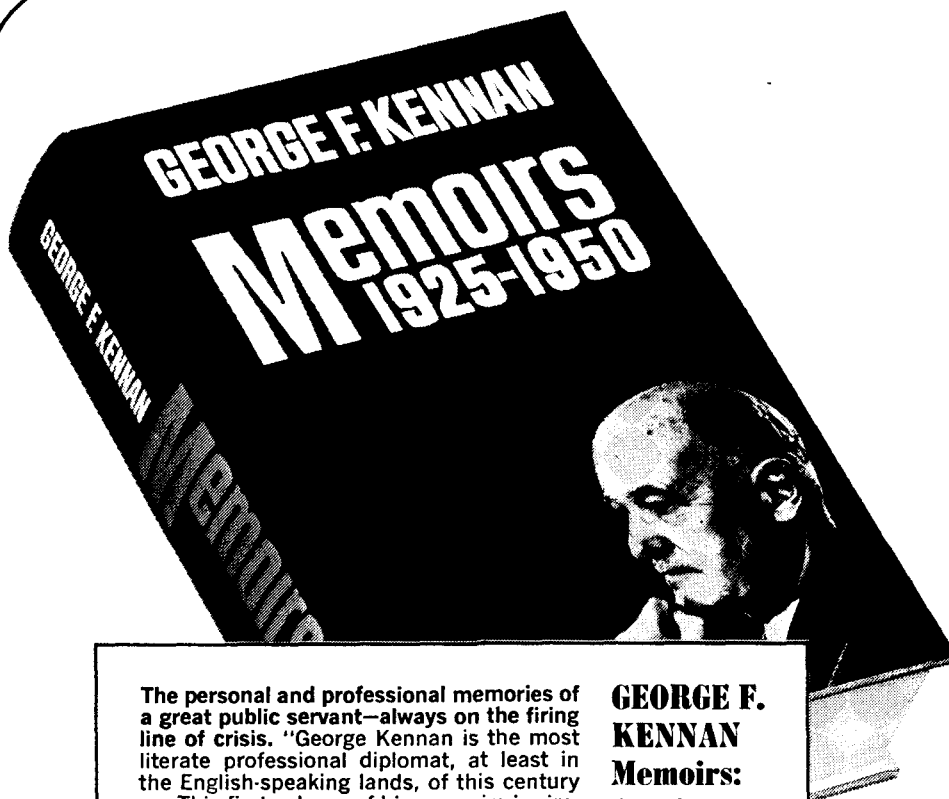
Some questions remain unanswered. Survival is simply a miracle. At the crucial moment someone turns up who intercedes to spare the heroine for further adventures. Truth under these conditions is stranger than fiction. Life in captivity is subject to such random accidental interruptions as would abash the hack producer of a TV Western. One would like to know more about the author, her husband and family. Again, the very nature of her ordeal was its depersonalization, and it is that very quality which renders the book moving and convincing. This could happen to

anyone. "As I lay awake on my plank bed, the most unorthodox thoughts passed through my mind — about how thin the line is between high principles and blinkered intolerance, and also how relative are all human systems and ideology and how absolute the tortures which human beings inflict on one another."

Eugenia Semyonovna Ginzburg was rarely given to unorthodox thoughts, however, and therefore totally failed to comprehend her own position. "What wouldn't I have given in those days to understand the meaning of what was going on," she exclaims. Unlike the true opponents of the regime, the loyal Communist had no means of explaining the terror directed against her. She knew that she was not an enemy of the people or a Trotskyite terrorist. Why then was her life destroyed? In the fascinating passages which approach that question, she shies away from any criticism of the Party and can only suggest that a band of lunatics for the moment had seized control and were persecuting the faithful.

The suggestion that it was all the fault of Stalin, which would later become enshrined in Party doctrine, enabled her and others to retain the belief in Communism. The terror was one man's perversion and came to an end with his passing, as her own release demonstrated. The exaggeration of the influence of the individual, so much at variance with Marxist theory, is evidence of the intense desire to refrain from criticizing the system. Every informed Russian knows that although Stalin made special use of it, the terror antedated and survived him. But Communists find it more useful to make the dead Stalin a universal scapegoat than to acknowledge the violence by which they still hold power.

The Ginzburg volume is part of a general trend. It is no longer possible blandly to deny that terror had a place in the formation of Soviet society. The accounts of too many returnees have trickled through to the outer world. Since the facts are undeniable, it is more strategic to permit their publication abroad and even — though rarely — to permit their circulation within Russia, in doing so, to emphasize that the prisons, the camps, and the police were features of the past. The



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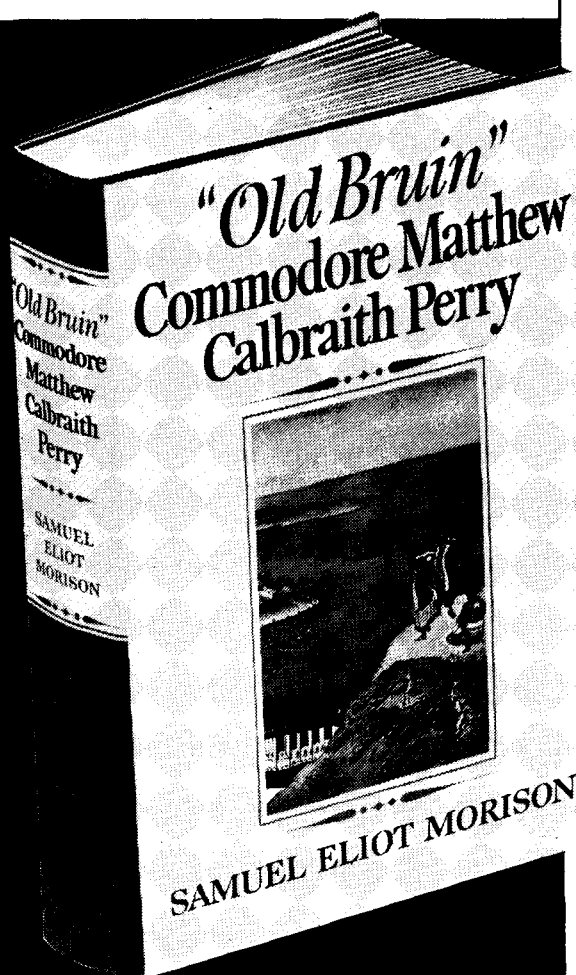


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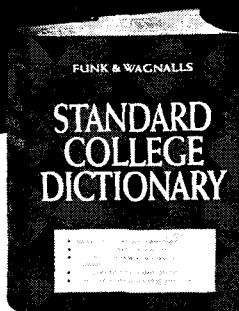
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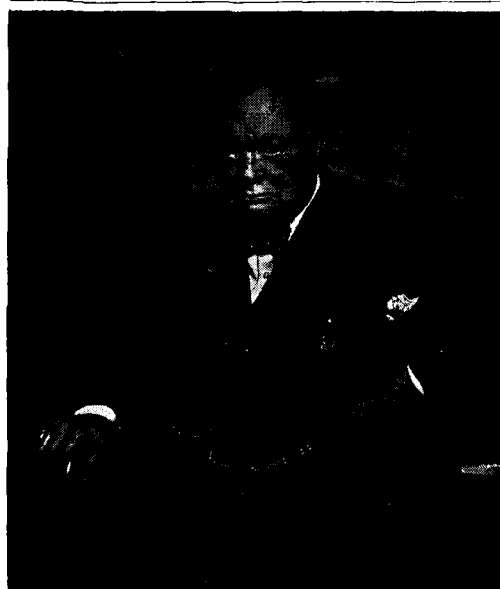
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current rulers of the state thus differentiate themselves from their predecessors. "How wonderful," Eugenia Semyonovna exclaims, "that the great Leninist truths have again come into their own in our country and Party! Today the people can already be told of the things that have been and shall be no more."

Her enthusiasm may be sincere, if mistaken. Or it may be designed to deceive. Or again, it may be part of the Aesopian language by which slaves learn to communicate. Early on in the narrative, describing her initial interrogation, the author confesses, "Doubtless, if the same thing happened to me today, I would 'recant.' I almost certainly would, for I too have changed. I am no longer the proud, incorruptible, inflexible being I was then." She thus provides us with a key to help set apart what is true in her account of the past from what is added to appease her present masters.

Since Stalin

The death of the old dictator almost fifteen years ago did not transform the Soviet regime. Power passed from his hands intact, and the apparatus of the police state survived. Nor is there any more excuse for the blindness of current apologists than there was for that of their counterparts of the 1930s. The evidence is abundant and as clear as it was then.

YURY KROTKOV in *I AM FROM MOSCOW* (Dutton, \$4.95) presents a simple, lucid, and convincing account of life in the Khrushchev era. Krotkov was born in 1917 and therefore spent the whole of his life under Communism. His father was a painter, his mother an actress, and he became a writer. For a time he was a correspondent for *Tass*; then he made a career as a successful dramatist; and finally he became a movie script writer. He was allowed to travel abroad, and in September, 1963, defected to England.

Krotkov was far from oppressed in Russia. Indeed, he belonged to the privileged new class, the intelligentsia, close to the ruling circles. As a reliable member of the Union of Film Workers, he was an insider who knew the ropes and was able to manipulate comfortably with the system. He was one of the propertied — "the intelligentsia, generals and crooks," able to drive around

in cars of their own, to wangle co-operative apartments, and to evade the shortages of consumer goods.

Much of the book deals with the petty concerns of daily life, commuting, shopping, negotiating with the bureaucracy. These themes once provided material for the satires of Zoschenko and of Ilf and Petrov, but in recent decades have been considered too serious for laughter. Krotkov deals with these subjects in incisive personal terms and also writes with complete frankness about the problems of sex and family life usually concealed by the "hypo-critical puritanism" of the Communists. Thanks to a lively sense of humor he can present the funny as well as the sad aspects of his experience in the Soviet Union.

Krotkov's decision to defect was not a response to the petty annoyances of life in Moscow. His favored position and his skill as a promoter enabled him to manage well enough. In the last analysis he left because he realized that he could never be an honest writer in Russia. He was "sick of lies, compromise and cowardice." Aware that everything he had ever written for the Party was "a dishonorable fabrication," he chose flight so that he could be a human being, rather than a creature of the state.

EUGENE LYONS in **WORKERS' PARADISE LOST** (Funk & Wagnalls, \$6.95) examines the Soviet experience in a larger perspective. This is an impressive effort to compose an overall balance sheet of fifty years of Russian life under Communism. Lyons is an experienced reporter. He knows the country, the language, and the record. His estimate deserves careful attention.

Lyons leaves no doubt about his own negative verdict, and the book sometimes suffers from its polemical tone. When the author's passions run away with him, he becomes unfair and verges on contradiction. Thus to minimize Soviet economic progress, he emphasizes the extent of industrialization under the czars; yet to prove Lenin wrong by Marxist criteria, Lyons also emphasizes the backwardness of Russia before 1917. In the face of these sweeping condemnations, the innocent reader may react by insisting that the picture could not be as black as painted.

But the facts are there, carefully detailed, and they do add up to a condemnation of the regime. The

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vaunted economic development of the Soviet Union rests upon the systematic deprivations of its population, which began with the ideologically motivated decision to eliminate the “bourgeois” craftsmen and peasants and continued with measures that always left the Russians short of food, clothing, and housing. Efforts at planning have consistently failed, as revealed in the periodic flurries of reform. Science and the arts have suffered from repression; and terror has kept the masses under control. More than a decade after Stalin’s death, the basic rigidities of the system remain. “The leash has been lengthened, but the collar has not been removed.”

The review of Soviet foreign policy is particularly useful. Since 1917 the Communists have consistently promised peace and prepared for war. Despite the flips and flops of the Party line, the concept of world revolution has supplied coherence and purpose to fifty years of Russian diplomacy. Lyons is particularly good in exposing what Brezhnev has termed the “strange and persistent delusion” in the West that the Soviet Union has become “simply another great power.” There is no evidence whatever that the Kremlin has retreated from its global ambitions. This salutary reminder of the distasteful facts of life is no reason for abandoning the quest for a détente. But it poses a warning against deceptively easy solutions.

The revolutionaries

What went wrong? “Could it be that the little gestures and indignations of young apprentices in revolution had been the harbingers of the terrifying reality: the empty-eyed palaces, the slaughtered boys, the wild, mad and bad, the terror and ignominy? How was it possible so to have gone astray? What had become of the promise of a life beautiful and free?” These questions are raised by one of the central characters toward the end of *M. W. Waring’s The Witnesses* (Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95). This long, sprawling novel opens in 1903 with the marriage of Prince Nelidov to an American girl. It closes with the Bolsheviks in power. In the course of the story the revolution takes form and destroys the old society.

For reasons which are not altogether clear, the author has adopted

a pseudonym and has ascribed fictitious names to many historical characters who are, however, identified in a prefatory key. Perhaps the device, if not simply a tease, is intended to add credibility to the story through the implication that “Waring” was somehow a participant or related to a participant.

The author, whoever he or she is, is familiar with at least the externals of Russian life. The descriptions of the Nelidov estate, of the salons of St. Petersburg, and of life among the revolutionaries in Geneva are vivid in their detailed observations. Indeed, interest in the decor sometimes outweighs that in the action. The author’s sympathies, like the heroine’s, lie with the aristocrats whose “patrician serenity and ease” raise them above the common mass. The Czar, seen through the eyes of an officer of the Imperial Guards, is truly majestic.

The treatment of the revolutionaries is more complex. Trotsky and Martov are Jews, too Europeanized to deal adequately with the Russian situation. The liberals are worse — ambitious opportunists unaware of reality. Kerensky is a ridiculous puppet who performs a glissade, pirouettes on a heel, and waves little paw, certainly unworthy to hold power. Lenin, by contrast, is described in awesome terms, very similar to those applied to Nicholas II. Lenin’s compelling figure “was genuine, authentic Russian. ‘Himself’ was not moving forward into the unknown. He was going back to the sources of life, to the essentials.”

These judgments are not merely historically faulty. They reflect also a lack of human imagination. Max, the Count Dorrère, the central figure who shuttles between the aristocratic and revolutionary circles, is not unreal; there were such men in the old Russia. But the motive ascribed to him is fatuous. He becomes the errand boy of the radicals out of love for Lenin’s mistress. When, after years of waiting, Max’s love is finally consummated, “he said over and over again: ‘I will give you back to him, don’t worry. I will not hold you. I lay no claim on you.’” He seems an utter sap because Waring has omitted from his character, as from that of the other revolutionaries, any trace of ideology. There is no sense of what these people were fighting for or against. And that omission makes

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credible the laudatory portrayal of Lenin, whose determination, drive, and unscrupulousness can be equated with strength, once the issue of goal or purpose is blurred.

There is a significant similarity between this view of the rebel and that presented in a quite different novel, HANS KONINGSBERGER'S *THE REVOLUTIONARY* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95). This is a tightly structured story, cleverly written. A young man, living under an oppressive regime, moves step by step from protest to ever more radical action, until he accepts the need for terror and is prepared to assassinate a judge. But by the time he holds the bomb he discovers that selfless love for a pure young girl dissolves the desire to kill.

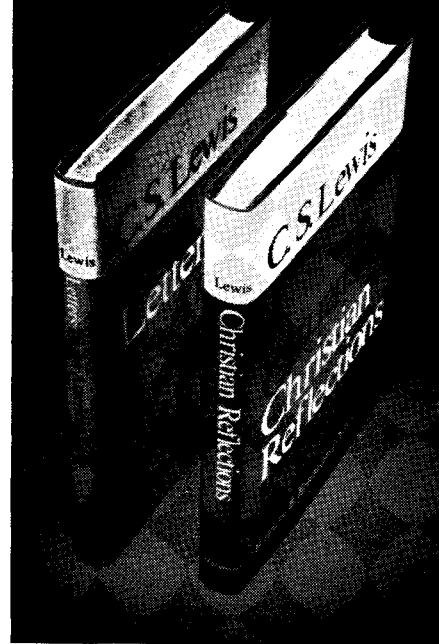
Koningsberger's skill as a storyteller lends plausibility to the tale and involves the reader in the fate of the hero. But the issue of motive is blurred, as it is in *The Witnesses*. The injustices of the government are the excuse, not the cause, of rebellion. The boy and the girl are really rejecting their middle-class homes and their families. "I want to live my own life," she exclaims. Revolution is thus personal, a mode of self-expression.

It follows therefore that all revolutions are essentially the same. The novel is situated in a nameless country, with an undescribed social system, and the hero is known only as A., as if thus to abstract and universalize his experience. Again, what the revolution is for and what it is against are less important than the acts of rebellion themselves.

For many twentieth-century intellectuals rebellion became an end in itself. "Let's be aesthetic," suggests A. "Once we had knights and they're beautiful; the men in power now are so terribly ugly, their power is ugly; and men on barricades are beautiful again." As his crisis approaches, he compares himself with young men living under Napoleon and Caesar, who supply the gist, the core, the facts of life.

It was for such people that Lenin held fascination. For more than a half century, men beguiled by utopian visions looked toward a leader who would cut ruthlessly through convention and remake society by destroying its old institutions. They did not realize that when revolution becomes an end in itself, its only institution is terror, permanent terror.

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Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams



Lizzie Borden, that proper Fall River spinster who disposed of her father and her stepmother with an ax and got away with it, continues to incite writers. Lizzie herself seems to have been as dull as a boiled potato, but as far as I know, nobody has ever written a dull book about her, and **VICTORIA LINCOLN'S A PRIVATE DISGRACE** (Putnam, \$6.95) is no break with tradition in this respect. In some other respects, it does break with tradition, for Miss Lincoln is a native of Fall River and belongs to the same mill-owning crowd that was blessed, peripherally, with the Borden. No one of this type has ever discussed the case in print before, and if Miss Lincoln is a trifle inclined to belabor her access to the behind-the-scenes gossip of the time, she is not altogether unjustified. In addition to being a local, Miss Lincoln is, obviously, a woman, and this too is unusual, for serious students of the Borden case have all been male. As a female, Miss Lincoln makes sound and new deductions concerning the hanky-panky that went on about Lizzie's clothes on the day of the murders. As a local, she has rummaged in the memories of elderly friends and turned up what appears to be a precipitating motive — a trinket always woefully lacking in the affair, unless one is willing to believe that a breakfast of mutton stew and johnnycake, on the hottest morning of a hell-hot August, accounts for any subsequent aberration. Miss Lincoln's non-gastronomical motive is "the Swansea place," a farm which Andrew Borden was proposing to transfer to

his wife without consulting his daughters. Such a move had raised strife in the household once before, but old Andrew, a foolishly stubborn man, tried it again, and Lizzie, who "had spells" (Miss Lincoln believes them to have been a minor and generally harmless variety of epilepsy), threw a whopper of a spell in which she chopped both her parents to death instead of merely poisoning her stepmother in the ladylike way she had had in mind when she was normal. Not all the murder details ring true, but that Swansea place does, and so do the portraits of the astounded neighbors, the meddlesome and somehow faintly seedy doctor, and the various lawyers. Miss Lincoln's indigenous interpretation of the language of old newspaper interviews and trial testimony is wryly funny. These people were New Englanders, and what they said was not necessarily what outlanders thought they meant.

ON THE ROYAL HIGHWAY OF THE INCA (Praeger, \$17.50) records archaeological work by **HEINRICH UBBELOHDE-DOERING**, director of the Munich Museum of Ethnology. Between 1931 and 1964, Dr. Doering made four expeditions to Peru, excavating in several areas and uncovering both Inca and pre-Inca remains. The Inca state, like that of the Aztec in Mexico, was relatively young when the Spaniards arrived and demolished it. Dr. Doering's finds cover 1000 years of earlier cultures, all of which contributed to the Inca civilization, and all of which left strange and handsome relics behind them. Since the author is as interested in the probable meaning of these relics, in the modern Indians, and in the Peruvian landscape as he is in his digging, the book covers more varied territory than is usual in archaeological narratives. The handsome photographs range from bones bedizened with decayed tapestry to disapproving aborigines draped in ponchos bearing very similar patterns.

The poet was not always malicious, but the **SIXTY POEMS OF MARTIAL** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.75) put into English by **DUDLEY FITTS** were admittedly chosen by the translator for their satirical snarl. They show evidence of being chosen for modern relevance as well, for the victims include a whole bevy of Roman types that are still with us,

as Mr. Fitts demonstrates with hilarious success by transferring the crowd to Harvard Square.

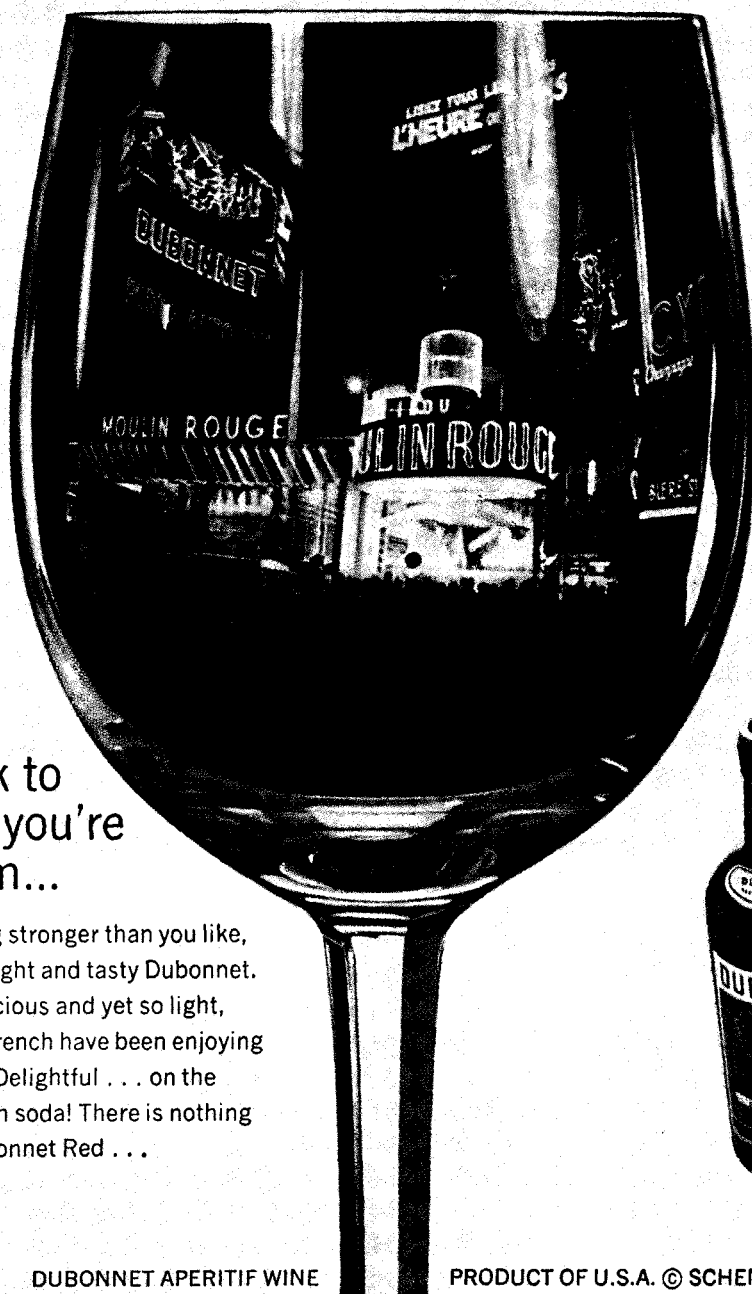
By ignoring unpleasant detail and restraining emotional excess, **MARCI DAVENPORT** has achieved in **THE STRONG FOR FANTASY** (Scribner's, \$8.95) an autobiography that reveals very little about the writer. As the daughter of Alma Gluck, she had a wide musical acquaintance, and her sketches of people like Toscanini are engaging. As the wife of Russell Davenport, one of the principal movers in the nomination of Wendell Willkie, she had a close view of the campaign; her report of this experience, which she says was exciting, is coldly reasonable. In the course of writing her fine biography of Mozart, she developed a passion for Czechoslovakia, an inexplicable devotion that drew her back to the country again and again, until the death of Jan Masaryk, whom she had expected to marry, made return impossible. Her account of the last, hopeless, beleaguered weeks in Prague with Masaryk comes as close to live fire as anything in the book, but never quite ignites. It is clear that Mrs. Davenport writes of her hates — she loathed Alexander Woolcott and frankly hopes it was a quarrel with her that killed him — more vividly than of her loves, and that a sense of fair play and the habit of good manners have caused her to restrain her talent for denunciation. The result of this control is something resembling a view through the wrong end of an ice telescope, and the only figures who survive it are Alma Gluck, Masaryk, Toscanini, and a cat named Tamerlane. They form, come to write them down, a distinguished group.

R. P. LISTER, whose poetry has frequently appeared in the *Atlantic*, describes his travels through Turkey in **A MUEZZIN FROM THE TOWER OF DARKNESS CRIES** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95). Mr. Lister has an imagination that causes him to see the Danishmend emir as "an enormous, bushy-bearded fellow in a winged hat . . . with his battle-axe propped up in the umbrella-stand." This vision elaborated is perfectly reasonable, although hardly predictable, and such is the charm of Mr. Lister's thoroughly charming book. It is perfectly reasonable, indeed, very informative, but never in the least predictable.

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